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A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF

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BEING

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

And Incorporating THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW *and*
THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL

VOL. XX.—1909

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1909

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P. 295, l. 2, *for* MURGOEI *read* MURGOÇI.
P. 303, l. 36, *for* MURGOEI *read* MURGOÇI.
P. 328, l. 36, *for* Yulevolds *read* Julevoldene.
P. 329, l. 26, *for* Yulevolden *read* Julevoldene.
P. 435, l. 10, *for* details *read* others.
P. 441, l. 2, *add* (Callaway, *Nursery Tales etc. of the Zulus*, p. 5).
P. 448, l. 1, *for* Hyäna *read* Hyäne.
P. 454, l. 19. for *ng'omaha* read *ng'oma ka.*
P. 454, l. 20-21, *delete* brackets.
P. 495, l. 14, *for* Bundjel *read* Pundjel.

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TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XX.] MARCH, 1909. [No. I.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1908.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. GASTER) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. F. R. Sell, Mr. W. N. Weston, and Prof. Whitton Davies as members of the Society, and the enrolment of the San Francisco Public Library and the Royal Asiatic Society of Bombay as subscribers to the Society, were announced.

The resignations of Prof. E. V. Arnold, Mrs. T. B. Eden, Miss A. B. Henderson, Mr. J. H. Skilbeck, and Miss C. Verhorff, and the deaths of Mr. J. F. Hewitt and Miss Rücker, were also announced.

Mr. E. Lovett exhibited some tallies in use by the Southdown shepherds [pp. 65-6], and read two papers entitled "Superstitions and Survivals amongst Shepherds" [p. 64] and "Amulets from Costers' Barrows in London, Rome, and Naples" [p. 70], both papers being illustrated

by lantern slides. In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Tabor, Hildburgh, Wright, Nutt, Eagleston, Thomas, and Dames, Miss Eyre, and the Chairman took part. The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Lovett for his exhibits and papers.

The Secretary laid on the table the following books, viz.: *Analecta Bollandiana*, Vol. XXVII., Parts 3 and 4, and *The Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. VIII., Part 2, which had respectively been taken in exchange by, and presented to, the Society since the last Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1908.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. GASTER) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. G. H. Gerould, the Rev. F. J. Lambert, Mr. H. Steinitzer, and Mr. Maurice S. Thompson as members of the Society was announced.

The resignations of Dr. C. M. Cobb, Mr. A. T. Crawford Cree, and Mr. T. Gowland, and the death of Prof. A. Dieterich, were also announced.

Mr. A. R. Wright read a paper by the Rev. J. H. Weeks, of Wathen, Congo Belge, entitled "Notes on Some Customs of the Lower Congo People" [Vol. XIX., p. 409, and below, p. 32], and exhibited a number of fetish and other objects from the Congo basin.

The Rev. A. E. Scrivener also exhibited a fetish and charm from the Bolobo district.

In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Kirby, Hildburgh, Nutt, Tabor, and Gomme, the Rev. A. E. Scrivener, and the Chairman took part. The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the Rev. J. H. Weeks, the Rev. A. E. Scrivener, and Mr. Wright.

The following is a list of the objects exhibited by Mr. Wright:—large and small nail fetishes; 3 fetish figures (Katanga etc.); "mother and child" figure made for sale and not a fetish; ivory tusk rudely carved into a female figure; chief's staff (Nyangwe); carved wooden deer (apparently a chief's symbol); carved mug (Kasai); carved marriage mug (Baluba); carved buffalo horn for storing hemp etc., dance bells, and fetish carried upon person (Lunda); various witch-doctors' appliances,—"medicine" spoon, ivory whistle, wristlet with charms, waist belt with jingling seeds, antelope horn whistle, carved head from hut, 2 "medicine" bags with their accessories, and 2 "medicine" holders; and a collection of 6 ivory charms (Buli etc.), two-note whistle worn as charm (Aruwimi), crocodile tooth charm, 3 tusk charms, charm with bird feathers, 2 elephant's tail etc. charms, 2 swords with charms attached to handles (Ngombe), and several glass "trade" charms made for the Congo in Bohemia.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. GASTER) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Annual Report, Statement of Accounts, and Balance Sheet for the year 1908 were duly presented, and upon the motion of Mr. Major, seconded by Mr. Tabor, it was resolved that the same be received and adopted.

Balloting papers for the election of President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and officers having been distributed, the Secretary and Mr. S. A. H. Burne were nominated by the Chairman as scrutineers for the Ballot.

The Chairman, having delivered his Presidential Address, announced the result of the ballot, and the following ladies and gentlemen were declared duly elected, viz.:—

As *President*, Miss C. S. Burne.

As *Vice-Presidents*, The Hon. John Abercromby; The Right Hon. Lord Avebury, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.; Sir E. W. Brabrook, C.B., F.S.A.; E. Clodd, Esq.; J. G. Frazer, Esq., LL.D., Litt.D.; Dr. Gaster; G. Laurence Gomme, Esq., F.S.A.; A. C. Haddon, Esq., D.Sc., F.R.S.; E. S. Hartland, Esq., F.S.A.; Andrew Lang, Esq., M.A., LL.D.; Alfred Nutt, Esq.; Prof. Sir J. Rhys, LL.D., F.B.A., F.S.A.; W. H. D. Rouse, Esq., Litt.D.; The Rev. Prof. A. H. Sayce, M.A., LL.D., D.D.; and Prof. E. B. Tylor, LL.D., F.R.S.

As *Members of Council*, G. Calderon, Esq.; W. Crooke, Esq., B.A.; M. Longworth Dames, Esq.; Miss Eyre; A. A. Gomme, Esq.; W. L. Hildburgh, Esq.; Miss E. Hull; The Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, F.G.S.; A. W. Johnston, Esq., F.S.A.Scot.; E. Lovett, Esq.; A. F. Major, Esq.; W. H. R. Rivers, Esq., M.D.; C. G. Seligmann, Esq., M.D.; Walter W. Skeat, Esq., M.A.; C. J. Tabor, Esq.; E. Westermarck, Esq., Ph.D.; H. B. Wheatley, Esq., F.S.A.; and A. R. Wright, Esq.

As *Hon. Treasurer*, Edward Clodd, Esq.

As *Hon. Auditors*, F. G. Green, Esq.; and A. W. Johnston, Esq., F.S.A.Scot.

As *Secretary*, F. A. Milne, Esq., M.A.

The Chairman thereupon vacated the chair, which was taken by Miss Burne, the newly-elected President, who proposed a vote of thanks to the outgoing President, which was seconded by Mr. M. Longworth Dames and carried with acclamation.

Upon the motion of Mr. Nutt, seconded by Mr. Tabor, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the outgoing Members of Council, Mr. A. B. Cook, Mr. R. R. Marett, Dr. C. S. Myers, Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, and Mr. N. W. Thomas.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council are glad to be able to record that the numbers of the Society are well maintained. Ten libraries have been added to the list of subscribers, and twelve new members have been enrolled. The Council have to regret the deaths of ten members—an unusually large number—among them being such eminent names as Sir John Evans, Prof. Albert Dieterich, and Mr. J. W. Crombie, M.P. There have, however, been fewer resignations. The Council appeal to members for greater activity in obtaining new members and regularity in payment of subscriptions, several of them being two or more years in arrear; it is an unpleasant task for the Secretary to be constantly sending out reminders.

The papers read during the year have been as follows:

Jan. 15. The President's Address. (*Folk-Lore*, 1908.)

Feb. 19. "The Morning Star Ceremony of the Pawnee" (illustrated by lantern slides). Dr. A. C. Haddon.

March 18. "Folk Music" (illustrated by folk-songs sung by Miss Mattie Kay). Mr. Cecil J. Sharp.

April 15. "The Burry-man." Miss Isabel Dickson.

May 20. "The Telling of the Bees." Mr. G. L. Gomme.

June 17. "Female Infanticide in the Punjab." Capt. A. J. O'Brien.
"The Balemba of the Zoutpansberg (Transvaal)." M. Henri Junod.
"Turks Praying for Rain." Rev. G. E. White.

Nov. 19. "Superstitions and Survivals amongst Shepherds," and "Amulets and Charms from Costers' Barrows in London, Rome, and Naples." Mr. E. Lovett.

Dec. 16. "Notes on some Customs of the Lower Congo People." The Rev. J. H. Weeks.

At the April meeting Mr. W. L. Hildburgh exhibited and explained the uses of a number of Belgian and Portuguese amulets, and also exhibited a case of Italian amulets; at the June meeting Mr. E. Lovett and Mr. A. R. Wright exhibited and explained a large number of ancient and modern British amulets and charms; at the November meeting Mr. Lovett exhibited some tallies in use by the Southdown Shepherds; and at the December meeting Mr. A. R. Wright and the Rev. A. E. Scrivener exhibited a number of fetish and other objects from the Congo, illustrative of the Rev. J. H. Weeks's paper.

There was a good attendance at the meetings, with the exception of those in June and December. The poor attendance at the June meeting is to be much regretted, as the exhibition of British amulets and charms by Messrs. Lovett and Wright elicited a particularly interesting discussion, a *résumé* of which appears in *Folk-Lore*.

The additions to the library during the year will be found appended to the minutes of the June meeting (*Folk-Lore*, p. 258).

The Society has issued during the year the 19th volume of *Folk-Lore*, one of the largest and most fully illustrated which has yet appeared. The quarterly numbers issued in March and June were edited by Miss Burne, who, to the deep regret of the Council, has found it necessary to resign the post of editor which she had filled with such conspicuous success for so many years. Her successor has yet to be appointed. Mr. Longworth Dames very kindly undertook to edit the September and December numbers of the

journal, and arrangements have been made for the immediate future. The Council desire to take this opportunity of placing on record their deep indebtedness for the manner in which Miss Burne has discharged her duties as editor, and their appreciation of the services she has rendered to the Society in that capacity. The Society is again under obligation to Mr. A. R. Wright for the Index, and the Council have once more to thank him for the service he has so ungrudgingly rendered in compiling it.

In accordance with the arrangements made with the Royal Anthropological Institute, to which reference was made in the last report, a joint Annual Bibliography for the year 1907 has been issued. Members and subscribers are reminded that copies of this bibliography will be supplied to them *gratis*, but only upon application to the Society's publishers.

The additional volume for 1907, *The Grateful Dead*, by Mr. G. H. Gerould, has been issued. *The Collection of Lincolnshire Folklore from Printed Sources*, by Miss M. Peacock and Mrs. Gutch, which is the additional volume for 1908, is in the press, and will, it is hoped, be issued early in the course of the year. The Council have several MSS. under consideration for the additional volume for 1909.

The Meeting of the Congress of Archæological Societies was held as usual in July, and was attended by the President, as the delegate from the Society.

The Council very much regret that they were unable to carry out their proposal to celebrate the completion of the thirtieth year of the Society by the holding of a series of Commemorative Meetings. The claims of the British Association at Dublin and of the Congress of the History of Religions at Oxford were paramount, and it was found impossible to fix a date either before or after the meetings of those two bodies which would suit the convenience of foreign folklorists.

The Society was represented at the Meeting of the British Association by Sir E. W. Brabrook, Mr. G. L. Gomme, and others; at the Congress of the History of Religions by the President, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. E. S. Hartland, Mr. Marett, Mr. Skeat, and others.

By the kindness of Miss D. Bleek and Miss H. Tongue, Members of the Society had the opportunity of inspecting their copies of Bushman drawings in the library of the Royal Anthropological Institute during the last week in May and the first in June.

The Council submit herewith the annual accounts and balance sheet duly audited. The balloting list for the Council and Officers of the Society for the ensuing year is also sent herewith.

M. GASTER,
President.

TREASURER'S CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1908.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Balance carried forward from 1907 :—			
Petty cash in hands of Secretary £2 9 4			
On Deposit at the Bank ... 150 0 0			
On Current Account at the Bank 35 3 3			
	187	12	7
,, Subscriptions, 1909 (15) £15 15 0			
,, ,, 1908 (370) 388 10 0			
,, ,, 1907 (12) 12 12 0			
,, ,, Earlier years (5) ... 5 5 0			
	422	2	0
,, Composition Fees (2)	21	0	0
,, Sale of Publications, per Messrs. Nutt :—			
Third and Fourth Quarters, 1907	29	11	0
,, Interest on Money on Deposit	2	16	4

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
By Printing Account (Publications) :—			
Messrs. R. MacLehose & Co.—			
Folk-Lore, xviii., Part 4 ... £57 11 10			
,, xix., Parts 1, 2, 3 129 9 10			
	187	1	8
Prospectuses	5	15	6
,, Miscellaneous Printing (Matthews, Drew & Co.)	12	5	0
,, Engraving Blocks, &c., for Illustrations in *Folk-Lore*	14	18	1
,, Bibliography—1906 and 1907	60	0	0
,, Advertisements (July—Dec., 1907), Messrs. Nutt	7	4	0
,, Postages, Despatch of Volumes, &c. (July—Dec., 1907), Messrs. Nutt	16	8	6
,, Binding Account (Simpson & Co.)	6	7	5
,, Warehousing Stock, &c. ,, ...	11	15	7
,, Insurance of Stock ,, ...	1	10	0
,, Expenses of Meetings :—			
Hire of Rooms £8 8 0			
Advertising 2 17 4			
Refreshments 3 4 6			
Carriage of piano 1 1 0			
Hire of Lantern 2 10 0			
	18	0	10
,, Subscriptions :—			
Congress of Archæological Societies £1 0 0			
London Association for the Protection of Trade ... 1 1 0			
	2	1	0
,, Insurance of MSS. and Books in Library ...	0	5	6
,, Secretary's Salary and Poundage	59	6	0

		£663 1 11

Examined with pass-book and vouchers and found correct.

F. G. GREEN,
NORTHCOTE W. THOMAS, } *Auditors.*

January 6th, 1909.

,, Petty Cash Expenses:—			
Secretary	£7 17 11		
Bank and other Discounts...	0 18 0		
		8	15 11
,, Balance in Bank on Deposit ...	£150 0 0		
,, ,, in Bank on Current Account	100 1 0		
,, ,, in hands of Secretary ...	1 5 11		
		251	6 11
		£663	1 11

EDWARD CLODD, *Treasurer.*

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31ST, 1908.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Printing of Publications:—			
Folk-Lore, xix., Part 4 (say)	60	0	0
Additional Volume, 1907, *The Grateful Dead*	49	15	8
,, ,, 1908, *Lincolnshire Folklore*	108	15	0
Editing *Lincolnshire Folklore* (N. W. Thomas)	15	0	0
Secretary's Poundage	23	11	0
Messrs. Nutt (Advertising, Postages, Despatch of Volumes, &c., 1908)	55	2	9
Balance to Credit of Society	53	18	9
	£366	3	2

F. G. GREEN,
NORTHCOTE W. THOMAS, } *Auditors.*

January 6th, 1909.

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance on Deposit at Bank	150	0	0
,, on Current Account...	100	1	0
,, in hands of Secretary	1	5	11
Subscriptions for 1908 and earlier years outstanding £44 2 0			
Less Subscriptions for 1909 paid in advance 15 15 0			
	28	7	0
Messrs. Nutt (Sale of Publications, 1908)	86	9	3
	£366	3	2

In addition to the above, the assets of the Society include the stock in hand consisting of upwards of 11,000 volumes.

EDWARD CLODD, *Treasurer.*

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

I DO not invite you, as on the last occasion, on a visit to Fairyland, but ask you to descend with me from the heights of classical literature and of refined society to the depths of popular literature and to that layer of society of which the education has apparently been neglected, and of the inner life of which only a glimpse is allowed to reach the sympathetic eye from time to time. We will descend to the masses, and turn to the unwritten lore of the people.

Classical literature, as the name denotes, is the literature of the class, often demanding for its growth a special atmosphere and a peculiar refinement, obtained by leisure, wealth, or luxury, and by detachment from the immediate cares of the day. It represents a world of its own imagination, appealing to the selected few who, through a process of self-deception and from that remarkable ignorance which still prevails among the so-called classes, fondly assume that all the treasures of poetry, and all that goes towards elevating the mind, are the privileged property of the few. But the bounties of this world have not been set apart for the few, nor has the sole enjoyment of its beauty been granted to the select. On the contrary, the gift of poetical imagination and the power of giving expression to the deepest emotion belong to the whole of mankind.

The people have also poetry, but this is a poetry of

their own; the people possess a literature, written or preserved by memory; and it is the study of this poetry and this literature which now claims our attention. The field is vast, and unfortunately the workers are few. It has taken a long time ere the Cinderella of modern literature has come to her own, and even now her sway is not undisputed. How many can or will believe that in the thatched cottages or in the dark hovels on moor or hill, among the labourers on land and the toilers on the sea, there is the longing, the unconscious feeling and hoping, for a life that is better and for a life that is purer, and that among the untutored and unlearned there is a system of philosophy, a dim philosophy of life, which in its way tries to solve the riddle of the world and to place everything in its proper position, which seeks an answer to the great problems of sorrow and death, which animates the world around us with dark or luminous figures, for which everything that lives and moves is a symbol with a definite meaning, which tries to unravel the skein of tangled events by the short cut of fatality, or endeavours to lift the veil of the future by reading the stars or watching the movements of animal, bird, or tree, which recognises hidden, mysterious powers in written letters and signs, in the spells of wizards and incantations of witches, and in amulets and charms, and which believes in the far-reaching power of persons who wield mysterious forces. Whence does it all come? What does it portend?

Natural science teaches that the world is an endless chain in which no link is missing. The same truth obtains in the spiritual world, in the realm of the human soul and its achievements. There is an endless chain with unbroken links. The aim and object of the *Folk-Lore Society* is to follow it up, and to show how closely these rings are riveted together, and that popular literature is an important ring in the chain. It is a proud boast for us to say that

our Society has been the first to discover its significance and to realise the poetry of the submerged. The late Mr. Thoms and a few other enthusiastic students of folk tales and superstitions, customs, and games banded themselves together in the year 1878 for the purpose of collecting and preserving the fast-perishing relics of the lore or knowledge possessed by the people, and the treasures of unwritten traditions, practices, and customs. To their appeal a few more answered readily, and for thirty years our Society has been able to show an unbroken record of work admirably conceived and successfully carried out. It was the first attempt to take Cinderella away from the hearth and from the ash-heap to which she had been relegated by her ignorant and spiteful sisters. This Society has given a powerful impetus to the scientific treatment of those crude philosophies which are embodied in Folklore.

With the deepening of these studies the basis has broadened. The true import of men and events and the fitting place to be assigned to them in the mechanism and fabric of science and history are found only by comparing one with the other. Through such comparison out of the experimental stage of mere collection grows up the historical appreciation and scientific understanding of the facts thus collected. The Folk-Lore Society has also proceeded from the one stage to the other. It is not merely a society for collecting customs and relics which our so-called modern education is fast obliterating by driving away the poetry from school and from home, but it has made the *science* of Folklore possible by a sustained comparison between the legends and tales, customs, and superstitions prevailing in one country with those prevailing in other countries. The example set by the Folk-Lore Society has been followed abroad, and has given rise to similar societies with kindred objects, working with us in the same spirit and towards the same

end. To the outsider it may appear that we are studying the jetsam and flotsam, the wreckage of civilisation, things which some boast to have shaken off and relegated to an obscure corner of indifference or contempt, things ridiculed with an air of superciliousness as objects unfit for the more refined taste of our generation and mere waste. But this very study of the waste is, if anything, the most modern of modern achievements. Nothing is indifferent, nothing is unimportant, and appearances deceive. Let me take one single example which has always fascinated me since I have begun to study it more closely. What apparently is more repugnant to the sight and smell and less promising than the black, grimy, sticky tar flowing away from the distillation of coal. It is "waste," or it was "waste" until its unsuspected and marvellous properties were discovered. Take one drop of that tar, spread it over a wide surface, and it will reveal to us a wealth of colour rivalling all the beauties and hues of the rainbow. Is it too much to say that the coal, which is nothing but a kind of temporary transformation of the forests of old, has retained under its black cover all the beauty of the forests, of their flowers and of their bloom, and now, when it has passed through the fire retort, and has been condensed in the black tar, the colours of ancient times come again to light? This is absolutely typical of Folklore and of our Society.

We are collecting these tales and superstitions, these customs and habits, entombed in the minds of the vast masses, and, considered as black coal, we subject them to the fiery process of scientific investigation, and we are crystallising out of that mass again the primary elements of those poetical flowers and of that ancient knowledge which has permeated the world, and the fragrance of which is keeping the human soul fresh whenever it is wafted upon it. That is what our Folk-Lore Society is anxious to do, and it looks for the ready

assistance and the sympathetic support of all those who feel like us, and appreciate our endeavours to recover the fast-fading past, to set it on a historical plane and upon a scientific basis. In each ballad, in each tale, in each song, in each superstition, and in each charm we find now that, however small and insignificant it may be, it does not stand by itself, it is part of a whole, and as such it contains all the elements of the greater, the higher, and the more perfect. A drop is a sample of the ocean from which it has been taken, and the handful which we have been able to gather and the bunch we have been able to pluck represent the wide field out of the unlimited expanse.

This is not an exaggerated view which we are taking, in the way that enthusiasts are often given to magnify the importance of their work, or the objects of their investigation. It is not a barren hobby, for our labours have already borne wonderful fruit in every direction. The Folk-Lore Society is the concentration of many forces that have been working long before in a scattered manner, independently of one another; it is focussing the rays of light thrown on the dark surface of the deep, and gathering up the labours of collectors and antiquaries who have been at work for at least a century or more. It is at the same time a concentration of intellectual forces bent on the solution of the problems raised by the materials accumulated during that period. For happily there have existed men in many lands, but notably in England, who have shown a remarkable intuition and a sympathetic understanding of the remnants of the past. Starting from antiquarian studies of the dead, they have become students of the living soul. We have had here many valuable ancient collections, *e.g.*, the Percy collection, the Welsh Mabinogion, and the Irish Red Book. It would be almost an unending task were I to enumerate all those who, merely attracted by the beauty of the subject,

have collected from time to time tales and legends, ballads and songs, superstitions, charms, riddles, and games, all branches of our studies and chapters in our great book of Folklore. Thus far we had fine collections, detached limbs, without any internal connection, beautiful in themselves, but still closed books. The real study on a scientific basis was started by the brothers Grimm, in their interpretation of the fairy tales which they had collected with so much love and published in their simplicity and with so much accuracy. They tried to show that what was now a fairy tale was nothing else but a late form of some ancient legend, or an ancient saga of the gods or heroes of the Valhalla of the northern nations of Europe; that Christianity had been a kind of superficial veneer, and had never penetrated down to the lowest masses of the people, who had retained with remarkable tenacity the customs and the religious practices of old; that, in fact, the fairies and hobgoblins, the animals and plants, and the heroes and heroines appearing in the fairy tales were ancient gods in disguise; nay, that even many local saints and local customs connected with special days were nothing else but ancient heathen gods and heathen practices. This explanation so struck popular imagination and so much fascinated scholars that, independently of their beauty or of their charm, tales were collected solely or mostly for a scientific purpose. The work was taken up almost simultaneously in many parts of Europe, and also in some parts of Asia and America. Its development reads almost like a romance.

A remarkable result ensued! It was found that the very same tales occurred amongst the most diverse nations scattered throughout Europe and Asia; that a tale told, *e.g.* in the North of Scotland, found its counterpart in Sicily or Greece, another one in Russia, and a third a parallel in India, while also among the savage races similar tales were discovered. Thus, for instance, Cinder-

ella was found scattered all over the wide world, our good friend Red Riding Hood was eaten up by wild animals in other countries, Puss in Boots was marching across many lands, Jack had planted his beanstalk in many parts, and had killed many giants, and Tom-Tit-Tot and Hobgoblins were either thwarting or assisting many people in their work, Robin Hood was playing tricks with people in many forests, and even the query "Who killed Cock Robin" was chirped in many glens. As for our hero's exploits in this world or the world above or the world below, there was scarcely any country in which he did not perform marvellous deeds. Our proverbs were repeated by Hindoos, and our charms were worn by the people in Kamchatka or Morocco. Many of our customs carried us back first to Rome and Greece, then to the peoples of the East, and then to more primitive races, bringing us closer to the dawn of civilisation, to the very beginnings of human worship, and to the primitive ideas of God and soul, of creation and world, and of death and life. The further students penetrated into the realm of Folklore, *i.e.* that knowledge which is the property of the "Folk," the greater grew the similarity between one nation and another. To the psychological and philosophical history of the human spirit another chapter was added which formed a bridge between anthropology and psychology, mere man and mere soul, showing unity in spite of difference. It was found to be more a question of degree than of essence. All the races start from one level and slowly climb up the ladder. Some stand or have stood at the lowest rung, others have proceeded a little higher up, but there is continual progress. Rings in one chain!

We have learnt to know that the most advanced types have retained rudimentary elements of their primitive condition, and the science of Folklore shows that we have retained even in our most advanced state of civilisa-

tion the rudimentary forms and primitive stages in the later organic development and progress. It is therefore possible to discover among highly refined individuals and nations remnants of a past, of which they are no longer conscious, or which they do not understand. Call it "atavism," call it "inheritance," call it by whatever name you like, it means always the same,—a relic of the past. Call it then "superstition," call it "custom" or "legend," it is always the same, the remnant of the past, with its good and its evil, with its beauty and repulsiveness. Individuals or whole layers of society represent often at the same time a higher and a lower, a more refined and a more primitive stage of development. We are thus made aware of the strange complexity of human life, of the many strands that are woven into one cord, and of the many cords that cross and recross in our composite being, and still above it all there is, as it were, one and the same spiritual power moulding it all together and setting in motion aims and aspirations which tend in the same direction and create harmony out of discordant elements. In spite of all divergence in detail the Folklore of one nation is essentially that of almost every other nation. The same superstitions, the same legends, the same habits and modes of life at a certain stage of development appertain to them all.

The narrower mythological theory had to give way under the effect of this remarkable similarity. A Greek or Asiatic tale could no longer be taken as representing Teutonic gods in disguise. Instead, an explanation was sought for this similarity in the universal unity of the human race. At a certain stage of development every nation, so it was argued, would evolve an absolutely identical practice or custom or legend, and therefore these tales and charms and customs would be of independent origin, springing up everywhere where men had reached exactly the same level of social and mental development. It would, how-

ever, be impossible to prove any two individuals, and still less two communities, to have approximated in their mental evolution to one another so closely as to be to all intents and purposes identical, so that their poetry should be absolutely the same. The principle of similarity of evolution, running on parallel lines among many nations, is, however, an extremely valuable asset, and helps in another way to explain the similarity of Folklore. These legends and customs may have been invented only in one place, but they have been disseminated throughout the world. The equality in mental disposition made it easy for other nations to appreciate the new-comers, and to adopt and adapt them, and then so to transform them that they become bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh.

Happily for mankind the spirit knows no boundaries. It recognises no barriers to its flight, and has no specific home of its own. It lives in the heart and mind of man. The spiritual achievements of one nation soon become the spiritual property of another nation. This is the fundamental condition for the progress of the world, and this principle of free trade has been the blessing of the world. I am not discussing here trade questions, because the spirit cannot be bartered. It is taken at its face value everywhere. The peoples are willing to accept it, to value it, and to use it. Because of that similarity, whatever Man may have dreamt, or hoped, whatever poetical imagination he may have conceived and expressed, and whatever song he may have broken into at times of great emotion, will be caught up by the wind that bloweth where it listeth, will ring through the world, and will be carried far away until a responsive chord is touched in another human heart. Just because man is everywhere so fitted that he will respond to these callings of the spirit, just because he is adapted to the same tune of the mind, these tales and legends, these customs and superstitions, have found such a wide dis-

semination throughout the world, and have everywhere become the household property of the nations, no one asking whence they came or who brought them. Thus we find that they have indeed been wandering from country to country, from nation to nation, carried by throbbing hearts and willing minds.

We are accustomed to take for granted, or at any rate we do not investigate deeply, the kind of intercourse which existed between the nations in olden times. Did they live isolated, every one on his own glebe? What intercourse was there between the townsfolk and those living in the villages? In what way were such communications carried? It would lead me too far to enter here upon the discussion of the various ways of communication between one nation and another. But let me state at once that no period in human history is known in which any nation has been allowed to live isolated for any length of time. There is no such thing as isolation. It must be sufficient for our purpose if I touch, however lightly, upon some of the means by which communication was kept open, at least in the Middle Ages. First, there were pilgrimages to the local shrines, reminding you of Chaucer's famous pilgrimage to Canterbury, and there were also the longer pilgrimages to Rome from every part of Christendom. People mixed and travelled together, met on the road, exchanged their experiences, told their adventures, spiced them with romantic episodes, added some satirical touches, and in such wise lightened their journey, from which they came back carrying with them the history of their travels, memories of adventures, tales and curious superstitions, relics of saints, practices of various places, and sometimes perhaps a not unwelcome merry song, or a stirring ballad, or a jolly jest. I remind you then of the minstrels, lute on back, travelling in the train of some great lord, or on their own account, singing romances and ballads,

and sometimes playing up to a country folk dance or at some other popular entertainment or at fairs and on festive occasions. I remind you of the quacks and astrologers appearing at the fairs with their gruesome stories and wonderful cures, with their knowledge of the stars, casting horoscopes, making venesection at certain days, and performing all kinds of marvellous feats of leechcraft; and what about the jesters, and what about the pedlars and jugglers, and what about the outlaws running for sanctuary from country to country, or from place to place, and then the stately merchants on land and sea with their foreign merchandise and wondrous tales? What about the sailor bringing home outlandish animals and birds, monkeys and parrots, and no less wonderful yarns of foreign nations and distant lands? Thus we have so many elements which alone would suffice to furnish sufficient instruction and edification to the people of the time, channels through which tales, legends, and a large amount of popular literature could find their way to the most distant corners. Of course many of the customs and beliefs still prevailing may be of local origin, grown up through local associations of ideas, or, in some cases, remnants of ancient forms of worship, of which they are unrecognised relics. For examples we need not even go far afield or remount the stream of time. Since the Reformation many Catholic customs have lost here their purely religious character, and have become popular customs. Take the ancient "All-hallow Even." How many customs are there not still kept on that evening, lighted tapers and cracking of nuts and other practices, looked upon as superstitions, which in olden times were very important functions. The day was connected with solemn practices for the rest of the souls of the dead, and many of these practices that still survive can easily be traced to more ancient beliefs and to still more ancient practices, which carry us back to the worship of the dead. Or, if we turn

to Christmas, leaving other customs aside, there are the Christmas-log or Yule-log, the Christmas carol, the Fool-plough, the Sword dance, the Lord of Misrule, Mumming, and last, but not least, the Christmas box. Each of these customs can easily be traced back to ancient beliefs, to Roman Saturnalia, to ancient cults of Mithra and Adonis, or, on the other hand, to the ancient popular theatre, and to the various forms of entertainment, of a religious or secular character, the latter in time preponderating. Side by side with the Mystery Plays, there were dramatic performances, then came the Mummers, and finally Punch and Judy. Legends of saints have also been the basis of religious customs which were kept on certain days, and so on through the whole gamut of popular traditions. Looked upon as the practices of the folk, they were treated with contempt and ridicule, but through the scientific investigation of their origin we have now obtained a deeper insight into their true meaning. They have been rescued from the position of obscurity and inferiority into which they had been thrust, and placed side by side with the more ancient and more developed types of which the importance cannot be gainsaid. They are found to be the latest representatives of older forms of belief and practice.

The next question which we might ask is, Whence did they originate, and how did they reach the masses? I am not discussing here the problem of remote origin. It lies outside the sphere of our immediate investigations. No one will deny that, irrespective of date or place of origin, the individual and not the mass was the first originator. A poem must be the product of one individual poet, a tale must be told first by one gifted story-teller, and a custom must be instituted or practised for the first time by one single individual, who sets the example. How then did all this lore reach distant lands and penetrate among the masses, and, if so, did it

reach the masses only? The way that literature and those customs may have come, by means of travellers, pilgrims, pedlars, minstrels, etc., I have endeavoured to sketch as briefly as possible. But, strictly speaking, these men did not belong to the masses. They represented more or less what may be called the cultured classes of that time. It is quite germane to our investigation to ask, What did the classes read during the Middle Ages, at a time when ignorance was universal, and when the percentage of those who were able to write, read, or to sign their names was so small that, even among the supposed learned friars in convents, it often happened that only a few could write, whilst the rest were content to pray and to beg? What did those classes do? Where did they find satisfaction for that craving, for that spiritual longing for a more or less refined culture? What did they read when no "novels" existed with which as now to beguile their time? The answer is that, instead of reading, they listened to tales, stories, legends, and romances brought from afar. They listened also to the minstrels singing to them of the deeds of old, the exploits of the knights of chivalry, the achievements of the Crusaders, the history of some mythical god or hero. There arose at an early time cycles of romantic legends, notably in England and France, the romances of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, and of the Quest of the Grail, the story of Sir Bevis of Southampton, Amis and Amile, and remembrances of ancient heroes, such as Alexander the Great, the Siege of Troy, the romances of Charlemagne and his court, and of the great heroes of the Moors and of the Spaniards. Moral stories, tales, and maxims came also from the East, like the famous history of Barlaam and Josaphat, the Hermit and the Prince, with their wondrous apologues, the history of the Cunning of Women, the fox tales, the story of the Seven Wise Masters, and a host of similar stories

translated into every European language. These followed in the wake of the Romances, for, when the romantic period had disappeared, knighthood was dead. Then slowly out of that mass of tales and fabliaux "novels" arose, as they were originally called, some of which are known to us through Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, and others, and the more elaborate works of fiction, the modern "novel."

Following up this evolutionary series we are struck by a remarkable fact, as remarkable as unexpected, and to my mind so full of comfort, so full of satisfaction, that it outweighs every other scientific result. We are led now to recognise that great and invaluable truth that, whatever has been brought to light out of the depth of the human mind, whatever has been set in circulation as the achievement of the spirit, remains the permanent property of mankind. *Nothing is lost.* What holds good for matter holds equally good for spirit. The coal becomes a diamond, and the diamond coal; it is transformed into heat, and heat into light, and light into electricity, and electricity into force, and so on. But it is never lost. The same happens also in the spiritual world. The same changes take place in the literary evolution, and thus it comes to pass that Folklore, through its close relation to mediæval literature, should hold the key to these treasures. Few perhaps are aware that all that the greatest modern poets have produced rests directly on popular literature. Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe have borrowed their materials from mediæval romances, novels, tales, and religious legends. The *Divine Comedy*, *Faust*, as well as many of the comedies of Shakespeare, are in their primitive forms simple popular legends and tales, told by the folk and believed in by the folk. The diamond was there, and the poet came and cut into it many facets and polished it. Is the *Odyssey* of our old friend Homer aught but another

form of a *Don Quixote*, or perhaps a mediæval knight-errant of olden times who had to solve riddles put by fairies, and had to run many adventures ere he reached his own home? Is the famous epic tale of the Babylonians of the descent of Ishtar to the lower world in quest of Tammuz aught but an older form of the better-known tale of Eros and Psyche, and also a forerunner, in a way, of Dante? One could go on proving the immortality of spiritual conquests through the whole range of the world's literature, adding proof to proof that that which once existed can never perish.

No less interesting is it, then, to follow downwards the further developments of the discarded literature of the classes. It does not disappear; it only filters down slowly to the masses. It is stripped of the encumbrances of its former existence, and is adapted to more humble and simple surroundings, to more modest homes than those of its former abode, to hamlets instead of grand castles. Yet it finds now a no less ready welcome and a no less hearty reception than of yore. Epical poems and romances are turned into prose and shortened. An episode from a romance becomes a ballad; a popular tune is caught up and fixed to it, and sometimes the old name of the hero is changed into a later one because better known. For instance, Charlemagne will take the place of Pepin, and Sir Bevis or Galahad will become some other knight-errant travelling through the world. In the same manner the ancient grand miniatures and illuminations become in time rude woodcuts. The ancient Romances have thus been turned into Chap-books, which the chapman takes in his sack and carries to the village fair; or they are flattened out still further, and they become broadsides, the original of our illustrated sheets and political cartoons. These quaint, peculiar, popular little books of stories are the last representatives of the romances of old. The substance has been retained, the

dross has been rejected, and the phrases and sentiments of another society and another period have been eliminated, but the purely human element in them has remained to exercise a powerful influence upon the mind of the people. The mystical poem of the Rose, or kindred allegorical poems, may have influenced Bunyan in a subtle manner, and produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*. On the other hand, there were also branches of knowledge which appealed to the darker side of human nature. The king's astrologer becomes afterwards the man who casts nativities, and Zadkiel and Old Moore are the last puny offspring of the mystical old science of astrology, which once held sway over the world and has not yet died out. Scholars brought up in Toledo became in popular imagination wizards, and the Evil Spirit reared in the Dualistic conception of the world cast his shadow over many lands, and claimed his victims among innocent, hysterical women, burnt at the stake as witches.

Folklore alone holds the key also to these tragical mysteries, it alone explains some of the dark workings of the mind, the result of contending forces fighting one against the other. It is a full picture of humanity which Folklore presents to us. There is light and darkness, and there is also the shading off in different hues, which tasks the skill of the investigator, but which repays him amply for the time and energy spent in these investigations. Nature abhors a vacuum, and, as we are shown, the human mind abhors it likewise. The eager desire to learn and to know, to understand the world around us and in us, is one of the prominent features of man. As Aristotle said, man is a ζῶον πολιτικόν, a "political being" interested in everything, accepting suitable instruction from every quarter, but also accepting everything that is offered to him, indiscriminately. He throws it, as it were, into the melting-pot out of which emerges that mass of ballads and superstitions, tales and legends, games and songs, gathered

from everywhere, and handed down, directly or indirectly, by the lettered classes. There can be no doubt that much of the popular literature of to-day—in the widest sense of the word—was the literature of the upper classes of the preceding centuries, remodelled by the people in accordance with the innate instincts and dispositions of each nation. The elements surging up from the depth of antiquity meet newer elements coming down from above, and so shape and mould popular taste and popular feeling. They are the food for the hungry soul of the masses, eager to raise itself from the lower level of ignorance to a higher poetical contemplation.

Having arrived thus far, it behoves us to pause for a moment, and ask what benefit there is in this study of Folklore? The answer is not far to seek. Collection in itself is an instruction, and the objects which we collect influence our æsthetical feeling. There is always great pleasure experienced by every collector. But there is a profound difference between science and aimless dilettantism. Science is not an inscription on a tombstone. To collect the remnants of the past in order to enshrine them in some beautifully adorned cases would be to miss entirely the aim and object of true study and scientific investigation. The real aim, on the contrary, must be to make the past a stepping-stone to the future, a mirror which is held up to us in which to see the virtues and the vices, the greatness and the smallness, the attempts and the failures, so as to shun the one and follow the other. The science of Folklore does not fall short of this expectation. It carries with it a warning and a lesson. A new responsibility together with a greater hope is borne upon us through the study of popular literature. The masses are receptive to an unexpected degree. Constant and systematic influence exercised upon the people generation after generation continues unabated. Nothing can stop that filtering down from one sphere of society

to the other sphere of society, and if the upper ten should distil poison in their hours of leisure or for the satisfaction of fastidious and unnatural tastes, the masses will follow suit, and with a vengeance. The tinsel will be rubbed off, the gaudy trappings will be stripped, but the poison will remain. But we need not dwell on so gloomy an outlook. Folklore brings us a more hopeful message of confidence and trust in the innate robustness of man. We are born spiritually healthy, and this virility asserts itself over and over again in throwing off the effects of that poison. The process of filtering down is sometimes, nay very often, a purifying process; only that which is best, that which satisfies the imagination and the poetical instincts of the masses, is retained permanently by them, cherished by them, and invested with that incomparable charm so intimately bound up with popular literature. Society is constantly being levelled up. We are marching onwards, because all that is best is retained, is appreciated, and acts to fructify the mind and illumine the soul. Folklore alone teaches us to recognise these gems in often inferior settings and to value the priceless treasures bequeathed to us by the past. Our modern world knows only and cares apparently only for dry-as-dust positive facts, mathematical calculations, and misleading statistics. For fairies and their attendance there is neither sympathy nor kindness. Not very long ago a lady of position went so far as to suggest that fairy-tale books and other stories of imagination should be banished from the nursery and from the school. It would have been a bad day for the young boys and girls of England if such counsels had prevailed. These tales, with their heroes, would have betaken themselves again to the country folk and to the hamlets where they had dwelt for so many years in peace, and where they were highly beloved; but a blow would have been struck at the training of imagination, which is the most glorious

gift man possesses. There is no higher training conceivable than that of the imaginative faculties of man. What is ambition but an expression of imagination? How could we understand patriotism, self-sacrifice, duty, or hope, if our imagination were not stirred, if it did not conjure up vistas of far-off lands and nations, paying homage to one law and to one rule? What would politics and religion, the two poles round which the whole of human life turns, be without that power of imagination, which on the one side sees mankind uplifted and glory everlasting bestowed, and on the other the firm establishment of society on the basis of truth and justice? Take imagination away, and we are hurled down from the height of bliss to the depth of despair. Our education would soon come to a standstill. Not even the most practical science can be taught, unless the enthusiasm of the student is first roused and the scholar's imagination fired by some glowing picture of success or discovery. When we rear up the coming generation and establish our commonwealth, it is always imagination that precedes the practical deed. What would the world be without its poetry, without its beauty? Even utilitarianism cannot dispense with the help of imagination, and this gift of imagination is happily one of those in which the masses participate to a far larger extent than the so-called classes. Among the latter the power of imagination is often crippled and shrivelled up through materialistic tendencies and narrow-minded egotism, through pedantry and self-imposed social fetters; but from the masses renewing forces rise from time to time, and bring fresh light and fresh blood into the decaying ranks of the higher circle of society. The few gifts which society often grudgingly grants are a thousandfold repaid by the poetical imagination of the people, by that literature which they have made their own, and which they return to the givers, in a purified, elevated, and more dignified form. Thus by that mutual play of popular

and classical literature, the written and the spoken, the literature of the classes and that of the masses, by constant interchange, by borrowing and lending, the most beautiful chapter in the history of man is written.

Its name is Folklore. You are hereby invited to read it.

M. GASTER.

NOTES ON SOME CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CONGO PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. WEEKS, 27 YEARS BAPTIST MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

(*Continued from vol. xix, p.* 437.)

THE custom of "eating the goat" has arisen out of slave-keeping. A slave badly treated by his master runs off to another, who will, he thinks, treat him more kindly. On arrival before the chief, he says: "I have come to you because my master does many bad things to me. Will you accept of me?" If the chief listens to him, he kills a goat, and they eat it together. This is a sign that the chief has accepted him. Guns are fired, and the people shout "Nkombo! Nkombo!" (Goat! Goat!). On the next market day the chief takes him and shows him on the market as one who has eaten his goat, and is no longer a slave. The old master must accept the ordinary market value of his former slave. He is not allowed to take him again, or to buy him for any amount of money. He is not the slave of the chief who has given him the goat. He is practically a free man. He takes his name from the ceremony of eating the goat, and is henceforth called Nkombo (Goat). This is a very beneficent custom, as it restrains slave-holders from ill-treating their slaves. These "goats" are very highly appreciated by chiefs, as they generally become very faithful followers of those with whom they have eaten the goat. Some

chiefs procure charms for the purpose of attracting these "goats" to them.

If a person borrows a sum of money of another, he gives the creditor a nephew, or a brother, or a sister to be held as a pledge. He cannot give his own child, as that child belongs to its mother's family, and he has no control over it. When he has collected sufficient money to redeem the pawn, he takes a calabash of palm wine, the money, and a white fowl or a white goat, and goes to his creditor. The fowl or goat, whichever he takes, must be white. The money is paid, the wine is drunk, and the white fowl or goat is presented. This white gift is called "nkuswa mpemba" (a being rubbed white). The man who holds the pledge rubs some chalk with his fingers by the side of the right ear of the pawn, and his redemption is completed, the chalk being a sign that he is "clean" and there is nothing against him. If, however, the borrower cannot collect sufficient money to redeem his pledge, he takes a calabash of palm wine and a goat and goes to the lender and asks for the remainder of the price of the pawn he holds. Upon that being paid the goat is killed; one half is divided among the witnesses to the transaction and the other half is given to the creditor, and the pawn is no longer a free person but a slave, and belongs to the family of the purchaser.

Before the arrival of missionaries no native knew any way of writing down his business transactions. All accounts respecting money, etc., were retained in the memory. One way of helping the memory was to tie knots in a piece of twine. A man on a journey would tie a knot in a piece of string for every day he was on the road, and thus know for certain at the end of his travels how many days he had been *en route*. If two or more men wished to meet on a certain day, fifteen days hence, they would each take a piece of string and tie fifteen knots in it, and as each day passed they would

cut off a knot, until at last they would see that the appointed day had arrived.

For counting months or native weeks (that is, the sets of four market days making a week), they would cut notches in a stick,—one notch for every month or every week, as the case might be.

For counting tens, pieces of grass, or palm nuts, or pellets of clay were used, whichever might be handy at the time of counting. In the same way a mark with the finger was made on the ground. Our ordinary old English tally was also known and used, *i.e.* notches cut across a piece of wood, and then the wood split down the middle, each of the two parties concerned taking one-half of the tally stick.

The King at San Salvador could proclaim war with a town without reference to anyone or consulting the chiefs.

A chief in the neighbourhood of San Salvador who wanted to fight another chief would have to gain the consent of the King first, and to ensure the neutrality of the King and neighbouring chiefs by presenting them each with the whole or part of a pig, according to their status. Having eaten his meat they would not fight against him.

A few days ago (June, 1908) Mayaji, a chief of a neighbouring town, (near Wathen Station), accused Makuka, a small chief, of committing adultery with one of his wives, and giving him "mbamba" (gonorrhœa) by giving medicine to her to put on her husband. Mayaji waited until Makuka visited his town, and without any proper trial he caught him and shut him in a house, and threatened to burn him in it. Some of Makuka's people hearing of this went to Mayaji's town unarmed,—(to have taken arms would have put them in the wrong),—to see if they could release their chief. Mayaji made an attack on them with sticks and knives, and severely wounded five of them.

The whole country side deprecates Mayaji's action, but

before Makuka can fight Mayaji he must call the neighbouring chiefs together and lay his case before them, and, if they consent to his fighting the other chief, he will give them some pigs to ensure their friendship and neutrality. They will see that no other chief goes to help Mayaji, or in that case they will take Makuka's side. By his pig's meat Makuka enters into an alliance with the consenting chiefs, and thus gains an open field and non-interference while he is fighting his enemy. It may take Makuka many months to collect the necessary pigs and lay in a stock of gunpowder. When all is ready war will be proclaimed.

On the proclamation of war between two towns, a strong charm is made by the nganga taking a frog and killing it; then he takes some twigs from three trees, the "lembanzau," the "lolo," and the "mfilu"; these four things are carefully burnt together, and the ashes made into a paste by the addition of some water. This paste is put into small snail shells, one of which is given as a charm to each fighting man. Then the men walk round one of the above trees, and on returning to the town some palm wine is mixed with the paste remaining in the saucepan, and all drink of it. After each one has drunk a little of this mess, the nganga takes the saucepan down to the road leading to the town which is to be attacked, and places the saucepan in the road. Each man has to jump over the pot, but, if one stumbles or touches the pot with his foot while jumping, he is not allowed to go, for the omen shows that he will be killed. Should he persist, force is used to keep him in the town. The frog is used in making this charm because they have noticed that the frog's heart pulsates (or as they say, "lives") for some time after it is taken out of the body. It shows tenacity of life. While the war lasts men are not allowed to go to their wives or have any intercourse with women.

In another district other means are used, as follows:—They call the "nganga elemba," who takes some palm wine in a wooden plate or bowl; he dips his fingers in the wine, and then touches the lips of the fighters with the front, the back, and then the front again of his fingers, and tells them not to look back nor enter a house, but to go right away to the fight. This charm puts them under such a spell that they need not fear any possibility of harm or danger.

Those that remain in the town get a fetish—the "nzaji" (said to cause lightning), or the "mbambi" (said to be able to give and cure diseases), or the "kumfw" (same power as mbambi), or the "mbanz' a ngola" (a wooden image stuck over with nails and knives, a fee being paid to the owner and a knife or nail stuck in the image where you want your enemy to feel pain),—whichever they have faith in, and dance the "loka nloko" (to bewitch with witchcraft) round it, saying: "You fetish, you must kill any one who is bewitching our fighting men." If a man is killed during a fight, he does not die by bullet or knife, but by witchcraft.

If a man is killed, the fight rages round the corpse for its possession, and often in fighting for the body several others are killed. If the corpse falls into the hands of the enemy, they cut off the head, soak it in water until the skull is cleaned of all flesh, and then put it on a pole and place it at the entrance to the victor's town, or in a prominent place on a hill. It is then an emblem of shame to the conquered. Sometimes the skull is cleaned and used by the victor as a drinking cup. The reason why they fight so fiercely for the body is that, if the head is cut off, the spirit of the slaughtered man will haunt, and by witchcraft kill, not the man who killed him, but members of his own family. Thus, on the one hand they fight to preserve the body intact, so as not to have the vengeance of the spirit falling on them as a

family, and on the other hand they fight to mutilate the enemy's body so that his family may be done to death by the spirit owning the mutilated body. On returning victorious from a fight there is much dancing and firing of guns.

Sometimes two towns fighting will exhaust their stock of powder before either side has gained any advantage over the other. A truce will then be called for two or three or more months while they lay in another stock of powder, and then on an appointed day they will start firing again at each other.

If two towns, A and B, are fighting, and B, because it is the smaller of the two, is losing, neighbouring friendly chiefs will advise the chief of B to sue for peace with a white goat ("Nkombo a maboko"). If he agrees to this, a white goat is bought and one of the chiefs carries it on his shoulders and goes to the scene of the fighting, the chief of B leading the way by walking immediately in front of the one carrying the goat. On drawing near to the fighting they call out loudly, "Luve! Luve! Luve!" (Peace! Peace! Peace!). The fight must then stop at once. The chief of B takes the goat and kneels before the chief of A, saying, "I do not want to fight." The chief of A *must* accept the goat, and there is no more fighting until the case has been properly arbitrated upon.

If it is an unconditional peace, not to be followed by a law-suit, or arbitration, a nganga is sent for, who brings with him some "ns-angalavwa" (cane-like plant), and some "lemba-lemba" leaves, and some palm wine. He presses the juice out of the "ns-angalavwa" into the palm wine and mixes them. He then takes the leaves and dips them in the mixture, and touches the two chiefs, and sprinkles the rest among the fighters and the people. So peace is established.

The making of blood-brotherhood after a bad quarrel or after a fight between towns is done as follows:—

The two opponents or enemies have a little blood taken from them, and each drinks the blood taken from the other; then two needles are solemnly buried, and a lasting peace is made, and the whilom enemies become staunch friends and brothers. It may be that the burying of the needles is a remnant of "the burying of the hatchet."

The following incidents respecting a fight and its causes may be interesting as illustrating the mode of thought and action in these matters.

Tulante Bidi was chief of Lemvo, a town about 15 miles south of San Salvador. About 1880 his nephew Nlemvo became the personal boy of a missionary who about three years later took him to England, having first received the permission of the King of San Salvador to do so. When Tulante Bidi heard that his nephew had gone to England he accused the King of selling him to the white man, and despaired of ever seeing Nlemvo again. The King assured him that it was all right, and that he was responsible for the lad, and would see that he was returned in due time. Tulante Bidi had to be comforted with this assurance.

Months passed by, and the grass-burning season arrived (Aug. and Sept.). Bidi wanted to burn a large patch of bush that lay between the boundary of his own land and the boundary of another chief's land. According to custom he sent word to the said chief, and arranged to meet him and his people at a certain time on a stated day, so that the people of the two towns might burn the bush together, and jointly hunt the animals driven out by the fire. Bidi and his people arrived at the appointed place, but no Kimpanza people were there, and after waiting a considerable time Bidi and his men started back for their town. They had not proceeded very far on their way when the other chief arrived with his men, and without waiting fired the bush. This was an unlawful

and discourteous act. Seeing the smoke, Bidi and his men returned and asked why they had fired the bush without them, and so insultingly broken the custom of the country. The Kimpanza people asked him who he was, and what could he do, and they twitted him with having his nephew taken away by the white man. No sooner did Bidi hear this taunt than he ordered his men to fire on the others. There was a fight, but no one was killed. The Kimpanza people told the King, and the King gave them permission to fight Tulante Bidi, and told them to go and get the ridge pole of Bidi's house. To take the ridge pole of the chief's house against whom you are fighting is like gaining the standard in an English battle. This they tried, but failed, to do.

Several towns joined each side. About that time the writer was itinerating in the country south of Tulante's town, and on his way back to his mission station he crossed the brow of a hill, from whence he saw one of the fights. The opponents were about 60 to 70 yards apart, hidden behind trees etc. One would load, run out and fire his gun, and return to cover, then another did the same, and, although the writer watched the fight for nearly an hour, no one was either wounded or killed on either side, and it would have been surprising if they had been. The guns carry only from 30 to 40 yards with any effect, but they are fired at 60 or 70 yards distance. Also, as the butt of the gun is not held against the shoulder to steady it while taking aim, but held against the palm of the hand, or not held against anything at all, it has free play, and the kick of the gun sends the slug anywhere but in a straight line.

The fighting lasted some weeks, and then a man on Tulante Bidi's side was killed, and the fight stopped. The man killed was a slave, and his owner said: "How is it my slave was killed, and no one else; surely he was bewitched." He accused Bidi of bewitching him, and

Bidi would have had to drink the ordeal, but the slain man was a slave, and no free man or chief takes the ordeal on account of a slave, just as in the old duelling days no so-called gentleman would fight a duel with one who was not considered a gentleman.

Some months after the fighting was over Tulante's nephew, Nlemvo, returned to San Salvador from England. The King of San Salvador treated him well, but said that, on account of Tulante's complaint and attitude Nlemvo could not proceed to his uncle's town until the uncle had paid him a girl slave and 5000 strings of blue beads. In the meantime Tulante had died, so that his brother, who had succeeded him, had to pay the slave, and Nlemvo paid the 5000 strings of beads.

Mad people are treated as follows :—The patient is well tied with ropes and taken to the nganga carrying a lighted stick and a fowl on his head. The nganga takes five small branches from five different trees; he dips them in water and repeatedly strikes the patient with them, saying,—"Nkwiya vaika muna yandi" (Evil spirit come out of him). He then takes the lighted stick from the insane person's head and plunges it in water, and as the fire goes out so the bad spirit goes out of the man. The nganga cuts off the head of the fowl, and hangs the headless fowl on a stick just outside the town by the road-side. This is a sacrifice to propitiate the evil spirit that has just been driven out, and to keep it from again entering the man. Thereupon the nganga cuts the ropes and hands the madman over to his family. If a madman "runs amok" his family are told, and, if they do not fetch him and properly look after him, he is killed. In the old days it was usual to kill speedily a hopelessly insane person.

When a man wants the love of a certain woman, he goes to the "ngang' a mbumba" (mbumba meaning secret, mystery, or magic), who takes a little bit of a fowl's claw, a piece of a shrub called "kintumba," a bit of

"nsakusaku" (round water reed that has a root with a turpentine odour), a piece of "ngongo" (big bean like a Calabar bean), and some "mbika za nsudia" (seeds of a small gourd); these are all pounded up and well mixed, and put into a bottle of palm wine, some of which is given secretly to the woman to drink. If she drinks it, she will leave all to follow the man who paid for its preparation. The women have no love philtre to attract the love of the man they want, so far as I know.

Native traders having gathered articles of barter and trade,—goats, sheep, pigs, farm produce, slaves,—take them to the markets, which are Konzo, Nkenge, Nsona, and Nkandu. All the markets held on a certain day all over the Lower Congo are called Konzo, and all the markets held all over the Lower Congo next day are called Nkenge. These markets are all held in different places, *e.g.* all the Konzo markets are held in different places from all the rest of the markets held on the other three successive days. These market places are so arranged that one in four will be within 2 to 5 miles of a town, the next day's market may be 10 miles away from the first town, but near some other town or towns, and the next 15 to 20 miles, and the next 25 miles away. Besides the market-day name as above, they often affixed to them the name of a prominent town or place near which they are held; thus Nsona Ngungu is the Nsona market held near the town of Ngungu, and Nsona Kiyenji is held near the town of Kiyenji. Again, some of these markets are famous for certain articles that are always on sale there. For instance, at one Nkenge you can always find pigs, and buyers and sellers of pigs consequently travel to that particular Nkenge. Another Nkenge will be noted for pots, calabashes, saucepans, etc.

There are also five large markets that are held every eight days, not on the same but on the successive eighth

days. These are called Nkenge Nkila (held in French Congo), Konzo Makwekwe (held near Wathen mission station), Konzo Kikandikila (held about three days south of Wathen), Konzo Kinsuka (held near the boundary of the Portuguese and Belgian Congos), and Nkenge Elembelo (held in Portuguese Congo not far from San Salvador). There is thus a line of these important markets held every eighth day, stretching from San Salvador through the country across the main river into French Congo. It is very probable that they run well south and north, and are only limited by the boundaries of the old kingdom of Congo, which included Landana on the north and Bihe on the south. In the old days these eighth-day markets were the chief places for "mbadi" (the native-made cloth) and also the materials used in its manufacture.

There was a firmly established law that no force of any kind should under any circumstances be used on the markets, and no raiding, no thieving of goods, and no capturing of people. In the old days weapons were not allowed on the markets. The infringement of these rules would bring down the vengeance of the whole country side on the offender. There are traditions of such offenders, but their punishment was such as to deter others from following in their footsteps. Sometimes rowdy, reckless, rascals would meet small unprotected parties on the way to the markets and would rob them of their goods, and even steal some of the people and sell them at a distant market or on the coast.

Before the coming of the white man the articles of barter used on the markets were,—"tika yambadi" or native-made cloth in very small pieces from 2 to 3 inches wide and 6 to 8 inches long, "mbele za mfudila" or native-made knives, "nsengo" or hoes, and various other small things made with the hands. After the arrival of the white man the currency changed to red beads (mbembe), thick black

beads (matadi mankolo), and blue glass pipe beads (nzimbu za mdombe). The latter (nzimbu za mdombe, or nzimbu for short) are so plentifully used that they are really the equivalent for money, and the standard of all prices, especially around San Salvador.

When the white men had built their stations at the coast, the natives began to take peanuts, palm kernels, ivory, and slaves to them for sale, and about 1877 they started the trade in rubber. It was about that time that the chigoe (or jigger) first appeared. It was brought back from the coast by those who travelled there with rubber. It was then called "ntanda" (the insect beneath the skin), and, as these chigoes hopped after they came from the feet, they were called "ntand' a ndangwa" (the bounding or jumping chigoe). They were associated with the rubber, which also bounced about.

When a caravan of native traders was ready to set out for a white man's trading factory, they would call a "nganga mpungu" or luck-giving medicine man. He came with his bundle of "mpungu," which was a small mbadi bag containing pieces of leopard's skin, hyæna's skin, lion's skin, and, in fact, a piece of the skin of every strong animal he could procure, and also some albino's hair; and he took with him his "sole kia mpungu," ("sole" being a wooden image with some grass tied round its neck, knotted back and front). The nganga sat in the middle of the caravan, which stood round him with their bundles tied ready for the journey, and put the "sole" in front of him. The nganga spoke to the "sole," telling it to give the traders good luck on the road and at the trading factory. A man then took a fowl by the head, and the nganga took it by the body and cut its head off and let the blood drop on the "sole." The fowl was then cooked and divided among the traders for them to eat. This fowl was cooked and eaten outside the houses, and during and after this ceremony no one must go into a

house or turn back from the road. The fowl having been eaten, a shell was brought containing very small pieces of everything that was in the "mpungu" bundle, and this shell was put in the road over which the men had to travel. Everyone must step over the shell, and if anyone touched it with his foot he must not proceed, or he would die on the journey. Having passed over the shell the trader must not look back, or he would destroy his luck. Some sacrificed a goat every month to the "sole," whether they went on a journey or not. The blood was poured over the "sole," and the flesh eaten by the native traders.

Members of a caravan when passing through a town must not allow their sticks to touch the ground, or they will be guilty of destroying the luck of the town, and to do that means a heavy fine. While in the open country or bush they hitch up their cloths (exposing their thighs) to give greater freedom to the legs, but on passing through a town they must drop their cloths out of respect to the town and for the sake of decency, or otherwise they are taken to the chief's house and thrashed. Carriers passing through a town must not carry their loads on their heads, as that would be an exhibition of their pride, and would incur the anger of the townpeople, and a fight and heavy fine would be the result.

While *en route* to the trading factory, the above customs had to be carefully observed, and in addition payments were made for the use of bridges and canoes. When passing through the principal towns of the districts, or the towns belonging to the over-chiefs, a tax had to be paid to ensure protection. On payment of the tax the chiefs receiving it were responsible for the safety of the tax-payers. The tax was fixed according to the number of carriers in a caravan, and the value of goods they carried; rubber and ivory would pay a heavier tax than peanuts and palm kernels. The tax had to be reasonable, as

otherwise native traders would make wide detours to avoid exorbitant chiefs.

In the old days some trade was done in ivory, but not much, as it was thought that the person who sold ivory sold in the hollow part of the tusk the spirit of the people of his town. If a man took a tusk to the coast, and while he was away a person died in his town, the trader on his return would be accused of witchcraft, and have to drink the ordeal. A powerful and cruel chief would sell ivory in spite of this superstition, but even he would not be able to sell large quantities for fear of public opinion, and the above consequences of ordeal drinking.

During the rainy season of 1883 and 1884 not much rain fell on the towns and farms behind Ennoki and Ango-ango (about 100 miles up the Congo on the south bank), and the folk of that district said that those carrying ivory to the white traders at the above places were carrying in the cavities of the tusks the bodies of dead people to sell to the traders, and the said dead bodies destroyed their luck, and consequently they had no rains. (Their idea was that white traders bought the dead bodies of natives, and sent them to Europe, where, by some means, they were resuscitated, and became our slaves.) They stopped all trade between the hinterland and the above trading factories. The writer was on the road between San Salvador and Ennoki, travelling towards the latter place, when his carriers heard that the Ennoki people had caught a carrier taking ivory to a trading house for sale. They took the ivory away, and cut the man's mouth literally from ear to ear. The writer's carriers were so alarmed at this that he had to make a wide detour and pass through Mpalapala to reach his station at Underhill. This shutting of the road continued so long and injured trade so much that the traders at Ennoki and Ango-ango joined forces, marched on the towns, and burnt them out.

One white trader was killed. The road was eventually opened again.

The writer, while living at San Salvador, was visited by some Zombo native traders, and after much persuasion he induced some of the bolder ones to enter his house. One of the first things they did was to carefully look round the walls of the rooms. On being asked what they were looking for, they replied: "We are looking for the shelves where you store the dead bodies until you have an opportunity of sending them for shipment at the coast." Hence their fear to enter, their close scrutiny of the walls for shelves, and their surprise at seeing no dead bodies. The fact of our being missionaries did not allay their suspicions; and the fact that we never traded in ivory or anything else did not disarm their fears. They regarded us with greater dread, as they thought we were so subtle as to hide our real reason for living there, (the buying of dead bodies), under a show of kindness and goodness. It took a weary time to disarm suspicion and gain their confidence.

With regard to rubber, the natives did not know that it was of any value, and consequently they were slow to take it as an article of trade, although there were numerous vines in the forests around San Salvador. They thought it was simply a gum of no commercial value. As soon as they found it was saleable, they tapped the vines, boiled the sap, and carried it, at first secretly, to the trader. The reason for this secrecy was that those who introduced any new article of trade, etc., had to pay for their cleverness by becoming the objects of a suspicion that often ended in a charge of witchcraft and death. There is a legend that the man who first discovered palm wine was killed as a witch. There is a district of which the writer knows where a certain article (*not* rubber) was found to have a commercial value. Through superstitious fear a prohibition was put on its sale by the chiefs and majority of the people. Through teaching they have become enlightened,

and would now disregard the prohibition, but unfortunately they are afraid to sell it in any quantity for fear the State authorities should hear of it and impose a tax on the article, and their last state would be worse than their first.

Besides selling ivory and rubber to the white trader, slaves were also sold. Those sold as slaves were the inveterate thieves, the men who committed adultery and could not pay the fine for such a crime, the rascals and rowdy blackguards, and bankrupt debtors, or a bankrupt family would sell one or more of its members to clear itself of debt. A creditor not strong enough to enforce payment would transfer his credit to a stronger man (for not more than the debt owed), and the new creditor would send early one morning, and as the debtor stepped from his house he would be caught, tied, and carried away for sale. Sometimes these debts were not legitimate ones in the sense of being a business transaction between a debtor and creditor for, say, 1000 brass rods and interest, (equal £2 and interest), but a mean advantage would be taken of a temporary difficulty, such as, for example, a man one day wanting ten brass rods (5d.) to finish a transaction. He would borrow the rods, and the lender might hate the man, and sell him within a day or so as a slave, or he might transfer the debt to an enemy with like evil results,—slavery for life for the sake of ten brass rods. It has been done for even two brass rods.

Those who were proved by the ordeal to be guilty of witchcraft and those who were murderers could not be sold as slaves, nor could they be redeemed at any price by their families, but had to be killed. They had taken a life and must pay a life.

The ordinary cloth of former times was mbadi. It was a native-made woven cloth. The threads were gathered from the leaves of the new fronds of palm trees. The leaves were stripped from the mid-rib of the new

frond, and laid one by one flat on a smooth surface, the bottom end was held firmly by the finger and thumb of the left hand, with the right hand a knife was put on the leaflet, as near the holding place as possible, and then the leaflet was drawn steadily between the edge of the knife and the board. The skin was thus taken off the leaf, which was turned, and the operation repeated. In this way the thready fibres were left, and were dried and sold on the markets to the weavers of mbadi. These threads were called "mpusu." The mbadi were woven on frames in pieces about twelve inches wide and fifteen to eighteen inches long. On the introduction of pine-apples a mpusu was manufactured from their leaves, and these threads were called "mafubu," and the cloth woven from it "mbadi za mafubu." Twelve of these small cloths were sewn together and made one proper-sized cloth, which was named "nkuta."

On arrival at the trading factory, and the price for the produce having been agreed upon, the "money" the native traders received comprised the following articles,—salt (mungwa), cloth (nlele), plates (malonga), dishes and basins (mbasinga), mugs, cups, and glasses (kopo), gun-powder (tiya twa mputu or white man's fire), etc. Guns (mata) were sometimes bought; the short ones were called "lung' e kumbi," and the long ones "nkombo." To all trading caravans was given a demijohn, large or small according to the amount of produce sold, of gin or rum as a present. It may be interesting to note here the derivation of a word that has now travelled all over the country and is used as an equivalent for present, free gift, tip, etc., viz. "matabixu." It is made up of two Portuguese words,—*matar*, to kill, and *bicha*, a serpent or snake. It was the custom for the Portuguese trader to give a customer a tot of rum to kill, as they phrased it, the serpent or snake, *i.e.* a biting in the stomach. By-and-by this word was applied to any make-weight given on the top

of an agreed price, and hence to a present, gift, or tip, in recognition of little services rendered.

Attached to each trading house were three or four linguisteres who acted as interpreters and trade touts. These men made long journeys into the hinterland, where, by their presents to various native traders and chiefs, they worked up a connection. In one journey alone they would sometimes give away 150 to 200 pieces of cloth (a piece of cloth, invoice price, being equal to 1s. 6d. to 2s.),—their own cloth, not the white man's. By-and-by a native trader would come in with, say, a caravan of rubber. The linguistere who had him as a client would be called, and he would conduct the caravan to his white trader. A conversation such as follows would take place, the white man and the linguistere talking Portuguese and the native trader and linguistere talking the vernacular:—

Linguistere to White Man: "How much for this rubber?"

It was then examined and weighed.

White Man: "200 pieces of cloth."

Linguistere to Native Trader: "He will give you 80 pieces of cloth."

Native Trader: "That is not enough, I want 170 pieces."

Linguistere to White Man: "They want 250 pieces."

White Man: "That is too much; I will give 210 pieces."

Linguistere to Native Trader: "He will give you 90 pieces."

After more haggling the white man reaches his limit of 220. After much talking, lasting perhaps a whole day, the native trader brings his price down to 150 pieces, and the linguistere works his up gradually to that amount. Being now agreed, the linguistere tells the white man to pay them 150 pieces, which he does in articles he has in his store. A case of beads may equal 8 pieces, a

common gun 1 piece, a better gun 3 pieces, a demi-john of rum 4 pieces, and a case of trade gin 2 pieces, and so they work through the 150 pieces, of which 20 or 30 only may be paid in cloth. The native trader takes the goods back to his country, and sells them at profits of from 100 to 150 or more per cent. He must be a smart man to remember the cost of his rubber, the expenses of his journeys to and from the coast, the value of the goods he is taking to sell in his own district, and many other things, such as food for his caravan *en route*, taxes to the chiefs through whose towns he passes, and toll for bridges and canoes, or he will have a loss instead of a profit.

After the native trader has left with his caravan, the linguistere takes 70 pieces from the white man, the difference between what he agreed to pay for the rubber, 220 pieces, and the amount the linguistere drew on account to pay the native trader, viz. 150 pieces. These 70 help to refund him for his disbursements among his clients, for the expenses of his journey to and from their country, and for his trouble. Sometimes the native trader wants more than the linguistere can afford to give him, and he will go off to another white man and use another linguistere, who, having given him nothing at all, can afford to agree to a higher price for the rubber. The native trader is cute enough to work one linguistere against another. Sometimes a linguistere will know that the white man is not offering a fair price for the rubber, or that he has not a good assortment of goods in his store, or that the prices of the trade articles are above other traders, and he himself will take his client to another white trader. Linguisteres who do this are men who receive a commission on the amount of trade they introduce, no matter where they sell. There are others who are paid so much per month, who must use all their persuasive powers with the native traders to sell their produce to their masters only.

This system of trading has already died out in large districts of the Congo, and is fast disappearing in the other districts. In the course of a few more years it will become absolutely obsolete, and that is the reason why I have troubled to describe it here in such detail.

As regards the beliefs of the Congo people, there are as many variations in their statements as there are people. Having no fixed standard, no written creed, no catechism, no court of appeal in matters of faith and practice, every one must be a law unto himself. There is, however, one thing all natives must believe, viz.: they must believe in an occult power called "loka," to bewitch, (the person who possesses this power becoming the "ndoki" or witch). This power is always malignant, never beneficent, and the supposed possessor of it is always hunted to death; and the ordeal test by nkasa is firmly believed to be the most sure means of detecting the ndoki. For a person to scout the idea of there being such a power as loka, and to sneer at nkasa being able to detect a witch, is to prove beyond doubt that he himself is a witch, and the sooner he is killed and out of the way the better.

The belief in witchcraft affects their lives in a vast number of ways, and touches them socially at a hundred different points. It regulates their actions, modifies their mode of thought and speech, controls their conduct towards each other, causes cruelty and callousness in a people not naturally cruel, and sets the various members of a family against each other. A man may believe any theory he likes about creation, about God, and about the abode of departed spirits, but he must believe in witches and their influence for evil, and must in unmistakable terms give expression to that belief, or be accused of witchcraft himself. A man may be a devoted believer in charms and fetishes, he may decorate his person, his house, his children, his pigs, his goats, and his dogs with as many charms as he can afford to buy, or he may *quietly*

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leave all the charms and fetishes severely alone, and no one will think the better or worse of him, but he must believe in witchcraft, and in witches and their occult power, or his life will be made wretched with accusations of witchcraft. But for witchcraft no one would die, and the earnest longing of all right-minded men and women is to clear it out of the country by killing every discovered witch. It is an act of self-preservation. This hunting out the witch, this tracking down of the evil thing, is open to all kinds of abuses, affording many opportunities to chiefs, to "medicine-men" (nganga), and to others to clear an enemy out of the way; nevertheless, at the bottom of it all is the desire to end that which is causing deaths daily and filling the land with sorrow and tears. Belief in witches is interwoven into the very fibre of every Bantu-speaking man and woman, and the person who does not believe in them is a monster, a witch, to be killed as soon as possible.

Another essential tenet of the native is a firm belief in the nkasa ordeal, and that it has such detective power that an accused person taking it is either honoured or cruelly murdered, according to the effect the nkasa poison has on his stomach in causing vomiting or otherwise. The man who expresses doubts about the effectiveness of the nkasa ordeal does so at the risk of his life.

The lives of the natives are affected and regulated by taboo. The taboo must not be lightly pooh-poohed, as their health, good luck, and happiness are assured by their due observance of it.

The native pure and simple is the plaything of omens, warnings, auguries, portents, and such like prognostications of good and evil. He may occasionally be inclined to disregard them, but he is not allowed to do so by his friends. If the omen is against him, and he will not take warning, his comrades and relatives will

use physical force to save him from himself. If the omen indicates that he will be killed in the coming fight, or die on the trading expedition, and he wishes in spite of the augury to go, his friends will securely tie him with ropes and lock him in a house to keep him from disregarding the omen.

A man may believe or disbelieve in ngangas (native "medicine-men" or wizards) without dire consequences necessarily resulting from his scepticism; he may snub a nganga, and talk slightingly of his charms, his fetishes, and his power; he may pass one by to call in a distant nganga, and suffer no inconvenience from his jeering treatment of one or twenty ngangas, but he must believe in witches and the ordeal. The village nganga is seldom, if ever, engaged by the natives of the village in which he lives. They know too much about him to waste their money on him. They see him repairing his charms and fetishes from the depredations of rats, cockroaches, and white ants. They know his charms are unable to keep him, his wife, his children, or even his goats, pigs, and dogs in good health; so they flout him and send for the nganga of another village of whom they know little or nothing. Therefore a faith in all ngangas is not a necessary part of their creed.

Their fetishes are very numerous, but no one believes in them all. Each native has his own particular few, which he regards with awe and respect, sprinkles occasionally with fowl's or goat's blood, and patronizes in a general sort of way. All others he regards with more or less contempt. If every one had firm faith in everybody else's fetishes as well as in his own this land would be a paradise. There would be no lying, no thieving, no adultery, etc., for there are many fetishes to expose liars, thieves, and adulterers, and it is because they have no faith in those fetishes that untruthfulness,

robbery, and immorality abound. It would be difficult to find a person, man or woman, who has not been guilty of all three. On the other hand, there are fetishes to preserve the thief and liar from detection, and fetishes to keep the doer of every kind of evil from exposure and its consequences. If a man thieves and is not found out, well, his fetish is powerful and helped him; if he is caught, well, the other man had the stronger fetish. Thus a man must believe in witches, witchcraft, and the ordeal, but he is not bound to believe in every kind of fetish and charm, though he generally pins his faith to a few; neither is he forced to receive all ngangas at their own valuation, but he believes one here and there has the power to which he lays claim.

The native is therefore influenced by belief in the following various powers, arranged in the order of their importance:—1. Witches and witchcraft, and all kinds of evil spirits. 2. Ordeal-taking to discover the witch, or to disprove a serious charge of any kind. 3. Taboo. 4. Divination by various methods, as will be shown later. 5. Omens, good and bad. 6. "Medicine men" or wizards, *i.e.* nganga. 7. Fetishes and charms. About these seven things there are definite and almost fixed ideas generally accepted by the people, but when you come to other matters you find a veritable "olla-podrida" of ideas, chaotic in the extreme and impossible to reduce to any systematic order. The same person will tell you at different times that the departed spirit goes to the nether regions, or to a dark forest, or to the moon, or to the sun. There is no coherence in their beliefs, and their ideas about cosmogony and the future are very nebulous. Although they believe in punishment after death their faith is so hazy that it has lost all its deterrent force. If in the following pages a lack of logical unity is observed, it must be put to the debit of the native mind, as that lack of

logical unity really represents the mistiness of their views.

It is generally believed that, when a person dies, his spirit goes to live in a great dark forest, and, if he is a bad person, his spirit becomes an evil spirit (nkwiya). If a man is burnt to death, they think that the whole man, —body, soul, and spirit,—is annihilated. It is thought that in the forest the spirits have a great town, where they eat, drink, and marry, each person with his own clan, as they did in their former earthly life. The spirit (mwanda) is able to leave the forest and visit the mundane towns, and do just as he likes. The spirit that visits the former scenes of his life and works havoc is considered an evil spirit or demon (nkwiya). Good spirits never leave their forest town to wander about hurting and troubling the living. Living people are not able to go to this forest, as they do not know the road. It is only the dead that find the way.

When the family of a buried man has much and frequent illness, they dig up the corpse and burn it, thinking its spirit is a witch (ndoki) desirous of catching those of its family left in the town and taking them to the forest. By burning the corpse they think the spirit (nkwiya) is destroyed, and an end put to its witchcraft. It is not supposed that the witch killed, cooked, and ate the victim, but that the witch took the victim to the forest town for purposes of its own. These evil spirits operate as a rule through the living upon the living, and the ordeal is given to the suspected persons to see if such spirits are operating through them. Their anger is first against the spirit (ndoki) and then against the medium, and their desire is to kill the medium so as to drive the spirit back to its dark abode. A person can be a medium and not know it, and the work of the ordeal is to discover whether he is being used as a medium or not.

Every man who toils hard in trading, smithing, or working for white men does so to enrich himself, and also his family as a whole, but the main incentive to labour is to prepare a great funeral for himself. He hopes and believes that the greater proportion of his wealth will be wound round his body, and that much of his other property will be put in the grave with him to be taken by him to the forest town. Chiefs of importance had wives and slaves killed and buried with them so that they might not go alone along the lonely road to the forest town.

There was nothing known about Nzambi (God), for all that had been known was forgotten.[1] The Devil (Nkadi a mpemba) was known, and it was thought that he lived together with the witches (ndoki), and that all the witchcraft power came from him; in fact, in some districts Nkadi a mpemba and ndoki are interchangeable. He was more feared than Nzambi, and because of his cruel, malignant nature it was necessary to appease him. All their fetishes, charms, and "medicine men," together with their sacrifices of fowls and goats, are either to circumvent him or to gain his good-will.[2]

[1] "Lufwa lua Nzambi" is death by God's hand, *i.e.* a natural death. This phrase is used when a person of no importance dies, or the family does not want the trouble and expense of engaging a nganga to search for the ndoki, and although this phrase may be used they still believe that the death was caused by witchcraft.

[2] Nkadi means devil or demon, and mpemba means chalk. Now chalk is used very largely in making up charms etc., and it is rubbed on the bodies of ngangas when they are performing their incantations etc. Sometimes the whole face is covered with chalk, and broad bands are run down the arms and across the chest. Is the above word for devil simply the demon or devil of the chalk, that is, the demon who covers himself with chalk, and so is the chief of all the devils? Or is it that demon or devil who uses chalk as a charm to make himself most powerful in bewitching folk? Those who want to counteract his evil influence use chalk as a part of their charm-making, and also as a part of their nganga decorations when working charms against him. It is the custom, as will be seen later, to use a bit of a fetish to remove the evil influence of the same fetish. It is very probable that the Congo's devil

There is an earnest desire on the part of the natives to live for ever in this world. To accomplish this end they are willing to try the suggestions of any pretender who comes along with a plausible tongue. The three following incidents well illustrate their desire for life.

A few years ago a nganga appeared with a fetish called Nkisi a kiniambe (Divine fetish). (The word for God on the Lower Congo is Nzambi; at Monsembe, Upper Congo, the words are Njambi and Bolobo; elsewhere on the Upper Congo the word for God is Nyambe. It is apparent that on making a new fetish they had taken an Upper River name for God, and applied it). The nganga with his new fetish visited all the towns round about San Salvador. The ceremony was a form of communion, prepared with small slices of cassava and peanuts in palm wine. The recipient had first to pay one string of beads for a child and five strings for an adult, and then he or she confessed all their witchcraft palavers, *i.e.* all the evil desires they had had in their hearts for the sickness or death of anyone. After this confession the nganga gave them a piece of cassava, a peanut, and then a drop of palm wine. He also gave them a promise that they should never die. When, however, they died, he said it was because they did not make a full confession. He and his accomplices made a large sum of money out of the natives' fear of death and the promise of immunity from it.

The next two incidents are taken from Dr. Bentley's *Appendix to the Dictionary and Grammar of the Congo Language*, pp. 848 and 849. The first is under the word Kinyambi, and the second under the word Kiyoka.

"In the year 1885 there appeared in Kongo people from

is a whitened one with chalk, *i.e.* a white devil. Certainly a black face whitened with chalk looks very hideous, and is enough to frighten any native. Congo mothers frighten their children with a threat of "the white man is coming," as our mothers did us with the black man.

Luanda or thereabouts telling the following story: A man caught a fish, and was proceeding to kill it: the fish begged him not to kill it, for anyone drinking water which came from its mouth (or in which it had remained for any time) would never die by fair means or from natural causes; only by witchcraft could their death be accomplished. This water was hawked about the country and believed in very thoroughly by great numbers, even in San Salvador itself. It really promised very little when the firm native belief in witchcraft is remembered; it was, nevertheless, a great success as a means of duping the ignorant, foolish people. When it was seen that the purchasers died like ordinary mortals the traffic ceased."

"About the year 1872 some natives of Luanda came through the country preaching a crusade against fetishes of all kinds . . . , inducing the natives in town after town to destroy all their fetishes, assuring them that since death and sickness came by the exercise of the black art, which every one fully believes, if then every fetish were destroyed and no more made, there would be no more death and suffering. Far and wide the most strenuous efforts were made to accomplish the destruction of *all* charms to that happy end." This expected dawn of the golden age ended, like the others, in disappointment to the credulous.

The natives have no theory about the origin of things, not even legends of the ancient ones who gave birth to their forefathers and were the originators of their tribes and clans.

The sun and the moon once met together, and the sun plastered some mud over a part of the moon and thus covered up some of the light, and that is why a part of the moon is often in shadow. When this meeting took place there was a flood, and the ancient people put their porridge (lukw) sticks to their backs and turned into monkeys. The present race of people is a new creation.

Another statement is that when the flood came the men turned into monkeys and women into lizards. The monkey's tail is the man's gun.

The sky is supposed to be like the ceiling of a house and that far off there are pillars supporting this ceiling. Lads who have travelled to England are frequently asked if they have seen the pillars that support the sky.

Above the sky or ceiling is a river which frequently wears away its bed and comes through in the form of rain. The thunder is the voice of a great fetish called Nzaji, and the lightning is Nzaji himself. The sun sets at evening in the sea, and during the night, while the people are sleeping, it steals back to the East, ready to rise the next morning. When there is a halo round the moon they think the spirits of the departed are sitting and talking there, but when there is a circle round the sun they believe that the departed spirit of a bad person is being judged and consigned to the sun as a punishment. Should this circle appear on the day of a death, the relatives of the deceased will weep and wail long and loudly, because they think their parted one has gone to be punished. Some women went to the farms to-day (July 21, 1908), and soon after their arrival they noticed a ring round the sun. The thought of the punishment to the departed and the fear of some unknown evil happening to themselves caused them to return at once to their houses.

They never try to recall the spirit of a dead person, but they ask the spirit why it left them. They give the departing spirit messages to take to their relatives in the spirit land. On the other hand, when a person sneezes, another says "sazuka" (come quickly). They think that the spirit leaves the body in the sneezing, and thus they tell it to return.

Most people think that departed spirits inhabit the

forest, but there are others who believe that the spirits of good people go to the moon, and the spirits of evil ones go to the sun, where they have much pain.

Spirits working harm to a person, family, or town can be driven away by gun-firing, drumming, shouting, and other noises. Sometimes these spirits can be captured and enclosed in something. The following incident will well illustrate several of the above remarks about departed spirits:—Some few years ago Mbunga (deacon of the native church here at Wathen Station) and a few other natives went on a trading expedition. They arrived at a town where they halted for the night, and, as is the custom, a house was given them in which to sleep. They went and stretched themselves on their mats, but during the night they were disturbed by the entrance of a nganga who hid something in a jug. Thinking he was up to one of his tricks, they removed the thing from its hiding place and put it in one of their bundles. In the morning the nganga, who was employed to destroy the power of a spirit that was troubling a family in the town, was up early shouting at the spirit to desist; he threatened it and fired at it, and at last declared that he had caught it. He led the suffering family to the hut he had visited during the previous night, and entered it triumphantly and prepared them by his boastful talk for a great denouement, but, behold, the entrapped spirit was gone. The poor nganga was jeered at and driven from the town with contempt. The native traders, when they looked at the bundle, found it was tied up in imitation of a corpse, and on opening it discovered inside a piece of "kwanga" (native bread), and inside that a fowl's bladder full of blood. Ordinarily no native would touch an article belonging to a nganga. These native traders were former Mission school-boys.

The dead are always buried about sunset, the following reason being given for this custom:—Early every morning

the men leave their towns to work in the forest, or to trade with other and neighbouring towns, or to attend the different markets, and the women go to work on their farms or attend the markets, so that consequently there are not many people in the towns and villages between sunrise and 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour the inhabitants are back in their towns, and any one arriving about that time is sure to find the people at home and receive a welcome from them. Their idea is that the spirit town is conducted on very much the same lines as the earthly towns with which they are familiar, and they think that, if they bury their relative in the morning or early afternoon, there will be very few in the spirit town to welcome him, and hence they bury their dead about sunset.

It will be remembered that there are four market days to the week. On two of these market days, Nkenge and Konzo, they do not bury the dead, but only on Nsona or Nkandu. I cannot ascertain any reason for following this custom.

The name of a dead person is never mentioned, but, if it is necessary to refer to him, they call him "nkulu ne-ngandi" (the old one). Any photographs of the deceased are torn up and all signs of him removed from the house, and every effort is made to forget him.

It is thought that in dreams the spirit of the dreamer leaves the body and visits the people and places seen in the dream. If they see any one in a dream, they think that that person's spirit has also left its body to visit them. If they do not want to dream, they take a piece of lighted wood, spit on it three times, wave it round the head three times, and throw it beyond their feet. It is thought that the dream will be buried beneath the ashes of the burning wood.

I do not think that these people believe in what is

called a "compound soul" (or a dual spirit), "one element of which leaves the body during dreams, and the other only leaves at death." Any native will tell you that he has a body (nitu or to), a soul or life (moyo), and a spirit (mwanda). It is the mwanda that is supposed to leave the body during dreams, but during the dream time the person has life, *i.e.* the moyo remains with him. Now moyo (life) is always used as the opposite of mfwa (death). Trees, vegetables, and animals have moyo while alive, and, when death comes, they say, as we do, "moyo ukatukidi" (the life is gone). Only the nkasa tree, the bark of which is used for the ordeal, is supposed to have a mwanda or spirit, and only very tame dogs and pigs are supposed to have a mwanda. I take it, therefore, that moyo is simply life or the principle of life, and is not to be regarded as one element of the "compound soul."

When they are about to cut off some of the nkasa bark for ordeal purposes,—(it is never cut for any other reason),—the man says "I come to get a piece of your bark, and, if the person for whom I am cutting it is really a witch, let my matchet bend when I strike you, but, if he is not a ndoki, then let my matchet go into you and let the wind stop blowing." It often happens that the air is very still, not a leaf stirring, for two or three hours before a storm, and this stillness of the air is credited to the above cause. Although the omens may be in favour of the person accused of witchcraft, they still proceed with the giving of the ordeal, and the results are often contrary to the omens, but their belief is unaffected by the contretemps.

When the natives see a dog, or a goat, or a pig very tame and obedient to its master, following him wherever he goes, they think the owner has put his mwanda into the animal, and hence its tameness and obedience.

From the preceding pages the reader can gather what a Lower Congo native must believe in order to live a quiet, unpersecuted life, and also those matters about which he may show indifference without risk of being regarded as a monster worthy of death.

As regards totemism, after very careful enquiries I have come to the conclusion that, while it may very probably have been at one time in vogue in this region, the only indication of such prevalence still surviving is to be found in certain tribal names, of which up to the present I have been able to procure the following:—

"Esi kia ntu mia nzenze," or the people belonging to the heads of the mole-cricket (nzenze). The people are proud of the name because the "nzenze" always sticks its head up, even when being cooked, but they hunt, cook, and eat the mole-cricket.

"Esi kimfulu," or the tortoise people, who catch and eat tortoises.

"Esi kinanga," or the cowrie people, who live in a town near Kitovola.

JOHN H. WEEKS.

WATHEN, CONGO BELGE.

(*To be continued.*)

COLLECTANEA.

Superstitions and Survivals amongst Shepherds.

(With Plates I. and II.)

(*Read at Meeting, November 19th*, 1908.)

During a visit of a few days to the South Downs in the latter part of this year (1908), I searched for any folk beliefs and primitive appliances still lingering amongst the shepherds. Most of the shepherds are natives of the district, and nearly all descend from a long line of shepherds, and so may be expected still to hold to ancient customs and ideas. The notes I gathered are undoubtedly very incomplete, partly by reason of the short time available for enquiries during my visit, but chiefly from the difficulty of getting those who still believe in charms and magic to "own up," and to talk about the practices in which they still indulge. I found that here, as elsewhere, a great change is taking place, and that it is probable that, not many years hence, there will no longer be men to be found who use the tallies and sundials described below.

Many of the beliefs and customs observed,—such as the unlucky character of Friday and of the number 13, and the carrying of a potato as a cure for rheumatism,—are too widely spread and familiar to be worth recording, but the following items appear to be of a less usual character.

To cure toothache, a "thistle nut" is carried in the pocket. This is not the bud of the thistle, but apparently a gall which is sometimes found at the side of the stem.

PLATE I.

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

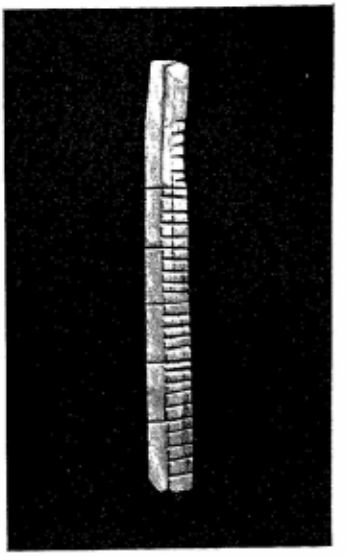


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.



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Cramp seems to be prevalent, as amulets for its cure are to be heard of everywhere. The digging feet of moles, Fig. 4 (Plate I.), are looked on as the most efficacious charms, perhaps because the cramped appearance of the curved foot has led to the application to it of the doctrine that "like cures like." The moles' feet are either carried loose in the pocket, or put into a little silk bag and hung round the neck next the skin. Fig. 5 (Plate I.) shows another favourite cramp charm, in the form of "cramp nuts," which are small woody concretions found upon the trunks of both beech and ash trees. The particular tree preferred as a source of the "cramp nuts" varies according to the locality, but I was not able to ascertain any reason for the preference. The nuts shown were obtained from an ash tree. The "cramp nuts" are either carried loose in the pocket or tied up in little pieces of rag and fastened to the bedstead of the sufferer from cramp. I may note here that near Whitstable the name "cramp stone" is given to the fossil shark's teeth, with a limy concretion near the base, which are there found in the beds of London Clay and looked on as amulets against cramp.

I was informed by Mr. Alfred J. Collyer, of Peppering, that some years ago a villager near Burpham had some pigs which sickened owing to their having been "overlooked." Upon the death of one of these pigs, the owner took out its heart, stuck nails and pins into it, and roasted it before the fire, having first shut up securely all the doors and windows. This brought about such misfortunes to the person with the evil eye that the local charmer intervened to remove the spell, but afterwards the pigs flourished.

The recording of numbers by means of notches on tally sticks is still practised by a few shepherds of the old school, and I obtained specimens of flock tallies and lamb tallies. These are cut either on squared lengths of wood about half an inch wide and eight or nine inches long, or on natural round sticks of about the same size and with the bark left on.

In the lamb tallies used for recording the number of lambs born in the lambing season, an ordinary notch denotes doubles or twins (the normal birth), a short notch or dot a single birth,

and, perhaps, an extra long notch trebles. (In Worcestershire the doubles are similarly marked by ordinary notches, but the singles and trebles by black and red coloured notches). By this simple method a shepherd can very quickly record and "tot up" the number of his lambs.

The flock tallies are used when the lambs are old enough to leave the ewes, and the time has come for dividing up the flock. In dividing, the animals are separated by twenties, or by the "score" (*i.e.* by the scratch or notch). After five "scores" have been made, the fifth notch is continued, either over the edge of a squared tally, or further round a natural bark-stick tally than the other notches, so that the hundreds on the tally can be read off simply and easily. Any odd animals are marked by smaller notches at the end of the row, so that, for a new flock of, say, 613 sheep, the completed tally would show six sets of five notches each, followed by thirteen smaller notches, thus,—



Fig. 2 (Plate I.) shows an actual flock tally recording 506 sheep.

One of the old shepherds made a very remarkable tally for me, saying that his grandfather used one like it. It consists of a piece of natural wood, with the bark on, about one inch in diameter and six inches long. This is hollowed out, and the ends stopped with two bits of cork. In this wooden bottle are placed small pebbles, each one representing a score of sheep, and the odd sheep are notched upon the bark in the same way as on the ordinary tally. In this tally a flock of 613 sheep would be recorded by thirty small pebbles and thirteen notches.

In the same locality,—Burpham, near Arundel,—tallies are still sometimes used for other purposes than those described above. For example, when a man buys lambs for feeding up, he will have a record of the original number in stock, and will keep a tally record of the deaths. Farm carters also use tallies for recording the number of cartloads moved of manure or of stones, and most of the older men well remember the "score" of cricket matches being kept by notching sticks.

I am strongly of opinion that the Biblical narrative of the bargain between the shepherds Jacob and Laban (*Genesis*, Chapter XXX.), which is at present admittedly in an obscure and confused condition, might be rendered more intelligible by regarding it from the standpoint of the use of tallies by Jacob (verses 37-8). So far as I am aware, after an extended search, no suggestion has hitherto been made of such an explanation, which I consider worthy of further investigation and of separate treatment.

An even more interesting survival than the sheep tally occurs amongst the shepherds of the South Downs. A turf sundial is still to be found in use in a few places, from which the cheap watch has not yet driven it. A shepherd, after feeding his flock on roots where they have been "folded" for the night, will take them on to the grassy downs, returning with them when it is time for the night folding. In order to do this he must know at what hour to begin his return journey, for he may have a long distance to go. If without a watch, and with no clocks within hearing, he resorts to one of the turf dials shown in Plate II. If the sun fails him, and his dial consequently does not work, he has to work by dead reckoning. In some cases the old shepherds can make very good estimates of the time without either watch, sundial, or visible sun.

The form of sundial photographed in Fig. 6 is made as follows:—Having selected a fairly smooth bit of turf, the shepherd marks a rough circle about eighteen inches in diameter with a pointed stick, leaving the stick perpendicularly in the ground in the centre. Due south of this he fixes another stick, about twelve inches long, on the periphery of the circle. The south direction is either ascertained at mid-day by means of another man's watch, or, more frequently, by landmark bearings known to the shepherd. Having done this, he fixes another stick due west, which is, of course, merely a matter of measurement. He then fixes in the intervening quadrant of the circle five sticks for the hours one to five inclusive, so completing a sundial with seven gnomons on its circumference. At three o'clock in an October afternoon, which is about the time shown in the photograph, it may be about time to return to the fold, and the

shadow of the third stick from the mid-day gnomon will then fall on the central stick, and the shepherd will know that it is time to start.

Another form of turf dial is photographed in Fig. 7, and is much more similar to the ordinary garden sundial. The central stick is the gnomon, and a stick notched for the hours is laid across the ends of two other sticks pointing due north and due east. I have also seen hour sticks placed at regular intervals from north to east for the shadow of the central gnomon to fall upon them.

The only reference I have been able to find to the former use of these turf dials by shepherds occurs in Shakespeare's *King Henry VI., Third Part*, Act ii. Sc. v., but perhaps refers to a more elaborate turf copy of the ordinary dial than those described:

> "O God! methinks it were a happy life
> To be no better than a homely swain;
> To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
> To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
> Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
> How many make the hour full complete,
> How many hours bring about the day,
> How many days will finish up the year,
> How many years a mortal man may live.
> When this is known, then to divide the times:
> So many hours must I tend my flock,
> So many hours must I take my rest,
> So many hours must I sport myself,
> So many days my ewes have been with young,
> So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
> So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
> So minutes, hours, days, months, and years
> Pass'd over to the end they were created,
> Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

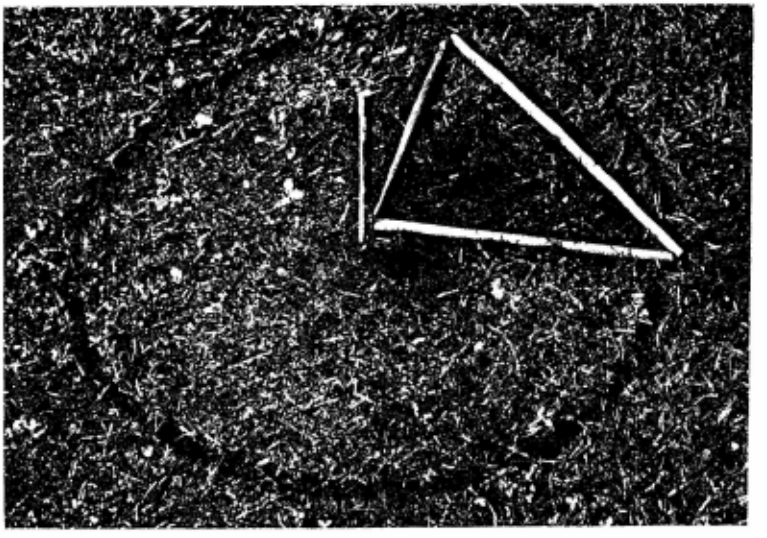
The late Mrs. Gatty writes (*The Book of Sun-dials*, edit. 1900, p. 24), that "to 'carve out dials' was the way in which the shepherd boy beguiled his time," and apparently supposes the above passage to refer to the carving out of *portable* sundials. Such portable sundials were well known in the fourteenth century, and in the following century they grew to be regarded as travel-

PLATE II.

FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



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lers' necessities, the favourite form being the ring dial, supplanted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the shepherd's or pillar dial. I have not found, however, in this country either of these portable sundials still in use by shepherds, but I have obtained both the forms, as shown in Figs. 1 and 3 (Plate I.), from the Pyrenees and Tyrol respectively, where they are still in use by shepherds.*

The sundial photographed in Fig. 1 is used near Luz and Gavarnie in the Pyrenees, where it is sold for from forty centimes to a franc in all the little village stores. It consists of a small cylinder of boxwood marked round the base with the initials of the months, and with curves round it leading to a vertical column of hour numbers. The removable top carries a small tin gnomon, which can be turned into line with the stem and sheathed in the cylinder of the sundial. For use, the gnomon is set above the vertical line indicated by the initial of the proper month. The shepherd stands with his back to the sun, and holds the appliance up by means of a string attached to the top knob. The shadow of the gnomon then falls on the cylinder, and on following up the line next below the end of the shadow the next hour can be read off. I used such a dial myself in the Pyrenees, and found it perfectly accurate. Of course a dial of this kind must be specially designed for the particular locality in which it is to be used. A dial of somewhat similar pattern, designed for London, is shown in Fig. 1 (Plate X.) in the supplement to James Ferguson's *Lectures on Select Subjects, etc.*, 9th edition, 1799.

The other form of portable dial, photographed in Fig. 3 (Plate I.), was obtained in the Tyrol by Mr. H. C. Collyer. It consists of a small flat band of brass, bent into a ring of about 1½ inches diameter, over part of which slides a second brass piece with a small perforation which passes over a narrow slit in the inner ring. The outer piece is adjusted for the time of year by means of a graduated scale, and the ray of light, passing through the perforation and slit when the dial is held

* In the discussion which followed my paper, Mr. Hildburgh stated that portable dials were still in use in Sweden, of a type similar to that shown in Fig. 3.

up, falls upon a graduated scale on the inside of the inner ring, from which the time can be read off.

E. LOVETT.

AMULETS FROM COSTERS' BARROWS IN LONDON, ROME, AND NAPLES.

(WITH PLATE III.)

(*Read at Meeting, November 19th,* 1908.)

IT is a common idea that few traces of folk-beliefs can be found in great cities, but my own experience is that, at any rate for the seeker after amulets, there is no better hunting ground than the hawkers' handbarrows in the poorest parts or slums of such dense aggregations of people as London, Rome, and Naples. In a visit to Italy last summer I obtained a large number of amulets used by the poorer people in Rome and Naples, and Fig. 9 (Plate III.) shows a group of purchases in these cities. The amulets were found, mixed with *ex votos* and modern religious medals and symbols, for sale, not to the visitor and curio-hunter who rarely invade the slums, but to the poor city dweller and to the peasant visiting the city. The first and third in the top row are metal wavy horns; the second is a tusk; the three in a vertical line on the extreme right and the one in the bottom left-hand corner are artificial horns cut from pearl shells; the largest object is an artificial horn cut from the lip of a conch shell; and the four remaining objects are two pincers of a crab of different sizes, a tooth, and the core of a goat's horn. The general resemblance of these amulets to those shown in the upper part of the Plate is quite obvious, although the group in Fig. 8 was collected from the costers' barrows in the poor man's markets of London.

For many years I have been in touch with some of the London street dealers in unconsidered trifles, and I am much surprised to find how much they know as to the reasons for carrying certain amulets. Phallic symbols, such as the glass and cornelian drops

PLATE III.

FIG. 8.

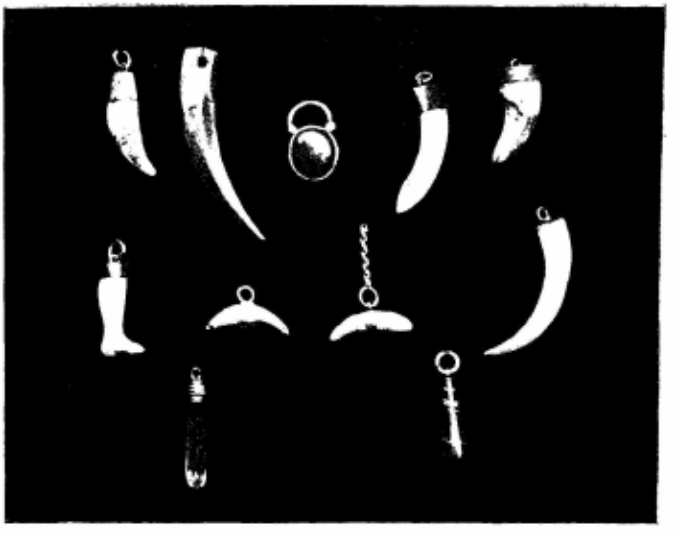


FIG. 9.



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in the bottom row in Fig. 8, are quite well understood, although their descriptions are somewhat crude. Pendants of tusks or of the canine teeth of some animal, such as the four shown in the top row in Fig. 8, are, I am told, largely bought as a protection by men who tend wild animals in shows etc. The middle object in the top row is a cornelian mounted in metal and worn by Jewesses as a charm against the evil eye, and the second row consists of a boot, two canine teeth, and a tusk. Any charm which is of uncertain use is invariably said to be "for luck." Fossil belemnites and nodules of iron pyrites are always called "thunderbolts."

I failed to trace any "thunderbolts" in Rome or Naples, but found tusks and teeth as pendants in great quantities, as well as phallic amulets in coral, shell, bone, and metal. The latter amulets are so common in London also that I am inclined to think that they are probably brought here by the numerous Neapolitans who seek to supply us with chestnuts in winter, ice-cream in summer, and music in both. In Naples such amulets are often seen in wear, and almost every shop for the poor has, hanging up, one or more evil-eye charms, such as a glove stuffed and with the two middle fingers and thumb stitched to the palm, so that the other fingers make the sign of the horns, or *mano cornuto*. The horns and such like are also bought for the horses and carts of the peasants, which are sometimes so bedecked with amulets as to look like small travelling museums. In Rome a typical cart amulet is a ram's horn painted blue and with a little bell at its tip. In one of the poorest alleys of Rome, also, I met an itinerant seller of some sort of sweet stuff who had suspended, from the shoulder cord which supported his tray, the core of a goat's horn, shown as the second object from the right in the top row of Fig. 9, as an evil-eye charm. Without any words, but with the Esperanto of half a franc, I acquired this specimen, and left him gazing after me with surprise; perhaps I was in his fancy a proper candidate for a lunatic asylum owing to my lavish expenditure.

E. Lovett.

Folklore Scraps from Several Localities.

The first batch of the following scraps of folklore was collected, except where otherwise stated, from "old standards" in Gainford, County Durham, by Miss Alice Edleston, and sent to me in July, 1893. She also collected game rhymes, some of which I published, and an excellent version of the Sword-dancers' (Mummers') Play which I handed to Mr. T. Fairman Ordish for use with others. The notes from Yorkshire and from Trinity College, Cambridge, were obtained by her from her father, the Rev. Dr. Edleston, born at Halifax in 1816. The notes from the Marlborough district in Wilts came from Mr. H. S. May.

Alice B. Gomme.

I. Durham County.

Bells.

1. The passing bell should not be tolled before sunrise, or after sunset.

2. The bell is tolled five times for a man, three times for a woman.

3. The "Pancake Bell" was rung on Shrove Tuesday at 11 a.m. at the church till 1866, but since then at the National School.

Medicine.

1. To cure "kingcough" [whooping cough], cross a running stream to the house of a woman who has married without changing her name, and there eat a slice of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar.

2. Barberry bark is good for jaundice.

3. South running water is good for bad eyes.

4. "Moles," *i.e.* common mallow, is good for hurts.

Good and Bad Luck.

1. Pigeons' feathers are unlucky for a bed.

2. It is unlucky for pigeons to settle on strange roofs.

3. It is unlucky to hear lambs, before seeing them the first time.

4. It is lucky for a child to cry at its christening.

5. It is lucky for bees to be kept in partnership.

6. It is unlucky to dream of muddy water, or fruit out of season.

7. It is unlucky to meet a witch the first thing in the morning, but one may be safe from her by turning in both thumbs.

8. It is unlucky for a woman to enter a house first on New Year's morning.

9. "Lucky bird" is the first man or boy who comes into a house on New Year's morning. He must be dark, or at least not red-haired, and must leave something behind him.

10. When hair is cut off and thrown on the fire, if it blazes, it is lucky for the person; if it smoulders, unlucky.

11. The second flowering of fruit trees is a sign of death.

12. Wicken-tree wood for a whip handle is good against witches.

Sayings.

1. "Durham folks are troubled with afterwit."

2. "Like Johnny Middleton's hints."

3. "Headlam hens lay twice a day."

4. "Sure and sartain
Said Jonathan Martin."

5. "A good contriver better than a big eater."

6. "Patch neighbourly, patch on patch beggarly."

7. "Full of holes and holds water," [a riddle: *answer*, the reckincrook, on which kettles etc. are hung.]

8. "Thou woll fetch it tiv a Barney Cassel raffle."

9. "Thou gets weaker and weaker, like Frank Hall in chimney."

10. "Thou naw man at all, thou like Jack Hall's mother."

Various.

1. Magpies, two versions.

One for	Mirth.	Luck.
Two for	Luck.	Mirth.
Three for	Wedding.	Wedding.
Four for	Death.	Birth.

2. Children born in hot weather are not supposed to live long.

3. Witch-stones are stones with natural holes, often found by the Tees side, and hung over a door to keep out witches.

4. "Peg Powler" drags people under the river (Tees); the foam on it is called Peg Powler's suds. [She is now all but forgotten.]

5. When a boy is taken to be christened, the first woman met must have some of the cake; when a girl, the first man.

6. The bride used to make her own wedding cake, or at least have a hand in it, but now it is generally bought.

7. When the bride returned from church, bits of the cake were put through the ring, and taken by girls to put under their pillows to make them dream of their future husband.

Times of Year.

1. Christmas. Yule cakes are always made and offered to every comer, and it is very unlucky to refuse to eat.

2. Carling Sunday is the fifth in Lent, when carlings (fried peas) are eaten.

3. On Easter Sunday, the boys try to steal girls' shoes, and on Easter Monday the girls steal the boys' caps.

4. "Paste eggs" are rolled by the children on Easter Sunday.

5. Palm crosses used to be made for Palm Sunday, tied up with ribbons; these are almost forgotten, except by Catholics.

6. "Nutcrack Night" (October 31). An old woman, remembered by many living, used to watch in the church porch then, and said she knew who would die that year, but would never say who they were.

7. The same woman kept a bit of every Yule log for luck.

8. Such bits are generally called Yule *clogs*.

9. People used to eat apples and nuts on Nutcrack Night, throw nutshells at their neighbours' windows, strew bits of glass under, and run away. [Told me by a woman who died in 1885, aged 92, from whom I got many things.]

10. The farmers used to give suppers after harvest called Mell suppers.

11. Farmers used to hire labourers at a stone on the green, probably the base of a cross. [This was before living memory.]

12. May kittens are bad mousers, dirty, and apt to suck the breath out of children when allowed on the bed.

13. Christening cloths of satin or silk used to be carefully kept and handed down from mother to daughter. They are not known now.

14. Brough Hill Fair, in Westmoreland, was held on the 30th September and 1st October, and so called "The last and the first."

15. "Brough Hill weather" is stormy weather, which often occurs at the Fair time.

16. A lane near Gainford is called "Hob Gate."

17. A cave under a waterfall just over the river, in Yorkshire, is called the Hell Hole, and is supposed to be the entrance to an underground passage, [see Denham, *Folk-Lore*, 1858, p. 13, "Old Richmond"]. There are several ghosts about the roads, very nearly forgotten, mostly tall women, some headless, all harmless, and all nameless except one, "Blind Phyllis; who she was, no one knows."

One item, "When parson's hay is up rain begins," has, I find, only lately circulated, but I add it here.

Folk-tales.

(1) A bull, a tup,[1] a cock, and a steg,[2] set out together to seek their fortunes. When it got to night, they came to a house, and asked for a night's lodging, but the folks said no. However, at last they were let come into the kitchen. The bull said he would lie on the floor, the tup said he would lie by his side, the cock would perch on the rannel bank, and the steg would stand at t' back of the door. At midnight, when all was quiet, two men, meaning to rob the house, were heard parleying outside which should go in, and which watch outside. One went in, the bull got up and knocked him about, the tup did the same, and the cock said, "Fetch him here, I'll pick out his eyen." So he says, "I'd best be out of this." As he went to the door, the steg took him by the nose with its neb, and beat him with its wings.

[1] Ram. [2] Gander.

The other said when he got out, "What have you done?" "Done," says he, "the devil knocked me about, when he'd done one of his imps set on. A thing wi' glowering eyen said, 'Fetch him here,' etc., and when I got to the door a blacksmith took me by the snout with his tongs, and flapped me by the lugs with his leather *ap*pron."

(2) *Canny Jack.* There was a shoemaker who had a very sharp apprentice. The parson had a savage dog, and laid a wager that Jack could not get the dog into the cobbler's shop. Jack went to the kennel, held the mouth of a poke to the door, and kicked on the end, so the dog ran into the poke, and Jack took him to the shop. The parson next wagered that Jack could not get the sheet off his bed at night without his knowing. Jack looked through the keyhole, saw some frumety in the kitchen, went at night, put some into the bed, and crept under. The parson woke, pulled off the sheet, and Jack ran away with it. The parson next wagered that Jack could not get him into the cobbler's shop without his knowing it. Jack wrapped himself in a sheet, took three pokes, two with a hole in the end, went at night to the church tower, and began to toll the bell. Up comes the clerk, and says, "Who are you?" Jack says, "I'm an angel from heaven come to forgive you your sins." The clerk says, "Will you forgive mine?" Jack says, "Creep into this poke," which he did, and ran away. After, the *sax*ton comes [and the same thing happens]. Next comes the parson, and says, "Who are you?" Jack answers as before, the parson creeps into the poke, Jack ties up the mouth, goes downstairs with him. As he knocks him about on the way, the parson says, "Where are we?" Jack says, "First step to heaven, second step," and so on. Then he takes him to the shop, and says, "We're in t' cobbler's shop."

Rhymes.

1. Tit tat to,
 Three jolly butchers all in a row. [In Denham].
2. Bonny lass, canny lass, wilt thou be mine [In Denham].
 Thou shall neither wesh dishes nor sarra the swine;
 Thou shalt sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam,
 And eat strawberries, sugar, and cream.

3. Black and white is my delight, [In Denham.]
Green and yellow's bonny;
I wouldna part from my sweetheart,
For all my father's money.

4. I'll away yam, [In Denham.]
And tell my man,
That all my geese is dead but yan;
And it's a steg,
Without a leg,
And it'll be dead by I get yam.

5. There was a man and he went mad,
He lapped it in tiv a pea swad;
The peaswad was over full,
And he lapped it in tiv a roaring bull;
A roaring bull was over fat,
So he lapped it in tiv a gentleman's hat;
The gentleman's hat was over fine,
So he lapped it in tiv a bottle of wine;
The bottle of wine was over red,
So he lapped it in tiv a crust of bread;
The crust of bread was over hard,
So he lapped it in tiv half-a-crown;
The half crown was over little,
So he lapped it in tiv a weaver's sickle;
The weaver's sickle was over narrow,
So he lapped it in tiv a wheelabarrow;
The wheelabarrow gave a crack,
And there was an end of poor old Jack.
Jack got a pea, for telling a lee,
He slipped and slided over the sea.

The following I got from a girls' school in Durham (1876).

1. If two girls speak at the same time, they hook the little fingers of their right hands together, and wish a wish, and then loose. They must not speak again till some one asks them a question, or the charm is broken.

2. Cure for hiccough. Stop your ears, and take three (or nine) sips of water.

3. If you walk nine times round Neville's Cross, and put your ear to the ground, you will hear the noise of the battle.

4. The nip for new clothes must be given before twelve o'clock.

There was a man of double deed,
Who sowed his garden full of seed;
When the seed began to grow,
Like a garden full of snow;
When the snow began to melt,
Like a ship without a belt;
When the ship began to sail,
Like a bird without a tail;
When the bird began to fly,
Like an eagle in the sky;
When the sky began to fall,
.

(Said while bouncing a ball, and told me by a nurse-maid, native of York. She told us a tale like the "Three Bears," but called them three Trolls or Drolls.)

[NOTE.—This rhyme reminds me of one I heard as a child in the North of Ireland, I think at Rostrevor or Newry. It was there treated as an appendix to "Sing a song of sixpence," which ended with the words:

Molly in the garden spreading out the clothes,
When up came a blackbird and nipped off her nose.
The nose began to bleed,
Like a garden full of seed;
The seed began to grow,
Like a garden full of snow;
The snow began to melt . . .
.

I have forgotten what followed. M. L. D.]

Snaily snail, put out your horn,
And then I'll give you a barley corn. (Same.)

II. Yorkshire.

1. The cuckoo she's a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little birds' eggs,
To make her voice clear;
And when she cries cuckoo,
The summer is near.

(Told him by an old man-servant, born in 1752).

2. Old Brigg is dead, that good old man,
We shall see him no more;
Then let us chime six, four, and nine,
As we have done before.

(Told him by an old aunt, as words to the chime of a house clock. Tune, "York.")

3. The same aunt thought it unlucky to find a dead bird on the path leading to the house.

III. Trinity College, Cambridge.

4. At Trinity College, Cambridge, it is considered unlucky to put the loving cup on the table; it must be passed from hand to hand. On Ascension Day, 1847, it was put on the table by a man who did not know, and that evening the college kitchen caught fire, and the college was in great danger.

5. Mince pies are eaten at Trinity, from Nov. 1 to Feb. 2, the end of Christmas.

6. Tansy pudding is eaten on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

IV. Marlborough District (Wilts).

Silbury Traditions and Customs.

There is a legend that Silbury is the burial place of a "King Sel" (just as Merlin is traditionally connected with

the similar mound at Marlborough), and that a man and horse of solid gold exist in the centre of it, for which reason the rustics have always taken a lively interest in the excavations which have been made in the hill. In another legend relating to its origin it is stated that the devil whilst making the Wansdyke wiped his spade at this spot, and so formed the mound. It is also believed that no snakes are to be found in the sacred ground around Avebury, and that they would die if brought there.

On Palm Sunday the inhabitants of the district used to meet on the top of the hill, and eat cakes and figs, and drink water carried thither from the Swallow-head springs.

Tree Superstition.

It is believed that warts may be cured by cutting as many notches in an alder stick as you have warts, and then burying it. When it rots your warts will be cured.

The Devil's Den.

A large cist-vaen in the vicinity of Marlborough is locally known as the Devil's Den, and tradition says that, "if anyone pours water into any of the natural cup-shaped cavities on the top stone at midnight, it will always be found in the morning to be gone, drunk by a thirst-tormented fiend"; that "as twelve o'clock arrives each night Satan arrives with eight white oxen, and vainly endeavours to pull the structure down, while a white rabbit with fiery eyes sits on the top stone, and aids matters by his advice and general encouragement of the proceedings"; and that "if a good child walks seven times round it nothing in particular happens," but that "on the seventh revolution of the bad boy or girl a toad comes out and spits fire at them."

Common Land.

Marlborough is provided with pasture and allotment lands. The former is known as "The Common" generally, but is often called "The Thorns." Every householder has the right

of sending two cows to feed there during the day time for a small fee, and a town bull is also kept by the Town Council. Portfield, the allotment ground, consists, like the Common, of about eighty acres, but the tenure now bears no evidence of the survival of archaic customs. Till about 1823, however, it was usual for the cows feeding on the Common to be driven there during the autumn, after the crops had been carried, to feed on the grass that grew on the broad lanchets or strips of meadow land which divided the allotments, this being carefully preserved for the cattle.

Martinsell Festival.

A festival used to be held on top of Martinsell on Palm Sunday, which closely resembled an ordinary country fair. The principal feature of the meeting was the fighting which took place there. The inhabitants of the district would reserve the settlement of their quarrels till the day of the festival, and the scenes which then occurred were often of the most brutal character. But this part of the ceremonies was suppressed, and the fair soon died out. People still meet on the top of the hill, however, and a curious game is played on the steep slope. A number of boys stand one above the other, and the one at the foot starts a ball, which is hit up the hill with hockey sticks, each of the players passing it to the one above him, until it reaches the top boy, when it is allowed to roll down, and the game is begun again. I cannot find that any peculiar viands were sold. An old man said "land figs" were eaten, but these seem to be the ordinary fruit. I am told that boys play a game at Roundway Hill, near Devizes, on Palm Sunday, similar to that played at Martinsell.

Jacky John's Fair.

A festival used to be held on the 14th of May at Poulton, a spot close to Marlborough, which was attended by people from the town. It is now called "Jacky John's Fair," but was formerly known as "Johnny Jack's Fair," Johnny Jack,

a confectioner in the town, being the person who at one time took the most important part in the festival. Johnny Jack, wearing a gilded gingerbread hat, used to parade the streets shouting a word that sounded like "Pannamahoi"* all the "a's" being pronounced soft and short and the "oi" as is "oy" in boy. A crowd would then collect and follow him to Poulton. Arriving there, Johnny Jack proceeded to a sycamore tree that grew near the river, and then threw his hat into the air, and as it smashed on the ground the crowd scrambled for the pieces, which they ate. From a stall gingerbread, cakes, etc. were sold or given away. A "revel" then occurred and some rough horseplay was indulged in, and if the neighbouring farmer was not present to control the people much of his dead stock was often broken up and cast into the stream. Finally oranges were thrown into the water, for which a number of children scrambled, and then "threaded the needle" into Marlborough, knocking at the doors of all houses from which the occupants did not come forth to watch them pass by.

When Johnny Jack was ill about seventy years ago, another confectioner in the town, named Heywood, took his place, and his son, who carried it on for a few years, is still living. The crowd, however, pelted his wife so vigorously with turf sods that she soon induced him to give it up, and, as no one was found to succeed him, the fair quickly collapsed. Children used for some years to meet at the spot on the anniversary of the festival and thread the needle into Marlborough, but this, the last remnant of the old fair, has now died out.

A fair used to be held on the same day at Mildenhall, a village about a mile farther on. A conspicuous feature seems to have been the aprons worn by the children. This suggests a celebration of May Day, old style, which I am told might fall on the 14th as well as the 13th, but this affair at Poulton appears too rough for such an origin.

* This is on the authority of the younger Heywood. He did not know how it was spelt, so I have written it phonetically.

The Black Arts.

The objection of the country people in this district to the camera or the paint brush is often as strong as that of savages. At one village an artist put a young girl into his picture without her being aware of the liberty. When it was discovered, the painter was soon left to himself, one old woman rushing off with her apron over her head shouting "He shawnt take oi! He shawnt take oi!"

A Milano Tale (Sarawak).

(Communicated by Dr. A. C. Haddon.)

Many generations ago there lived in Sungei Rŭtus, which flows into the Igan river, a very powerful Milano chief named Tugau. He had no sons, but three daughters, or, as many accounts say, adopted daughters. One of these three he married to the son of Kědăhat, ruler of Oya, a man named Jĭluan, who lived with his wife in Tugau's house.

Thinking he would like a change of diet, Jĭluan one day borrowed Tugau's golden-headed spear, and went out into the jungle to hunt for pig. After searching for a long time, he at last caught sight of a beautiful, sleek, white-skinned pig, and crept near to get a good stab at it. The weapon wounded the animal, but not very severely, and it went tearing away with the golden spear blade sticking in its side, leaving the snapped shaft behind. Jĭluan followed the tracks for some time, but eventually got tired of it and returned to the house. When Tugau heard of the loss of his spear, he was very angry, and told Jĭluan to go out next day in search of it and not return until it was found; so, early on the next morning, Jĭluan's wife got up and cooked two days' provisions for her husband and sent him off on his quest. He went to the spot at which he had left the pig's traces on the previous day, and then climbed a tall tree to look round and see the lie of the land. While up there he heard the noise of people approaching, and, looking

down, saw two men walking along with a very sorrowful aspect. Jïluan called down and asked them what the matter was, and they answered that there was trouble in their village because the daughter of their Raja had been taken suddenly ill and nobody could cure her. "Who is your Raja?" said Jïluan. "The Raja of the pigs" (*Raja baboi*), said the men. Then Jïluan began to climb down the tree, and when he reached ground he said, "If you will take me to your Raja, I believe I can cure his daughter."

The two men then turned back along the path by which they had come, and conducted Jïluan to their village and into the presence of their Raja, who received him graciously and agreed to his attempting the cure of his daughter that same evening. Jïluan then stipulated that no one except himself should enter the room where the Raja's daughter lay ill until he had either failed or succeeded in curing her, and also that during that time nobody should approach the house from below. This being agreed to, he cleared the people out and went to examine the patient. The Raja's daughter turned out to be a very beautiful, fair-skinned girl, but, when Jïluan came to examine her injuries, he found Tugau's golden spear-head sticking in her side. This he extracted, put into a hollow bamboo joint, and threw down below the house, after which, by his magic art, he closed and cured the wound it had made. Then he and the Raja's daughter began to talk together, and she was so pleased with Jïluan that he easily persuaded her to run away with him (or, as some versions have it, the Raja gave her to him), and become his second wife, although by the old custom only a single wife is allowed. They stole down from the house and started off before dawn, Jïluan picking up the golden spear-head as he went. Now between the Raja's house and that of Tugau there were several streams to be forded, and, when they reached the first, the Raja's daughter seemed reluctant to cross it. However, she did at last, but, on climbing the opposite bank, Jïluan saw that her feet had turned to those of a pig. At the next stream they forded, the lady became a pig as far as the knees, at the next to the waist, and so on, until, just as they were getting near Tugau's house,

she turned to a pig altogether and ran off into the jungle, and Jĭluan, when he got home and told his story, was very soundly rated by his proper wife, Tugau's daughter, for his conduct in trying to marry the other lady.

Thus Jĭluan tried to defy the old custom of his people and marry two wives, and by so doing brought no manner of good upon himself but only trouble, as any man must if he sets at naught the traditionary laws handed down from the people of long ago.

As a parallel to this story it is worth while comparing the fable of Laboh and the human elephants told in Skeat's *Malay Magic*, Chapter V., pp. 151, 152, and 153. In it the elephant-princess is wounded by a caltrop instead of a spear; Laboh marries and lives with her some time, and they have children; and, finally, she is changed back into animal form while going back to Laboh's country with him, by eating young tree-shoots with her rice, instead of by contact with water while crossing rivers.

A. E. Lawrence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Bitter Withy" Ballad.

(Vol. xix., p. 190.)

In connection with this ballad a correspondent in Vancouver wrote to me that he remembered a child's sing-song in Edinburgh about "Jolly Jorden." It will be remembered that in "The Bitter Withy" "three jolly jordans" are drowned in following our Lord over a bridge built of the beams of the sun. Hoping to find an Edinburgh version of "The Bitter Withy," I asked in a letter to the *Scotsman* for information. I received the rhymes which follow (*Scotsman*, December 17 and 19, 1908):

Edinburgh, December 15, 1908.

Sir,—As a child I have often joined in singing a rhyme which is probably what Mr. Andrew Lang refers to as "The Jolly Jordens." The words were:

"Johnnie Johnston's ta'en a notion
For to go and sail the sea;
He has left his own true lover
Weeping by the greenwood tree."

This was in Edinburgh sixty years since.—I am, etc.,

"Auld Lang Syne."

P.S.—The same words, to the same old tune, are still sung by children.

A. L. S.

Edinburgh, December 15, 1908.

Sir,—The children still sing on the street a rhyme as follows:

"Johnnie Johnston's ta'en a notion
For to sail across the sea;
He has left his own true lover
Weepin' 'neath the greenwood tree.

"I will buy thee beads and ear-rings,
I will buy thee diamond stones:
I will buy thee beads and ear-rings,
When thy baby's dead and gone.

"What care I for beads and ear-rings?
What care I for diamond stones?
What care I for beads and ear-rings,
When my baby's dead and gone?"

"Johnnie Johnston" may be a variant of "Jolly Jorden," just as, not long ago, I heard the line—"O where ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?" sung—"O where ha'e ye been, Lord Roberts, my son?"

But I fear Mr. Lang's correspondent has mistaken the words which the children sing.—I am, etc., D. F.

Berwick-upon-Tweed, December 17, 1908.

Sir,—The quaint lines quoted by "D. F." in to-day's *Scotsman* are substantially identical with those sung in their leisure hours by the children in the West of Scotland.

Apart from its subject, which is the old story of the man who has "fyld his faythe," and of the hapless maiden that has proved once more that "love is bonnie, a little time while it is new," the song captures us by the sweet simplicity of its notes, and the perfect rhythm of its movement.

This Johnny Johnston is probably the same individual to whom a reproachful reference is made in another west country rhyme-song, which a summer hailstorm never fails to suggest—

"Rainy, rainy rattle-stanes,
Don't rain on me;
Rain on Johnny Johnstone,
Far across the sea."

I am inclined to think that this fervid imprecation is intended for the perfidious Johnny who promised "beads and ear-rings" and other gewgaws as a salve to a broken heart.

He appears again in his ancient character in the seventeenth century song, "O Johnny Johnston was my Luve." But Nemesis overtakes him in the "tochered lass" for whom he jilted the not too amiable heroine of the song, for, ere the bridal day was at an end, we find that Johnny "sighed and rued his bargain."—I am, etc.,

SCOTUS IN ANGLIA.

P.S.—The following version is well known in Northumberland:

Jacky Johnson took a notion
For to go away to sea,
And he left his dearest Mary
Weeping on the Ballast Quay.

"Do not weep, my dearest Mary,
Take your baby on your knee;
I'll be back to-morrow morning,
And a sailor I shall be.

"I will buy you beads and ear-rings,
I will buy you diamond stones,
I will buy you a horse to ride on,
When your baby's dead and gone."

Mary says she'll wear black ribbons,
Mary says she'll put them on,
Mary says she'll wear black ribbons,
When her baby's dead and gone.

It appears that the "Jolly Jorden" of my Vancouver correspondent must be an accidental variant of "Johnnie Jardine," the Jardines and Johnstons being neighbour clans on the western border. Meanwhile the verses about Johnnie Johnston and his true love appear to be a fragment of an old ballad otherwise unknown to, or forgotten by, me.

I have not Child's collection here, in St. Andrews, but perhaps some reader of *Folk-Lore* is acquainted with the ballad.[1]

A correspondent suggests that "Three Jolly Jordens" may be a corruption of "Three Jolly Lordings."

A. LANG.

BURIAL OF SUICIDES AT CROSS-ROADS.

The question of suicide has been elaborately discussed by Dr. Westermarck (*The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*, vol. ii., chap. xxxv.). He incidentally considers the question why suicides were buried at cross-roads. He remarks that, from time immemorial, the cross-road "was a favourite place to divest oneself of diseases or other evil influences," and he appears to suggest that the burial of suicides in such places was connected with the cross symbol, "which is regarded as a conductor of the baneful energy emanating from the eye, dispersing it in

[1] The ballad does not appear in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, edit. 1882-98.

all quarters of the wind, and thus preventing it from injuring the person or object looked at." He mentions cases in which it was the habit to bury the dead at the cross-roads, and he asks whether this custom may not have given rise to the belief that such places were haunted (vol. ii., p. 256, note 2). I should like to ask for further information as to the custom of burying the dead at such places, and for some further evidence as to the reason why the cross-roads were used for the removal of disease and the like. In India, at any rate, the reason is well known. A man, in the hope of passing on a disease like smallpox, places the exfoliated skin of the patient at the cross-roads, because if he puts it anywhere else, say before the door of a neighbour, he would be accused of special malignity, but, when it is laid at the cross-roads, the charm is aimed at no one in particular. The disease clings to that luckless person who happens to be the first to pass by and touch the charm. Is it possible that suicides were buried at the cross-roads with the same intention? A man might reasonably object to having a dangerous ghost planted upon him, if the corpse of a person dying by violence was buried close to his house. But, when burial was done at the cross-roads, the ghost would attack only those whom it was pleased to select. In short, it would be a matter of *kismet*. I have heard it suggested that the traffic over the head of the suicide kept down the ghost; or that, with a kindly intention, the unhappy wretch was placed under the protection of the cross which in Christian times usually stood at such places. These explanations seem to be hardly adequate; and I should be glad if any one can suggest a better explanation of the practice than that which I have proposed.

W. Crooke.

The Burry-man.

(Vol. xix., p. 379.)

I was at Queensferry twelve years ago, on August 8, but by mischance did not see the Burry-man. His costume is

described, by my wife, as much less elaborate than that shown in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix., Plates viii. and ix., and he had no flowers, unless this be an error of memory. However, he had flowers in the description published by Fyfe in 1851. At the moment I thought "Burry-man," and the burrs, came from a folk etymology of Burghman, and was analogous to "Burlymen," the men who "ride the Burly" at Selkirk Common-riding, that is, ride round the bounds of the town's lands. "Riding the Burly" is, really, riding the Burgh, territorially. But Jamieson does not note this use of Burly and Burlymen.

The use of burry or burrie as an epithet of a dog, meaning "rough," "shaggy," is only a guess of Jamieson's to explain the employment of the term by the old poet Henryson. He gives no other example of this use of the word, and prefers another guess;—that "burry" is *bourreau*, executioner. At Eton, I think a *bureau* is called a "burry," and *bourreau* might as easily become "burry" in old Scots. If so, the nameless Burry-man was once the hangman of Queensferry!

This does not help our quest. It would be desirable to learn why August 9 is the day of the Queensferry fair. Is it a local Saint's day? How old is the fair? Across the Forth, as at Cupar and St. Andrews, fairs fall in August; Miss Dickson might make researches into the dates and origins of these fairs. The Burry-man business is now a *quête*, as was Robin Hood's business in the sixteenth century, and probably earlier. But a *quête*, "asking money from door to door," is not necessarily "a modern form of sacrifice." (Miss Dickson, vol. xix., p. 387.) M. Henri Gaidoz, in *Mélusine*, published a minute inquiry into *quêtes*: I have not the book here, but Miss Dickson might examine it, in search for a connection, if any exists, between sacrifices and *quêtes*. The old Greek *quête* of the Swallow song, corresponding, at the close, almost verbally with the song of the Scottish *quête* of Hogmanay, was not a sacrificial hymn. Is the idea that the Burry-man was the decorated victim? I have no theory on the subject; Robin Hood and Maid Marion, who also had their *quête*, may also represent the victims in a rather remote human sacrifice at May Day.

A. LANG.

On August 12th, 1897, the writer went round with the Burry-man of that year, and notes were made and photographs procured.

The author of the communication in the last number of *Folk-Lore* quotes with some variation an article which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, and which was reprinted in the *Scottish Antiquary* of 1900 (vol. xiv., p. 109). The photograph given and description of the man of 1908 correspond in every way with the 1897 representative of the "burgh" as the writer in the *Herald* considered him, a guess at the significance of his name criticised in the *Scottish Antiquary*, doubt being expressed of the ancient existence of the custom. There being no reference to the Burry-man in old documents, the theory of origin here advanced must be regarded as a guess.

The whole history of the town is connected with its convenience as a ferry, and it may be presumed as certain that the "baitward," ("batward" as Wyntoun would have called the "boatkeeper"), must have been an important personage. After the creation of the Ferry as a Royal Burgh by Charles I., if the town's authorities appointed an official, the inquiry for transport by a stranger might be answered by an independent seafarer or by the *burgh*(*ferry*)man. By those questioned in 1897 it was impressed on me that it was the seafaring portion of the burghers who were responsible for the burry-man. The dress was made by "some old fishermen," and the performer seen had on his hands tattoo marks showing that he was probably a seaman himself. What his age may have been was difficult of diagnosis, as the only other portions of his skin visible were the sides of his nose. The *e* sound in the neighbourhood is just as like *u* as *e*, but one *furry*man of all who might offer their services, would be the *burgh*-man, pronounced burry-man, the man recognised by authority. Here Jamieson's "burry," or "shaggy," comes in as a suggestion to Jack (in the green) going round for his hansel fairing, to prepare himself an "official" dress; and the use made of the *Arctium Bardana*, the burdock.

On referring to Mr. Hutton, whose grandfather had been in communication on this subject with Sir Walter Scott, he gave

the following information regarding the ceremony:—The fishermen on returning from the North Sea fishing, money being plentiful, paraded the town with the Burry-man, but not with any idea of taking coin from anyone. Mr. Hutton admitted that money had been taken for a long time, and we may notice here that the burr-bearer did not himself receive the gratuities, but they were handed to a lad who went with him in character of fiscal. The reason for this arrangement is possibly the same as given by Mr. Hutton for the two supporters of his arms, that he should not knock the burrs off their woollen foundation, apparently a jersey frock, a pair of drawers, and a nightcap with two holes cut in it for him to look through. Mr. Hutton would not say positively that it was necessary to choose a fisherman as Burry-man, but was quite clear that it was a fisherman's ceremony.

Being deaf, I failed to pick up the chant, described as a "shout" in Miss Dickson's paper, by which the householders were summoned to the door, but it was a recognised formula, and, as I understood, repeated annually. Where the previous notice says "the representation of the burgh by the burryman would amount to a whimsical practical *pun*" the *Scottish Antiquary* says, alluding to Malcolm Canmore's supposed erection of the town into a burgh of regality, "the representation of the burgh by the burryman would amount to a whimsical practical *king*." There having been sometimes two Burry-men is at least not antagonistic to the suggestion of the existence of privileged and non-privileged navigators. "The Burry-man starts from the bell stane, that is, the Town Hall," said one of my informants. Was this bell used to summon the ferryman in the more remote past?

There is not the remotest suggestion of "riding the marches," or "walking the bounds" in the modern ceremony. There is a "fisherman's walk" at Cockenzie, further down the Forth, which may commemorate a connection with the Earls-Ferry on the opposite side of the Firth, of which a traditional origin, connected with the escape of Macduff, Earl of Fife (Thane), from Macbeth, is to be found in *Wyntoun's Chronicle*, Bk. vi., chap. 8.

R. C. MACLAGAN.

Copper Rod Currency of the Balemba.

(Vol. xix., p. 280.)

On p. 280 of the current volume of *Folk-Lore* the Rev. H. A. Junod mentions the copper rod currency of the Balemba. Two specimens of these *marili* are described and figured by me in *Man* (Aug. 1908, viii., Nos. 65-6), with an additional note by Mr. H. D. Hemsworth.

A. C. Haddon.

The Death Customs of the Aborigines of Western Australia, and the Spirits.

(Vol. xix., p. 388.)

With reference to Mr. N. W. Thomas' article on "The Disposal of the Dead in Australia," may I, as one who has both lived and travelled in Western Australia, be allowed to make a few remarks concerning the death customs of the natives of that part of the Island-Continent.

Fear of the spirits of the dead is a characteristic of the West Australian aborigines, and the reason why they are so careful, in burying, to set the corpse as secure as possible, is to prevent its escape in the form of a ghost, for the spirit is supposed to be very powerful, much more so than the person was when alive.

The natives believe that the spirits of their dead parents and relations appear, and so strong is this superstition of the reappearance of the dead that it is said that, when white people first settled in Western Australia, they were taken to be the spirits of their ancestors who could not keep away from their old hunting grounds.

When a burial takes place, it is very common among them to remove the thumb nail, and tie both thumb and forefinger together crossways, so as to disable the spirit from throwing the spear. The body is also very often tied in the grave in a sitting posture.

There is also a belief among the natives that death comes only from the decay of old age or from assassination by an enemy.

JONATHAN CEREDIG-DAVIES.

DISTRIBUTION OF RACE AND LANGUAGE IN AUSTRALIA.

(Vol. xix., pp. 389-90, 484-5.)

If I understand the ideas of Père Schmidt, as set forth in Mr. Thomas's paper on "The Disposal of the Dead in Australia," "there are linguistic relations between the lower Murray area and the extreme north," while Père Schmidt is inclined to regard the northern group (of languages) as "immigrant Papuan" tongues. If so, it must have taken the immigrant Papuans an enormous time to settle on the Lower Murray, and we don't know how many aeons ago they started. In his review of the Report of the Torres Straits Expedition (pp. 484-5) Mr. Thomas mentions an unpublished article of Père Schmidt, in which the learned linguist suggests that Papuan hero-worship has reached South-East Australia, and that the Euahlayi and Kamilaroi All-Father, Baiame, "bears strong traces of such Papuan influence."

Again, speaking of the Arunta (p. 391), Mr. Thomas writes tentatively of their being immigrants from New Guinea, in which case "there can hardly be any question as to their non-primitive character."

All this is very puzzling. I take little keep of linguistic arguments resting on "the dependent genitive." But how, in the name of the Sphinx, can any man be sure that the Papuans were hero-worshippers and non-primitive, when they set forth on their astonishing march from the north coast to the Lower Murray? Even if they did make this march, how can we tell whether they were in the rather advanced state of the Papuans of to-day or not? But suppose, what is highly improbable, that they were, why did they establish hero-worship on the Lower Murray, and

not in the north, where they are said to have brought their language? Why are the Arunta not hero-worshippers, if they are Papuans?

If, on the Lower Leichardt, Baiame "is a culture hero," under a "god"—"named Gooaree," the case is parallel to that of Daramulun, who is a "god" to the Yuins and a bull-roarer bogey to the Wiradjuri,—under Baiame as "god."

It is clear that, even if we grant that Papuans reached the Lower Murray, we cannot possibly know anything about the nature of their beliefs at that period.

A. LANG.

LUCKY HORSE-SHOES.

(Vol. xix., p. 288.)

On Plate V. of *Folk-Lore* for September last the figure of a horse-shoe is given as a motor mascot, and the writers of the article on "Specimens of Modern Mascots, etc., etc.," say that there seems to be a revival in this country at present of the belief in luck.

May I add that in Wales at the present day a horse-shoe appearing in the teacup—that is, tea grounds or leaves forming themselves into a horse-shoe—is considered extremely lucky. I also noticed in Australia a few years ago a large number of horse-shoes hanging on the wall above the door of the front entrance of a Prime Minister's mansion, though the colonies are upon the whole, perhaps, rather free from superstition.

JONATHAN CEREDIG-DAVIES.

"SYMPATHETIC" MAGIC.

I am anxious to collect instances of *modern* survivals of sympathetic, symbolic, or what I may term "homœopathic" magic among civilised peoples, or others whose customs are not easily accessible through the medium of standard works

such as *The Golden Bough*, *Malay Magic*, etc. Any of the following would be acceptable:—

a. Examples of sympathetic power gained over another by possession of a hair or a strip of clothing, or of vicarious infliction such as by injuring a footstep or a shadow.

b. Examples of symbolic gifts. The prehistoric man who buried his fellow buried with him bowls of food and flint weapons which were obviously by a magic transition to be of service to him in the spirit world. Objects are sometimes left on graves to-day by churchgoing people with some dim survival of the old intention.

c. Examples of "like curing like," as in the phrases "take a hair of the dog that bit you," "the eagle slain by an arrow feathered from an eagle's wing," "to whistle for the wind," etc. In the Dublin Museum is a jewelled object like a caterpillar, once used to touch cattle afflicted with murrain supposed to be caused by a similar creature.

d. Examples of children's "make-believe," resembling any of these magical rites. If I saw a small girl of her own accord using pictures of any objects in a game with her dolls in place of the objects themselves, I should be inclined to think that we had here the germ-origin of this magic. If I saw her voluntarily draw a picture of her governess with whom she was angry, and beat or harm it, expressing a wish that her enemy might be so harmed, I should be almost sure of it. But I have never seen anything so definite.

I shall be grateful for any items which your readers are good enough to send me, either through the pages of *Folk-Lore*, or privately to my address.

W. Hanna (Colonel).

United Service Club,
London, S.W.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH FOLK-SONG. SOME CONCLUSIONS. By CECIL J. SHARP. Simpkin, 1907. 4to, pp. xvi + 143.

MR. CECIL SHARP has long been known as an ardent and enthusiastic collector and investigator of English folk-songs. In consequence, all lovers of folk-music will eagerly welcome the present well-arranged volume, which embodies some of the valuable conclusions which he has reached in this field of research.

The scope of the book is sufficiently indicated by the titles of its chapters, which run as follow:—Definition; Origin; Evolution; Conscious and unconscious music; The modes; English folk-scales; Rhythmical forms and melodic figures; Folk-poetry; Folk-singers and their songs; The decline of the folk-song; The antiquity of the folk-song; The future of the English folk-song.

Early in the book Mr. Sharp endeavours to define exactly what is meant by the term "folk-song":—

> "The expressions 'peasant-song,' 'country-song,' and 'the song of the common people,' all mean one and the same thing, viz. 'folk-song,' and may be used indifferently in contradistinction to the 'town-song' or 'art-song,' *i.e.* the song of the cultivated musician. Strictly speaking, however, the real antithesis is not between the music of the town and that of the country, but between that which is the product of the spontaneous and intuitive exercise of untrained faculties, and that which is due to the conscious and intentional use of faculties which have been especially cultivated and developed for the purpose."

This conclusion may at first appear satisfactory, but on closer observation it is open to the objection that not every musical

creation of the untrained mind constitutes folk-song. Indeed, Mr. Sharp lays stress on this point elsewhere in his book.

He next raises the following questions. Is folk-song the creation of the common people, or is it only "the fashionable song of a bygone day, the composition of the skilled musician, which found its way into the country villages where, although long ago forgotten in the town or city of its origin, it has since been preserved"? Against the latter alternative, Mr. Sharp well observes that folk-music differs generically from composed music, and that the originals of existing folk-songs are not to be found amongst the printed music of earlier days.

If, on the other hand, folk-songs have been the creation of the common people, the question arises,—were they composed by individuals and handed down like other songs, or were they composed collectively by the community? Mr. Sharp concludes that both questions may be answered in the affirmative. "The individual . . . invents; the community selects. . . . Communal composition is unthinkable." Nevertheless it is the very process of *tradition* which makes folk-music and gives it its essential characters.

> "*Art-music*, then, is the work of the individual, and expresses his own personal ideals and aspirations only; it is composed in, comparatively speaking, a short period of time, and by being committed to paper, it is for ever fixed in one unalterable form. *Folk-music*, on the other hand, is the product of a race, and reflects feelings and tastes that are communal rather than personal; it is always in solution; its creation is never completed; while, at every moment of its history, it exists not in one form but in many."

Here again we are disposed to quarrel with our author, but the dispute probably arises rather from inaccuracy of statement than from difference of opinion. Art-music is here again contrasted with folk-music as if all that were not art-music were folk-music. This, of course, as we have said, is not Mr. Sharp's intention; he would be the first to agree that in all primitive communities there exist songs, composed by individuals, which have not become, and are never likely to become, true folk-songs.

Where everything is so good and so stimulating, it seems ungracious to find fault. Yet it must be confessed there are

several points of more serious character, about which the reviewer and the author are not in agreement. The statement on page 7, that "in most cases the song of the savage is embedded in story, legend or ceremony, apart from which it has no separate existence; while its tune, like our Australian example, generally consists of a single strain, rambling and indefinite, which is repeated either at the same or at a varying pitch," is demonstrably inaccurate. An enormous number of the songs of primitive people are quite independent of story, legend, or ceremony; and their melodies are far more complex and better defined than Mr. Sharp appears to imagine.

At the same time, it is exceedingly interesting for one who has worked at the music of savage peoples to find many points of resemblance between them and the present folk-singers of our own country, as studied by Mr. Sharp; for example, we may note the wide spread of a melody from one part of the country to another, its accurate preservation through long periods of oral tradition, and the apparent property in folk-songs, as evidenced in the remark, "No! I have heard it but do not sing it; it is so-and-so's song."

One of the most striking features of the music of primitive peoples is the unimportance they attach to the words of their songs. They repeatedly tell us, "the words don't count, it is the music that matters." Mr. Sharp, however, draws quite the opposite conclusion from his researches among English folk-singers. He notes that a peasant, on hearing a familiar tune from a stranger, will say that that is just how he would sing it, whereas actually his version turns out to be materially different. Mr. Sharp strangely explains this feature on the ground that, when a peasant hears a song, he listens only to the words, and that the attention of singers generally is chiefly concentrated on the words. No doubt, when a peasant is singing a tune among friends, he is apt to lay stress upon the words. But at other times it is the music in which he takes special interest. Indeed, the relatively greater importance of the music among English peasants is demonstrated by Mr. Sharp's own observation (p. 123) that the tunes last longer than the words.

Every person gifted with musical feeling will support Mr. Sharp's protest against the indiscriminate setting of folk-tunes to accompaniments in our major or minor scales. Mr. Sharp will probably also be widely supported in his contention that the accompaniment should be in the same mode as the original melody. When, however, we bear in mind his admissions (i) that "it was only very few of them [folk-singers] for instance, who were able to recognise their own songs when I played harmonized versions of them on the piano; and still fewer who could sing them to the simplest instrumental accompaniment," (ii) that folk-melodies are non-harmonic, (iii) that the determination of the mode rests on the selection of the tonic, (iv) that there is often difficulty in deciding whether a song belongs to the mixolydian or ionian (major) mode, and (v) that, whereas the dorian is only distinguished from the mixolydian by its major third, the peasants are often apt to sing neutral thirds which are neither major nor minor,—we may question whether even this procedure is from the scientific standpoint always legitimate.

Mr. Sharp rightly points out how prone the trained musician is to take down folk-songs in the notation of our ordinary major and minor scales. On pages 57 and 58 he quotes the generally accepted version of "Polly Oliver," as printed, for example, in Chappell's *Popular Music*. He then quotes the unmodulated version which he himself has heard. He also calls special attention to the study of the variations of the melody made by different singers or by the same singer in different verses of the song; and he confesses, (p. 21), "I have missed many of those [variations] which have appeared but once."

It is obvious that valuable service is rendered by the phonograph in studying these variations and in avoiding erroneous notation of songs while they are being sung. We are glad to find that Mr. Sharp recommends (p. 72) the phonograph for such purposes. It is to be sincerely hoped that he may make use of the instrument. Every musician must feel how impossible it is to express on paper the subtleties of intonation and shades of *tempo* and expression which form so marked a feature of all folk-song.

We heartily wish Mr. Sharp success in the ethnological research to which he alludes, of endeavouring to detect the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements in British folk-music. He has earned the gratitude of every student of folklore and every lover of comparative music by having written the book now under review.

C. S. Myers.

Folk-Memory; or, The Continuity of British Archæology. By W. Johnson. Frowde, 1908. 8vo, pp. 416. Illus.

This fascinating volume forms a manual of the archæology and traditions of these islands based on many years' field work and a wide survey of the literature of the subject. The author's theme is the continuity of British archæology,—the application of the scientific view that cataclysm has been replaced by gradual evolution. Several chapters are devoted to the linking up of the archæological periods,—the prehistoric with the proto-historic, the survivals of the ages of stone and bronze in that of iron. He thus deals with many complex problems, such as that of the eoliths, which he believes to be the work of an early low-type race; the explanation of the gap between the palæolithic and neolithic periods; the change in the fauna; the loss by neolithic man of the artistic capacity acquired in the palæolithic age; and the overlapping of stone and bronze, of bronze and iron. It is possible that on all these thorny questions his views may not meet with general acceptance. But he is careful to consider opposing theories, and the large collection of material contained in his notes will be of the greatest value to all students of these subjects. He is perhaps most successful in those chapters of his book which are based upon his field work. Such are his study of the flint industry in connection with dene-holes; the origin of Linchet or terrace cultivation; the problem of the construction of dew-ponds; the incised figures on chalk-downs; and the ancient roads and trackways. Throughout the book the transmission of folk-tales, traditions, and superstitions is discussed in connection with the

evolution of culture. Mr. Johnson possesses a large collection of material still unused. He may be satisfied that there is room on the archæologist's shelf for a second book as well designed and illustrated, and as pleasantly written, as that for which we are now indebted to him.

W. Crooke.

The Scope and Content of the Science of Anthropology. Historical Review, Library Classification and Select, Annotated Bibliography; with a List of the chief Publications of leading Anthropological Societies and Museums. By Juul Dieserud. Kegan Paul, 1908. 8vo, pp. 198.

As a practical librarian, Mr. Dieserud has, like those who have more directly to deal with anthropological literature and data, been much exercised in his mind concerning the definitions of the main branches of the anthropological sciences and their subdivisions. It is generally admitted that the same terms are employed with varying significance, and indeed it is not too much to confess that great confusion prevails. Realising all this, the author of the above-mentioned book has made a laudable endeavour to bring some sort of system into the present condition of indefiniteness. The first part of his little book is a brief but excellent account of the definitions of the main branches of the subject by various students, and for himself he adopts the following as a working scheme: I. General, (including Literature, Museums, History of the subject, Biography, Study and Teaching, etc.). II. Somatology or Physical Anthropology, (including Zoological anthropology or Anthropogeny, Paleoanthropology, Anatomical anthropology, Physiological anthropology, Racial psychology, Racial embryology, Racial pathology, Social physical anthropology (criminal and mentally diseased), and Systematic or Taxonomic anthropology). III. Ethnical Anthropology, (including Ethnical or Folk-psychology, Ethnology or Culture anthropology, Archaeology or Paleoethnology, Anthropogeography, and Ethnography (local somatography, prehistoric archaeology, and folklore)). On the whole a great deal can be

said for this classification from a practical point of view, but the more detailed analysis that he gives is open to much criticism on the part of specialists. On the other hand, if libraries were arranged on his plan, it would facilitate classification and reference, even though exception will be taken by experts.

Following his classification is a very useful Bibliography, the earliest date being 1501 and the latest 1905, each entry being followed, in most cases, by a brief indication of the scope of the work or paper. Finally a list is given of "Anthropological and Ethnological Societies and their Publications," but all Folklore Societies are omitted! Also, in the list of "Leading Ethnographical Museums and Museums containing important Ethnographical Collections," the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford, the Pitt Rivers Museum at Farnham (Dorset), the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge, and various other museums in this country are not mentioned; in his own country, no mention is made of the fine collections in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Brooklyn; and the great collections in Calcutta, Madras, Sarawak, Batavia, Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, New Zealand, Cape Town, Pretoria, and many other places are ignored. One cannot expect a librarian to know the intricacies of anthropological data, but the author would have been well advised if he had submitted his lists of Societies and Museums to those whose business it is to be acquainted with such bodies and institutions.

A. C. HADDON.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE CLASSICS. Six Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford by ARTHUR J. EVANS; ANDREW LANG; GILBERT MURRAY; F. B. JEVONS; J. L. MYRES; W. WARDE FOWLER. Frowde, 1908. Pp. 191.

THIS book, which consists of a series of six lectures on subjects connected with classical literature, is a welcome indication of the success of the Oxford school of anthropology. The first discourse, by Dr. A. J. Evans, forms the prolegomena to his attack

on the Knossos script, and brings together in a convenient form much information on primitive pictographs. Mr. Lang's paper on Homer is mainly a summary of his book, *Homer and the Epic*, published in 1906. As might have been expected, Professor Gilbert Murray, when dealing with anthropology in the Greek Epic outside Homer, is interesting and suggestive; thus he compares the Dionysos cult with the ritual of the Dukduk society in New Guinea and the Egbo of West Africa, suggesting that, as in these cases, a man impersonated Dionysos. His remarks on the Greek "deification" of heroes in which the term has a connotation unknown to primitive religion, his account of Salmoneus, the medicine-king, and his suggestion that the myth of Zeus swallowing Metis is based on the necessity of such kings swallowing or hiding possible claimants to the throne, and that the worship of sacred flints or thunder-stones appears in the swallowing of a stone in place of Zeus by Kronos, are noteworthy. Dr. Jevons' paper on Graeco-Italian magic is largely devoted to the theory that the earliest form of "singing" or spell is connected with cursing. Speaking of Mana he remarks that "this extraordinary personal power does not come to be regarded as magic—indeed that magic does not come into existence—until religion has come into existence." Mr. Warde Fowler surveys the development of Lustratio, the means of getting rid of hostile spirits by means of solemn processional rites. Probably the most valuable lecture in the series is that of Professor Myres on Herodotus. He points out that "Herodotus gives us for the first time a reasoned scheme of ethnological criteria"—community of descent, of language, of religion, and, last of all, community of observance in social life. The account of the influence of the Coan medical school, and the identification of the Amazons with the beardless Scythians, are novel and interesting. It may be hoped that this book will be a success in spite of its unhappy preface, and that in the next edition this will be removed to give space for an index.

W. Crooke.

HESIOD. The Poems and Fragments done into English prose, with Introduction and Appendices, by A. W. MAIR. Frowde, 1908. 12mo, pp. 224.

As embodying the oldest formal record alike of mythologic speculation and agricultural practice among the Greeks, Hesiod must always be of the highest interest to folklorists. To those whose Greek has become too rusty to allow them to read the original text with ease, this excellent version will be most welcome, and will recall much which, though it should be present to the memory of all engaged in our studies, has a way of becoming dim and faint. Professor Mair prints versions of the three considerable works as well as of the majority of the fragments attributed to Hesiod. His commentary is chiefly devoted to illustrating the agricultural import of his author, and the parallel matter which he adduces, ranging from the 1st to the 17th century A.D., affords a most instructive instance of the persistence of 'craft' formulas and conceptions, and corroborates strongly that cardinal dogma of the folklorist's creed—the toughness of tradition. Hesiod himself in the gnomic wisdom which he deals out to his fellow-farmers presents an example of peasant psychology, almost every trait of which is still exhibited by the peasant proprietors of any genuinely agricultural country, say France. In particular it should be noted that practices, fondly deemed to be the product of modern degeneracy, are of immemorial antiquity; for Hesiod, as for the contemporary French peasant, the small family is the ideal. "May there be an only-born son to feed* his father's house: *for so is wealth increased in the halls.*"

Professor Mair hints at a larger work in which all the multifarious and complex questions raised by Hesiod will be discussed. It will be welcome. To the present reviewer at least the way in which recent writers, for instance Miss Harrison and Professor Gilbert Murray, handle Hesiodic problems is by no means satisfying. Unless this larger work is to appear shortly, a second edition of the Translation under review may

* Dübner (Didot Hesiod) translates 'qui servet,' which seems to a layman like myself to make better sense.

be called for beforehand. In such a case I would urge upon Professor Mair that some indication, however brief, of his opinion concerning the date and nature of the Hesiodic poetry and its relation to that of Homer would be more useful than the Byzantine *testimonia* which occupy several pages of his Introduction. I would also invite his reconsideration of the passage in which he criticises the late Dr. Adam's interpretation of *Works and Days*, vv. 113 *seq.* Dr. Adam had illustrated the Hesiodic phrase 'alike in hand and feet' by a reference to *Symposium* (189 E), where Plato speaks of primitive man as androgynous and round, with four hands and four feet. Professor Mair demurs, doubtless rightly, but adds, "The notion of primitive man going on all fours . . . is, so far as I know, quite un-Greek; there is nothing in Aischylos's account of the state of primitive man whom Prometheus rescued—who lived like ants in sunless caves—to suggest that they did not walk erect." Mr. Bevan translates the passage in question (ll. 452-54),

> But burrowing huddled, like to wind-borne ants,
> Far down in holes beyond all reach of day,

where the rendering of ἀήσυροι by "wind-borne" may be criticised. The whole passage, if I may be allowed to express an opinion, *is* suggestive of a profound difference between primitive man and man as taught by Prometheus, and contains nothing invalidating the hypothesis that he went on all fours. Indeed it might plausibly be contended that by his parallel with ants Aeschylus *did* imply as much.

One final instance of the interest folklorists may find in Hesiod. Readers of *Kulhwch and Olwen* will recall Sgilti Lightfoot. "During his whole life a blade of reed-grass bent not beneath his feet, much less did one ever break, so lightly did he tread." The same gift is Caoilte's in the Ossianic cycle. Now of Iphiklos Hesiod reports "Over the top of the ripened ears would he run and break them not: over the wheaten ears would he run with his feet and injure not the crop" (p. 93).

ALFRED NUTT.

AN IRISH PRECURSOR OF DANTE. A Study of the Vision of Heaven and Hell ascribed to the 8th century Irish Saint Adamnán, with Translation of the Irish Text. By C. S. BOSWELL. (Grimm Library.) Nutt, 1908. 8vo, pp. 262.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting, as it is the most beautiful, of all the mediæval visions of Heaven and Hell which preceded the *Divine Comedy* of Dante is the Irish Vision ascribed to Adamnán, the ninth Abbot of Iona, but probably of a later date. It was a curious fancy of the mediæval Irish writers which caused them to place two visions to the credit of Adamnán, a man whose chief characteristic was a hard-headed practical ability turned towards a thorough reorganisation of the church system with which he was connected, and whose social reforms were directed towards such definite aims as the emancipation of Irish captives from their Northumbrian captors, or the exemption of women from the necessity of taking part in warfare, as they had done from time immemorial. Yet the Irish nature was so frequently a blend of dissimilar qualities, it had so often a dreamy and reflective as well as a practical side, that the man who recounted in all seriousness the miracles and visions of St. Columba, his relative and first predecessor at Iona, may also himself have had visions of the other world. There is nothing impossible in the thing itself; the circumstances which point to a later age are not so much its inherent improbability as the language and allusions to be found in these pieces called by his name.

Mr. C. S. Boswell has attempted a re-translation of the 'Vision' which was first published privately by Dr. Whitley Stokes in 1870 in Calcutta and was afterwards revised by him for Miss Margaret Stokes' *Forests of France*. The special feature of this Vision is the delicacy and beauty of its imagery, and a note of hopefulness and joy absent from nearly all the mediæval Visions save that of Dante. Though it treats, much in the brief and pregnant manner of the *Revelation of St. Peter*, to which this portion of the tract is closely allied, of the tortures of the lost, it lays less stress upon the pains of Hell than upon the glories of Heaven. In nearly all the other Visions

the enumeration of the penalties of Hell far overweighs that of the counter-joys of Heaven.

We notice a few omissions. Mr. Boswell does not seem to be aware that Irish copies actually exist of the *Vision of St. Paul*, although he supposes that the author of the *Fis Adamnáin* must have known of it. There is a copy in Irish in the British Museum (marked Egerton 161, art. 81), and Dr. Hyde, in his *Religious Songs of Connacht*, mentions another copy known to him. It must therefore have been well known in Ireland. Similarly, it seems likely that the Book of Enoch, so long believed to have been lost elsewhere, was known in early times in Ireland. The scheme of the cosmogony sketched out in St. Columba's great Latin Hymn, the *Altus Prosator* seems to be founded upon that in the Book of Enoch, and the First and Second Visions of Adamnán seem influenced by it. The knowledge of these books and of the *Book of Adam and Eve*, a fifth or sixth century Egyptian work, which Mr. Boswell says is not mentioned outside of Ireland, shows that Ireland was much more closely in touch with the general current of church life than is usually supposed.

Mr. Boswell does not mention in his enumeration of the Irish Visions of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory the detailed account of the Descent of Count Ramon in 1397 into St. Patrick's Purgatory in Loch Derg, Co. Donegal, given in Philip O'Sullivan-Beare's *Historiæ Catholicæ Iverniæ Compendium*, written in Latin and first published in 1621 in Lisbon, whither Philip had been sent as a child for safety during the Elizabethan Wars of Munster. It gives a minute and pitiless account of the torments of Hell and Purgatory, and is one of the most gruesome, because one of the most unimaginative, of all the mediæval 'Descents.' Though written down and published by an Irishman, it bears the impress of the cold and hard mind of its Spanish author. Possibly Cervantes may have drawn the materials for his drama on St. Patrick's Purgatory from this source. Mr. Boswell says that he thinks that the traditions of St. Patrick's Purgatory must have grown out of some earlier Pagan legend. Is he not aware of the legend of Conan's fight with the *péist* or water serpent whose blood is supposed to have given its name to

the 'Red Lake' (Loch Derg), in which the cave of St. Patrick's Purgatory is found? The tale of the combat of a Fenian hero with this monster, finally destroyed by St. Patrick, no doubt gave rise to the belief that the waters were inhabited by supernatural beings (always called 'demons' by the Christian monks), and the further story that St. Patrick combated there with the 'demons' which he had driven out from all the rest of Ireland and which had made a final home in Loch Derg was a natural sequel to the pagan tale. Yet it would seem from the record on an ancient inscribed stone, now embedded in the walls of the church on Station Island, that the lake was already a place of pilgrimage in or before the date of the Apostle of Ireland.

Mr. Boswell indulges in some eccentricities of spelling in Irish words and names. To our mind nothing is gained by changing the actual spelling unless a phonetic system is frankly adopted and carried out systematically; this, however irritating to a reader of Gaelic, offers some advantages to the English reader. But the dropping of aspirates, as in Neid for Neidhe (p. 126), filid for filidh (p. 117), claideb for claidheamh (p. 128), etc., assists neither the eye nor the ear. They are mere barbarisms, no more admissible in Irish than in Scotch Gaelic. The whole meaning of the aspirate, and the change of sound it brings about, is lost. These and similar variations should be avoided.

The author has taken a wide sweep in his treatment of his subject. He passes in review in turn the classical, oriental, and ecclesiastical tradition, leading up to his central subject by a sketch of the growth of the idea of these visions of the unseen in Irish pagan and Christian literature. He concludes by a mention of the later developments found in such Christian productions as the *Voyage of St. Brendan*, the *Vision of Tundale*, and the *Vision of Drihthelm* preserved by Bæda. The whole is preceded by a brief account of the Life of Adamnán. Although the scope of the work does not permit of an extended enquiry into special branches of the subject, such, for instance, as is afforded by the several incidents in the *Voyage of St. Brendan*, the salient features are well brought out, and the book forms a useful compendium on a large and fruitful subject.

ELEANOR HULL.

THE TEXT OF THE BLACK BOOK OF CARMARTHEN, with Introduction, Notes and Index. Reproduced and edited by J. GWENOGORYN EVANS. Pwllheli (Subscribers only), 1907. 8vo, pp. 214.

THE form and vesture of this book first demand recognition from a reviewer who is a bookman. Conceived, composed, press-worked, entirely by the editor and one assistant, it represents one of the most remarkable typographical achievements in the four-century record of the printing-press. Dr. Evans has aimed at a typographical reproduction of the MS. with all its variations of hands, its wealth of varying initials, its abbreviations, glossings, marginalia, etc. This has involved the use of "fourteen distinct founts (of type) on different sized bodies," and other technical difficulties out of which the ordinary compositor would emerge a Rockefellar or a corpse. The result is a thing of beauty over which, in the "distant Aidenn" of good typographers, we can imagine Gutenberg and Jenson and the other earliest and still unsurpassed masters of the press weeping tears of joy.

The Welsh student who has this in hand is for all practical purposes on the same footing as the possessor of the oldest Welsh MS. Such a boon is only to be received with deep gratitude, and so I do receive it, and yet—yet I am not satisfied. For Dr. Evans is not only a craftsman with the heart to ensue and the brain and will to attain technical perfection, not only, even, the prince of Welsh palæographers, but he is also one of the few who by race, and bent, and training are able effectively to advance the interpretation of old Welsh poetry. He had already produced a collotype facsimile of the Black Book; thus the interests of the textualist, to whom no editorial reproduction can ever replace the MS. page, were provided for. Curious and beautiful masterpiece in its way as is this typographical reproduction, I grudge the time and labour and cost spent upon it. I crave a simple text with modern Welsh and English renderings, tentative as the latter might be. This, I believe, would stir and stimulate the energies of many a student, Welsh, English, or foreign, would at once mark, decisively, a stage in our knowledge of early Welsh literature, and would furnish a starting point

for fresh advance all along the line. For two things are now made evident: firstly, the excellence of the text in Skene's *Four Ancient Books*; secondly, the lamentable imperfection of the interpretation. I have tested poem after poem in Skene by Dr. Evans' reproduction, and I think I am safe in saying that to all intents and purposes the text is first-rate. The scholar capable of working with Skene's text will derive little advantage from Dr. Evans' edition. In the few cases where the reading differs decidedly, *e.g.* Skene No. iii., p. 5, l. 6, where the new editor reads "*cas* amtimeid" instead of "nifan tineid" the new reading is professedly conjectural. Skene and his fellow labourers have had somewhat harsh measure dealt out to them, (not by Dr. Evans, let me say), and it is satisfactory to find that in this most important respect their work was good.

In the forty-two pages of his Introduction Dr. Evans gives a certain amount of translation, enough to make one see, what indeed was apparent to anyone with critical sense, how defective was the knowledge of early Welsh fifty years ago. One felt instinctively that mediæval Welsh poetry *could* not be the obscure balderdash represented by the renderings of the *Four Ancient Books*. Take, for example, Skene's xviii. (vol. i., p. 293), a dialogue between Gwydneu Garanhir and Gwyn the Son of Nud. This is the first stanza according to Skene:

> "A bull of conflict was he, active in dispersing an arranged army,
> The ruler of hosts, indisposed to anger,
> Blameless and pure his conduct in protecting life."

This is Dr. Evans' rendering (p. x):

> "(Gwydneu *loq.*) Bull of Battle! Leader of the host! You, who are slow of anger and of a blameless life—for me is there sanctuary?"

This remarkable poem, one of the most interesting from a mythological point of view, is made intelligible for the first time. In the same way, Skene's No. xvi. (vol. i, 288), a dialogue between Taliessin and Ugnach, wears an infinitely more sensible aspect in Dr. Evans' rendering (p. xvi). Particularly noteworthy here is a correction of the Black Book text where Taliessin is made to say that he comes from Caer Seon from fighting with Jews. Dr. Evans emends a twelfth-century

corruption of the original *cherdorion* (bards) into *Idewon* (Jews) and translates "from contesting with the bards," thus giving the support of the twelfth-century poem to the statement of the prose tale only known to us from a sixteenth century MS.

Tantalising in the extreme are Dr. Evans' fragments of historical commentary upon those enigmatical poems the *Avalleneu* and the *Hoianau*. It may be noted that, whereas Skene says *Hoianau* may be translated "Auscultations," which has a fearsome and bardic look, Dr. Evans renders the refrain *Hoian o Barchellan* by "Hush-a-bye Piggie" (*Eiapopeia Schweinchen*, in Dr. Stern's German rendering). The poem is explained as being an esoteric account of a number of events in the history of Wales ranging from 1135 to 1215, except one verse referring to the year 1055. Dr. Evans notes that the poem does not conform to the chronological sequence of events, and one can only say that, if his interpretation is correct, the Welsh poet shows amazing skill in making his allusions as obscure and unintelligible as possible. There are very few men living competent to criticise this theory, but I would put this question:—We possess the authentic poems of a number of bards dating from the first third of the 12th to the end of the 13th century and avowedly referring to contemporary events. Do we find in these that mode of ultra far-fetched allusiveness which Dr. Evans postulates in the case of the *Hoianau*? Finally it should be noted that, if the interpretation be correct, the writing of the Black Book must be brought down to after 1215.

Dr. Evans' paraphrase of the Llywarch Hen poem on winter (Skene xxxi., vol. i., p. 321) may perhaps be reproached with special pleading. The poem contains a number of most vigorous and picturesque "impressions" of winter, curiously akin in form and tone to the nature-poetry in the Ossianic cycle, but the effect, in translation at least, is weakened by the interspersing of gnomic refrains, and by a literary device which I can only compare with the Malay *pantoum*: two lines of thought or description, partly analogous and partly contrasting, are intertwined. What Dr. Evans has done is to isolate the one strand,—that picturing the evils of the winter season,—and to present it as a whole. The effect produced, on me at least,

is infinitely finer, but is it the effect of the Welsh poem? Here again the difference between the two translations should be noted. The line which Skene renders "If one but just stands out", (which makes no sense), is rendered by Dr. Evans "Scarce out can a man remain."

These few instances will induce some readers, I trust, to join with me in clamouring for a version, however plain and simple, of at least the oldest poems in the Black Book.

I must wind up this review with a note of strong dissent. Dr. Evans speaks of this "legacy of noble poetry reaching far back into the ages when as yet England's muse was uncradled." But, as he himself shows, a considerable proportion of the 39 numbers are definitely and avowedly compositions of the 12th or even early 13th century, and when the poems themselves are older the linguistic form in which they appear is largely that of the 12th century. Now at that date English poetry had been out of its cradle for some five hundred years; centuries had passed, literally *centuries*, since it had produced masterpieces of a weight and scope and power to which no equal can be adduced from early Welsh poetry, rich though that is in matter which English cannot equal. It may be said—"Oh, but Anglo-Saxon is not English." It cannot be insisted too strongly that the few remains of 7th century and the plentiful remains of 8th and 9th century poetry in England are quite as much *English* as that portion of the poetry traditionally connected with Aneurin, Taliessin, and Llywarch Hen, and possibly dating back to the 8th and 7th centuries, is *Welsh*. What has happened is that we possess the one literature in manuscripts of the 10th-11th centuries, and the other in transcriptions of the 12th-14th centuries. Thus the one is infinitely nearer the original form and differs in consequence more from that which the contemporary language has assumed. If we can suppose away the Norman Conquest, the evolution of English speech and literature would have followed a normal course. The texts would have continued to be copied, and have been subjected to a steady process of modernisation both in language and subject-matter; the later texts would have survived, and the earlier disappeared. Instead of an Exeter Book written 1000-1050,

we should probably have had a MS. contemporary with the Welsh Black Book, *i.e.* written 1150-1220, and, assuming all earlier MSS. had perished, we should feel not the slightest difficulty in recognising Anglo-Saxon as early English. Of the *great* literatures of modern Europe, English is by far the oldest recorded; indeed it is surpassed in age by only one modern literature, that of Celtic Ireland.[1]

ALFRED NUTT.

FERGUUT. Uitgegeven door Dr. J. VERDAM. Leiden: Bibliothek van Middelnederlandsche Letterkunde, 1908. Pp. xl + 287.

A NEW edition of the Dutch *Fergus* is welcome, though the poem itself is but of secondary interest. It represents another version of that wide-spread story of which the most famous protagonist is Perceval,—the tale of a youth brought up in unchivalric surroundings, who, inspired by the sight of Arthur's knights, makes his way to court, is mocked for his uncouth appearance, receives knighthood, and, finally, surpasses in valour all the heroes of the court. Certain incidents,—the mocking by Kay, with the subsequent punishment, and the prophecy of the hero's future fame by the Court Fool,—are borrowed from the Perceval story, which, in the case of Kay, is specifically referred to. The most interesting feature is the geographical location; the scene of the action passes, for the most part, in Scotland, and the places mentioned can without difficulty be identified. The question arises whether the poem can in any way represent a genuine Scotch variant of the story?

On the question of the text I can express no opinion, not being familiar with the MS., but the editor, in his glossary of proper

[1] I am aware that, if a fuller record had been preserved, continental Germany might have challenged insular Germany in this respect. The existence of the Hildebrand fragments, and also of the Latin poems on native themes written in Germany, does, I think, show that very much must have been produced there in the 8th-10th centuries which has perished. But, judging by what has survived, my statement is strictly true.

names, betrays a curious lack of familiarity with the personages of Arthurian literature. Of Agravain, Gariët, and Bohort, he can only say, "A knight of the Round Table, several times mentioned in the *Lancelot*." But Gawain's brothers figure prominently in the whole "corpus" of Arthurian literature, whether verse or prose, and surely the writer must have known, alike Bohort's relationship to Lancelot, and the prominent rôle assigned to him in the *Queste*? Erec is "one of the less-known knights of the Round Table," Lancelot, "the best known." Was he better known than Gawain or Perceval? Gosengoot is "not found elsewhere, and probably invented by the author for the sake of the rhyme." The French form is Gosengos, and the knight so named is met with both in the "*Tristan*" section of Gerbert, and in the *Merlin* MS., B.N. 337. Of Mereagis he asks, "Is the name a reminiscence of the mythical Greek hero, Meleager?" Meraugis de Portlesguez is, of course, a familiar figure in Arthurian romance. But the gem of the whole is found in his description of Perceval, who is "according to one version the winner of the Holy Grail, according to another, it was *his son* Galahad"! Should a second edition of the text be called for, it is to be hoped that the glossary may be revised by someone having at least a "bowing acquaintance" with the heroes referred to.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE SEVEN SAGES OF ROME. Edited from the MSS. with introductions, notes and glossary. By KILLIS CAMPBELL, adjunct Professor of English in the University of Texas. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1907. (Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry: J. W. Bright and G. L. Kittredge, General Editors.) Pp. cxiv + 217.

THE text here edited for the first time is a northern fourteenth century version, in short couplets, found in two MSS., one being Cotton Galba E. ix., which contains, besides, some other

valuable northern things, the romance of *Ywain and Gawain*, and Minot's Poems. The edition is so good that reviewing is difficult; the reviewer feels inclined, and would be well content, to begin and end by advising all students of folklore to get the book and read it. The text itself is a good one, and well worth attention, written in the lively northern English of the good age, with some of the curious variations of dialect, for the sake of rhyme, which are to be found also in the verses of Laurence Minot, *e.g.*:

> "Al thi kyn sal *heren and sene*
> What myster woman thou has bene."

The stories of the Seven Wise Masters came out very fairly in this rendering; for the historian of literature, as well as the philologist, the edition is of great value. As for the treatment of the matter, besides a convenient summary of the fortunes of Sindibad in different languages, the editor traces each story through all its known forms, giving (as far as we can judge) complete and accurate references. It may be possible, here and there, to find an omission,—(the *Arabian Nights* might have been quoted under *Senescalcus*, p. xci),—but most readers will be satisfied with what is here provided. The use of the book extends far beyond the present text; it is a store of references to the folklore of many nations, and an example of sound dealing with a complicated subject.

W. P. Ker.

A Link with the Past ("Souvenir Normand"). By Edith F. Carey. Beresford Press, Jersey, 1908. Pp. 24.

In this small book of twenty-four pages Miss Carey (the editor of *Guernsey Folklore*) gives an interesting account of an entertainment, "organised in the autumn of 1907 by a little band of enthusiastic country folk belonging to the parish of St. Martin's, in Guernsey," for the purpose of reviving the old dances and songs, once known throughout the Channel Islands,

but now well nigh forgotten. Miss Carey reminds us that the Channel Islands have never belonged to the Kings of France, but to the Dukes of Normandy, from whom descended the Norman Kings of England. The old Norman tongue still lingers in outlying districts of the Islands, and their ballads, dances, and traditions are evidently "Norman and Celtic, and not Anglo-Saxon." With the establishment of Calvinism in the Islands, at the time of the Reformation, there arose a series of severe "ordonnances" to suppress profane songs and dances. In 1785, innkeepers were forbidden to allow dancing on their premises after ten o'clock, except on fête days. Finally, the Island followers of Wesley combined to crush ungodly singing and dancing almost out of existence.

"In olden days" (to quote Miss Carey's rather indefinite words) the great festival of the agricultural year in Guernsey was the "Grand' Querrue" or "Big Plough." This, corresponding to our English "Harvest Home," was held for the purpose of ploughing the fields for the parsnip harvest. A dozen or so of neighbours would meet and co-operate throughout the day, lending their horses and bullocks for the great ploughing. In the evening the owner of the fields would treat all helpers to a supper, and the night would be spent in story-telling, singing, and dancing. At the "Grand' Querrue" of 1907 the dances included three ring-dances accompanied by singing: No. 1, "Ah, mon beau Laurier," No. 2, "Double la Violette," and No. 3, "Après six heures de Fraction." Of these, No. 1, both in words and manner of dancing, has much likeness to certain English matrimonial singing-games, and it ends with the same exhortation to the young couple to kiss one another. The "beau Laurier" takes the place of the British "mulberry-bush" or "merry-ma-tanzie," round which the dancers move in a ring. The two major airs to this dance have, however, no likeness to any of the tunes commonly used in the English singing-games. No. 2 is danced to words which seem to be a parody of an old Norman religious song (or did the secular song precede the latter?). No. 3 is sung and danced by couples of men and women who move round a solitary man. When the music stops the couples change partners, and during the

confusion the unmatched man tries to seize one of the ladies. The air of "Après six heures" has a distinct likeness to that used, in very varying forms, by English children for their ring-games, more especially "The Mulberry-bush" and "Three Dukes a-riding." The original air was named "Nancy Dawson," after the celebrated dancer, who died in 1767. Her dance-tune became the rage, not only in England but in France, where it figured as "Sixième Anglaise de la Reine" in a book of "contre danses" compiled by Landrin in the 18th century. The fourth dance described by Miss Carey seems to be on the lines of a morris. The air, however, is identical with the polka-tune of the last century which we have all heard sung to the words "My mother said that I never should play with the gypsies in the wood." It has done duty for various sets of words, and became popular in such opposite parts of the globe as the East Indies and the Western Hebrides.

The remaining songs, which, like the foregoing, are all in the major, include a version of the well-known "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre." Few people know that the tune of "For he's a jolly good fellow" hails from Paris, where Marie Antoinette learnt "Malbrouck" from her son's Breton nurse, and sang it till it became the fashion first throughout France and then in England, where it was wedded to English words. To most students of folk-song Miss Carey's interesting statement that the tune of "Malbrouck" was used at a requiem for the Duke of Guise, in 1563, will come as a surprise. Miss Carey quotes two verses of the requiem from *Le Chansonnier Huguenot* showing the obvious connection between the words of the two songs. To the folklorist the migration of popular tunes is always of interest, so it should here be mentioned that, in the Fitzwilliam Virginal-book and two lute-books of the late 16th or early 17th century, there is an air "Calino Custurame," immortalised by Pistol in his reply to the French soldier (*Hen. V.*, act iv., sc. 4). The first half of this air is identical with the tune of "Malbrouck." In what country did it originate?

The ninth song in this pamphlet, "Le Meunier, l'Âne et la Femme," should be compared with a similar ballad, "La

belle Marion," noted by M. Soleville, to a different tune, in the South of France (see *Chants Populaires du Bas-Quercy*, 1889). "Trois Jeunes Tambours," noted in Sark, is identical with the version of that very amusing and popular song given in Tiersot's *Mélodies Populaires des Provinces de la France* as "Le joli Tambour" (Haute Bretagne). A slightly different version is in *Guernsey Folklore*. Another merry song, "Jean, gros Jean," Miss Carey thinks to be perhaps the only one in her collection with any pretension to be called indigenous. Its tune, a naïve one within a range of five notes, was long said to be the national air of Guernsey. Three pretty pastoral songs, concerning roses, nightingales, and shepherdesses, are good types of the graceful French "brunette." One of these, "A la claire Fontaine," has undoubted claim to be considered a genuine folk-poem, for it exists in many, and greatly varying, forms, (every one of which is full of simple beauty and poignant emotion), both in France and Canada. For examples see "Du Rossignol qui chante" (*Echos du Temps Passé*, Wekerlin), "Bouton Refusé" (*Chants Populaires du Bas-Quercy*, Soleville), and "À la claire Fontaine" (*University of Toronto Song Book*, 1887). Eac.. variant here referred to has its distinct tune.

The last air in the book is named "Chanson de Roland," to which, "tradition says . . . our Norman ancestors marched to victory at Hastings." As a fact, the tune is the composition of the Marquis de Paulmy, and (to quote Chappell) is "not even in imitation of antiquity." Dr. Burney gives the air in his *History of Music* as having been inspired by fragmentary references to the old words of the "Chanson de Roland" which the enthusiastic Marquis had met with in various romances.

Miss Carey, who writes with sympathy and understanding, has contrived to give her readers much interesting matter within a small space. The pamphlet includes several illustrations from photographs and broadsides of the 18th century.

L. E. Broadwood.

FRA DANSK FOLKEMINDESAMLING, MEDDELELSER OG SPÖRSMÅL. Copenhagen, 1908. Pp. 115.

A FOLKLORE Society has lately been founded in Denmark under the name of "Danmarks Folkeminder," and has issued as its first publication a book of 115 pp. entitled "Fra Dansk Folkemindesamling, Meddelelser og Spörsmål." ("From the Danish Folklore Collection, Communications and Questions.") Copenhagen, 1908.

The first article, by Axel Olrik, the chairman of the Society, gives an excellent account of the National Folklore Collection referred to in the title, of which he himself is the director. It was founded in 1905 as a special department of the Kongelige Bibliotek, or State Library, the nucleus of the collection consisting of the large mass of material, both folk-songs and folklore, collected by Svend Grundtvig and purchased after his death by the State. To this Herr Evald Tang Kristensen has generously added his own invaluable collection of many thousand songs, poems, and tales noted during the last forty years direct from the mouths of the people, while Dr. H. F. Feilberg's complete folklore library of over 3000 volumes is also destined to find its way ultimately into the department. Several smaller collections have also been acquired, and new material is constantly being added, including everything collected by the "Danmarks Folkeminder" Society. It seems, indeed, according to the prospectus here given, that the society has been founded mainly for the purpose of working for the national collection, and the parts played by the two organisations are somewhat difficult to distinguish. Among other interesting additions to the library will be a set of copper reproductions now being prepared from phonographic records of folk-songs taken in Denmark, the Faroe Islands, and Greenland.

But the directors of the new department had no intention of making it a mere storehouse of material; they were determined from the first that it should be also a workroom where native and foreign investigators could conveniently carry out their researches, and to this end they have prepared a series of catalogues and subject indexes which must prove of ever-increasing

value. Nor are they content to sit still and wait for offers of fresh material. In addition to five pages of most suggestive questions on local customs and superstitions, the present volume contains various appeals for help in special subjects, such as the correct noting of place-names (for which full directions are given, and the supply of a good ordnance map offered), or the recording of names and superstitions attached to the many huge blocks of glacial stone scattered over the country.

A very interesting article deals with the manners and customs of the Bjerre district, which seems to have long withstood the modernising influences which affected its neighbours. One is not surprised to hear of men and women who cannot read or write, but here there are said to be still a few who cannot count above five, though intelligent enough in all practical matters. A certain number of wattle and mud buildings remain, and a woman born in 1833 describes how she and other farm-girls used to be employed on the original daubing and yearly repairing of these mud walls, which at that time were very common. All the girls of the neighbourhood would assemble at each farm in turn, so that the work might progress quickly, and these annual meetings were evidently looked upon as cheerful occasions, when hard work went hand in hand with good living.

Among other articles are a psychological study of the very mixed race found in Zealand, and an account of the various forms and probable origin of the very old Danish game of Trebold, or Three-ball, which the author supposes to have been a form of camp exercise. At the same time, allusions to the ball in certain old ballads as a "head of gold," and the mention of one form of the game as having been played "in the spring, when the weather was warm and the roads good," suggest a possible connection with the symbolic Shrove Tuesday game still found in parts of England. There are several shorter communications relating to various well-known superstitions and customs.

The whole volume shows great thoroughness, its editors insisting repeatedly upon the immense value of the work that may be done by any person who will note carefully and

accurately the facts relating to even the smallest branch of the subject, as represented in his own district. By way of encouragement they reproduce, among other illustrations, a photograph of the shelves containing E. T. Kristensen's collection, the photograph having been taken at the request of Prof. Kaarle Krohn "to show the Finnish students and school-teachers what the energy of a single man can do."

B. M. Cra'ster.

The Bawenda of the Spelonken (Transvaal): a Contribution towards the Psychology and Folklore of African Peoples. By R. Wessmann. Translated from the German original text by Leo Weinthal, F.R.C.S. African World Ltd., 1908. 8vo, pp. 154.

The author of this book was formerly a German missionary who appears to have settled, in some other capacity not disclosed, in the Transvaal. It has been translated by the Editor of *The African World*, and the reader will hazard the conjecture that it is reprinted from the columns of that periodical. It is obviously not intended for scientific readers, being best described as sketchy. The information is, however, first-hand, and the author could doubtless have told us much more if he had been so minded. But naturally his reticence is greatest on the subjects we need to know the most about. The book cannot therefore be regarded as an important "contribution towards the psychology and folklore of African peoples." The author's scientific position may be orientated by the fact that he suggests a connection between the Bawenda and Balemba on the one hand and the Lost Ten Tribes on the other. Some of the photographs of natives are excellent.

E. Sidney Hartland.

THE TIDONG DIALECTS OF BORNEO. By MERVYN W. H. BEECH, with Preface and Notes by Dr. A. A. Fokker. Frowde, 1908. 12mo, pp. 120.

MR. BEECH was formerly District Officer of Tawao, British North Borneo, and in his administrative capacity came in contact with the Tidongs, a people who occupy the north-east of Borneo and seldom penetrate more than thirty miles inland. The book begins with this statement: "It is a generally accepted theory that all natives of Borneo were originally of Malay extraction. The Tidongs are absolutely so." It is a pity that this excellent little book is marred by so crude a generalisation. The dolichocephalic stock in Borneo, and other islands of the Archipelago, is certainly not of Malay extraction. Possibly all the brachycephals were not either; but, even assuming that the latter are all of one stock, we can only go so far as to state that they and the true Malays (Orang Malayu) sprang from a common stock. The Tidongs are a mixture of aboriginal pagan Kayans and Muhammadan Orang Malayu, and the resultant language was what the author calls Tidong; this is now non-existent, but is replaced by two dialects Bolongan and Tarakan. One remark is very surprising, viz. "The Kayans, being a primitive race, had only a small vocabulary. As time progressed, their descendants, the Tidongs, have supplied this lack from the language of the modern Malay settlers, and through them even Arabic, Portuguese and Dutch words have crept in." Could the author have been led to make the first statement by comparing the relative number of Kayan and Malay words in his vocabulary? This is a most untrustworthy method. A "small vocabulary" is an ambiguous phrase, and most primitive peoples have a much larger vocabulary than is usually supposed. An all-too-short chapter is given on the customs and beliefs of the Tidongs, about whom practically nothing had previously been recorded. They were originally pirates, but most probably not cannibals, as the one previous record states. Mr. Beech speaks in friendly terms of the character of the people, who, unfortunately, have fallen into the clutches of Chinese shopkeepers, and consequently are

invariably in debt. A few religious and magical practices are mentioned. The linguistic portion of the book appears to be done in an admirable manner, and Mr. Beech has secured the help of that excellent scholar, Dr. A. A. Fokker, who has added many notes and a valuable appendix. The latter says in his Preface, "The specialists of this particular branch of linguistic science are few indeed, and the author seems to have realised this when entrusting his work to the hands of a Dutchman: Holland in fact is the only country where a doctorate in M.-P. languages (officially called 'linguarum Indicarum') is to be obtained at a University, that of Leyden." Comment is needless!

Mr. Beech is now Assistant District Commissioner in the East African Protectorate, and we hope that he will continue his linguistic studies, and at the same time give us a detailed account of the people among whom he is stationed. If he does, we may expect some very interesting matter.

A. C. Haddon.

Le Lait de la Mère et le Coffre Flottant. Légendes, contes et mythes comparés à propos d'une légende historique musulmane de Java. Par Emmanuel Cosquin. [Extrait de la *Revue des questions historiques*. Avril, 1908.] Paris, 1908. 8vo. Pp. 75.

In this pamphlet the author of *Contes Populaires de Lorraine* studies a legend attached to the name of Raden Pakou, a historical Javanese personage of the fifteenth century. According to the legend, the daughter of the king of Balambangan, in the south-east of Java, fell dangerously ill, and was cured by a Moslem saint, to whom she was afterwards wedded. After the departure of the saint, a son was born, and a violent epidemic broke out. On the advice of astrologers, the child was cast into the river in a watertight chest. A light hovering round the chest drew the attention of sailors from Gersik. Their mistress received and brought up the infant, afterwards named Raden Pakou, and later

on conceived an insensate passion for him. To cure her infatuation, he miraculously drew milk from her breasts, and so established with her the relation of mother and son. Those who are aware—and what folklore student is not?—of the range of M. Cosquin's knowledge and his views as regards the inter-relation and spread of popular tales, will readily imagine what wealth of illustration is brought together of the separate items into which he analyses the legend. Tales of the ancient Indian city of Vaïsâli recorded by Buddhist travellers of the fifth and seventh centuries and in a Ceylonese book of the thirteenth century, the Mahâbhârata and Rámâyana, tales from Salsette, Gujerat, and almost every part of India, the Assyrian library at Kouyunik, the inscriptions at Nippur, the classic myths of Cyrus, Semiramis, Danae, and Romulus and Remus, the second chapter of Exodus, the Legenda Aurea, and stories from Asia Minor, Socotra, Egypt, the Balkan Peninsula, the Caucasus, Russia, Tunis, the Berbers, Mogador, Malaysia, and the Mongols, are all pressed into service, and, whatever may be one's opinion of the relation of these contes to the Javanese legend, one cannot but admire M. Cosquin's learning and the skill with which he marshals his materials. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the parent source of all this ocean of the streams of story is placed in India.

A. R. Wright.

Veröffentlichungen aus dem Städtischen Völker-museum Frankfurt am Main: I. C. Strehlow, Die Aranda und Loritja-Stämme in Zentral-Australien, II. Teil. Frankfurt: Baer & Co., 1908.

This second portion of Mr. Strehlow's study of the Central tribes is, like the first, edited by Baron v. Leonhardi, who states in the preface that he has practically confined himself to reproducing Mr. Strehlow's opinions; we are, however, clearly much indebted to him for his careful examination, to which, as his own words show, he has submitted the information sent him by his collaborator.

The present section contains Loritja sagas and märchen, a section, twenty pages long, on the totemic ideas of the Arunta and Loritja, and a shorter one on the *churinga* of these two tribes.

One of the most interesting features of the present report is the clearness with which local variations in belief are set forth; in a note on the religious ideas of the Arunta, based on Mr. Strehlow's letters to me, I suggested that this local variation might explain some of the contradictions between the data supplied by Spencer and Gillen and those with which I was dealing. The present memoir confirms the view that local differences of considerable magnitude exist, not only in belief, but also in social organisation (pp. 1, 3).

Perhaps the most important point, however, is the restatement of the totemistic beliefs. An article in *Globus* (91, 288) suggested that the Arunta connected the totem with food eaten by the mother; this is now shown to be erroneous; children come into the world in three ways: (1) a child, fully formed, enters the mother's body from a spray of mistletoe or a rock; (2) a totemic ancestor throws his *namatuna* (small bullroarer) at a woman, and it is transformed in her body into a child; or (3) a totemic ancestor enters her body and is reborn as a light-haired child; this rebirth only occurs once in the existence of each totemic ancestor.

But an individual is connected not only with a personal totem, acquired in one of the three ways just mentioned; a Loritja also respects his mother's totem, though an Arunta may eat it. The question naturally arises "which came first?"; if we suppose that the personal totem of the Arunta is analogous to the personal totem of other areas in Australia and elsewhere, that the societies have been formed among the Arunta by those who owned the same personal totem, and that these societies have overshadowed the totemism which is hereditary in the female line, we have perhaps the key to much that is mysterious in the totemism of the Arunta.

It is not quite clear from the text whether it is the "personal totem" of his mother which he inherits, for Strehlow writes "das durch seine Mutter auf ihn vererbt ist," which implies that the mother has in her turn got it from her mother.

The section on the *churinga* is no less noteworthy than that on totems. It is interesting to learn that the female *churinga* found by Klaatsch on the north-west coast is not an isolated example in Australia. Strehlow denies emphatically that the *churinga* is to be regarded as a "soul-box"; the *churinga* is regarded as a second body; but here we come to the question of definitions; the *churinga* may have nothing to do with the *Itana* or soul that goes to the island of the dead; but we are familiar with multiple souls; further enquiry may show that the "second body" has a very different function from the body of flesh and blood; in fact we learn (p. 76) that the *churinga* unites a man with his totemic ancestors and with his totem, and ensures him the protection of the former and magical control over the latter. It would be well to enquire what would happen (1) to the owner, (2) to the ancestor, and (3) to the totem, if a *churinga* were destroyed.

Strehlow writes with full knowledge of the language, and we cannot but feel the enormous advantage which this knowledge gives him over all other enquirers. Further memoirs are to appear, and they will be eagerly awaited, for the two already published are masterly.

N. W. Thomas.

Short Notices.

Isolt's Return. William Wells Newell. With Celtic designs by Marion L. Peabody. Hazlebrook, Wayland, Mass. 4to, pp. 127.

Personal friends of the late founder and secretary of the American Folklore Society will be glad to know of this volume, which in a sense may be regarded as a memorial. The first part of the book contains an original poem telling in part, in outline, the story of Tristan and Iseult, and the last 47 pages are occupied by an essay on the story completed from a manuscript which the author had not finally revised.

Fairy Tales from South Africa. Collected from original native sources and arranged by MRS. E. J. BOURHILL and MRS. J. B. DRAKE. Macmillan, 1908. 8vo, pp. 266. Illus.

A PRETTY little book of fairy tales, very much "arranged" for English-speaking children. It were to be wished that the stories could be reproduced, by the ladies who are responsible for the collection, exactly as they were told, since most of them are from the Swazi, and others from the Shangani and Mapoch, of whose traditional lore little or nothing is known. It is needless to say that the volume includes variants of Kaffir stories already known.—E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

African Life and Customs. Reprinted from *The Sierra Leone Weekly News.* By EDWARD WILMOT BLYDEN. C. M. Phillips, 1908. 8vo, pp. 91.

THIS book consists mainly of attacks upon the defects of European civilisation, and contains practically nothing of interest to the folklorist except a few items about the Veys (the feeding of crocodiles at Zontomy Creek, river bars as entrances to spirit land, proverbs, etc.). The annual customs of Dahomey etc. are defended as "a calm, judicial, religious taking of life" of criminals, and polygamy, communalism, etc. as suited to African conditions. "It is certain that Religion originated in Africa. It went from Ethiopia, that is to say, from Negro-land eastward and northward to Egypt and down the Nile, ascending to the heart of Asia. All representations of Buddha which we have seen are painted black"!

Books for Review should be addressed to
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57-59 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XX.] JUNE, 1909. [No. II.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT (MISS BURNE) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the December Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. A. R. Brown, Mr. T. Hws Davies, Dr. T. E. Lones, Mr. P. Ramanathan, the Rev. S. Roscoe, Colonel Shakespear, and the Rev. J. R. M. Stephens as members of the Society, and the enrolment of Mr. H. Conrad and the Vienna Imperial Court Library as subscribers to the Society, were announced.

The resignations of Miss Cobham and Miss D. Torr were also announced.

Mr. T. C. Hodson read a paper entitled "Head-hunting among the Hill Tribes of Assam" [p. 132], and afterwards showed a series of lantern slides illustrative of the paper. In the discussion which followed, Sir Chas. Lyall, Mr.

Longworth Dames, Mr. Nutt, Mr. Tabor, and the President took part. The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Hodson for his paper.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17th, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT (MISS BURNE) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Miss M. Crookshank and Mr. S. J. Cohen as members of the Society was announced.

The resignation of Lady Lindsay was also announced.

Dr. Haddon, on behalf of the President, exhibited two St. Bridget Crosses from County Antrim. These crosses are made annually on the Festival of St. Bridget, February 1st, by the women in County Antrim, and hung as a protection over the hearth or the beds, being renewed each year.

Mr. A. R. Brown read a paper entitled "Myth, Magic, and Ceremonial of the Andaman Islanders." In the discussion which followed, Mr. Skeat, Dr. Seligmann, Mr. Nutt, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Haddon, and the President took part. The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Brown for his paper.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21st, 1909.

MR. C. J. TABOR IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Colonel W. Hanna, Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, and Mr. J. M. Woolsey as members of the Society, and the enrolment of the Brooklyn Public Library as a subscriber to the Society, were announced.

The resignations of Lieut.-Colonel H. R. H. Southam, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and Miss Verhorff were also announced.

Miss Lina Eckenstein read a paper entitled "Personal Amulets (European)," which was illustrated by a number of amulets from Italy, Bavaria, Belgium, the Balkan Peninsula, and elsewhere, exhibited by Mr. Hildburgh and Mr. Lovett. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Hildburgh, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Wright, and the Chairman took part. The meeting terminated with hearty votes of thanks to Miss Eckenstein for her paper, and to Mr. Hildburgh and Mr. Lovett for illustrating it.

HEAD-HUNTING AMONG THE HILL TRIBES OF ASSAM.

BY T. C. HODSON, EAST LONDON COLLEGE.

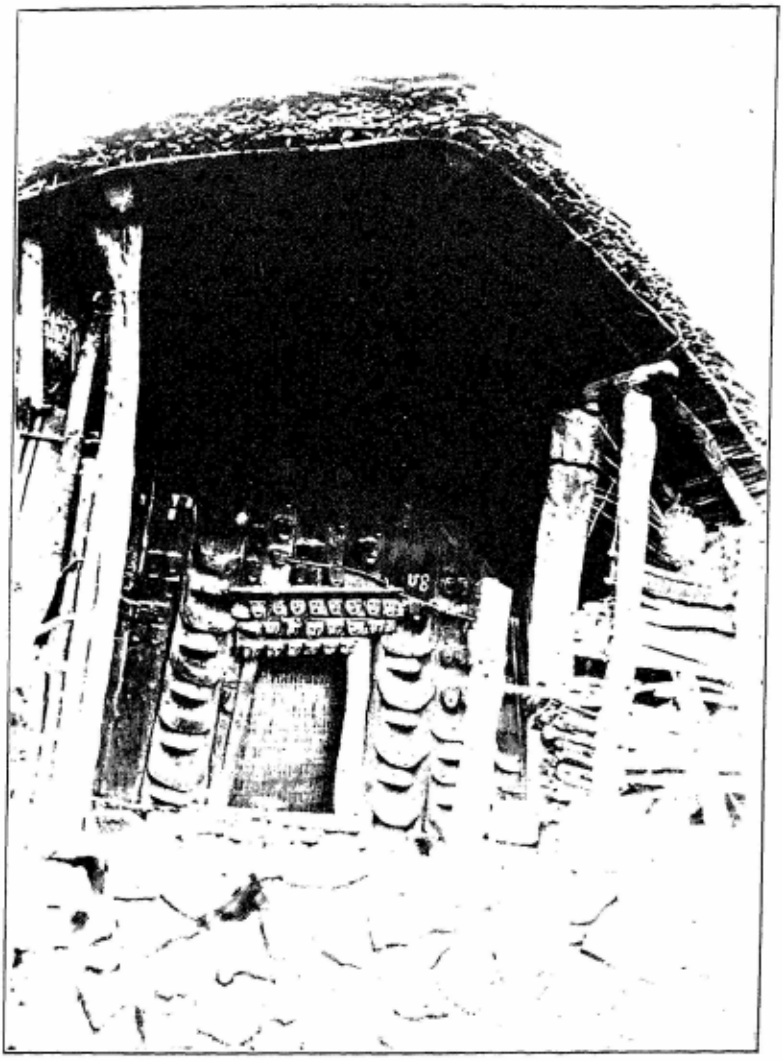
(*Read at Meeting, February 17th*, 1909.)

My knowledge of head-hunting as an incident of life on the frontier of Assam dates from a visit,—in an official capacity, with an appropriate escort of military police,—to a village in the remotest corner of the State of Manipur. My friends, as they afterwards became, did not oppose, but did nothing to facilitate, my entry, and even thought it necessary to pay us the compliment of distributing *panjis*, or sharpened bamboo stakes, in the pathways leading to the village. By careful strategy, and neglect of the usual methods of frontal attack, we got inside unscathed, and at once proceeded to diplomatic negotiations. Two heads had been taken, and with us was the uncle of one of the gentlemen who had come to his end in the row. The first interesting fact I learnt was that, in this village, it was customary not to keep the heads of enemies inside the village, but to place them in a tree outside. Here I may observe that, among the naked tribes of Tamlu,[1] in the hills north of Kohima, the headquarters of the Nāga Hills District, and among the Kukis[2] south of Manipur, and again south among the

[1] *Assam Census Report*, 1891, vol. i., p. 246.

[2] M'Culloch, *Account of Munnipore etc.*, p. 63.

PLATE IV.



Nïgga House, Showing Head Decoration.

Lushei tribes,[3] traces of tree burial are found, so that the practice of placing the head of an enemy in a tree may be remotely connected as a ceremonial survival with a practice, once general, which has now become obsolete.[4] It was no easy matter to persuade the Nāgas of my frontier that the heads had to be restored to the friends of those to whom they had belonged, but arguments and stubborn facts prevailed in time to prevent the necessity of recourse to other methods of persuasion.

This incident was only a case of self-defence in a sudden quarrel, and was amply punished by six months' hard labour,—not, let me observe, for murder, but for the offence,—which is not yet formally in the statute book,—of cutting off the head of a fallen foe. Another incident which happened to me in the neighbourhood, but months later, brought me into contact with yet another phase of head-hunting. I myself was busy with the census, an operation which in the Meithei language is described as head-seeking, (*mī kōk thī-ba*, to seek the heads of men). I was marching ahead of my commissariat, when suddenly at my feet fell a pitiable creature, a Nāga in as abject a state of terror as poor humanity could be. It took me some time to get a clear understanding of his distress. The headman of a large and powerful village over the border and outside my jurisdiction was engaged in building himself a new house,[5] and, to strengthen it, had seized this man and forcibly cut off a lock of his hair, which had been buried underneath the main post of the house. In olden days the head would have been put there, but by a refinement of some native theologian a lock of hair was held as good as the whole head, for the ghost of the wretch would go there and seek the missing lock and be

[3] Capt. T. H. Lewin, *Hill Tracts of Chittagong etc.*, p. 112.

[4] See Grant Allen, *The Attis of Caius Valerius Catullus, passim.*

[5] Cf. *L'Année sociologique*, vol. ii., p. 104; Grant Allen, *op. cit.*, pp. 117 *et seq.*

for ever compelled to remain beneath the post. This is the *motif* of the earthquake story of the Kabui Nāgas[6] in Manipur, who declare that once upon a time a father-in-law and a son-in-law quarrelled and fought, and the lady, seeing her husband and father locked in mortal combat, rushed on them and pulled them apart, and in so doing tore a lock of hair from her husband's head, which she threw into the fire. So the struggle still goes on, and they fight over the lost lock till parted once again. When I visited the headman who had done this evil thing to my unhappy Nāga, I had it in me to persuade him that the ghost of a stout buffalo would prop up his house as well as, possibly much better than, the thin wailing ghost of a half-starved Manipur Nāga. I succeeded in inducing him to avail himself of the law of substitution. Glimpse number two into the ethics of head-hunting was not long after followed by a rare and delicate compliment which was paid to me by the headman of an interesting village who, as a great and special favour, showed me the famous war-stone on which no woman may look and live, and to which, after a raid, the heads of the victims were shown in the bad old days, which are perhaps gone for ever, or till the next time.[7]

In Tangkhul villages are heaps of stones,—places of great sanctity—*lai-pham* as the Manipuris call them,—the abodes of a *lai*, a powerful mysterious entity,—not always nor necessarily anthropomorphised. On these

[6] See Plate V., in which notice may be taken of the leggings worn by the right-hand figure. In most cases white earth is smeared over the legs on ceremonial occasions, but is now sometimes replaced by white cotton leggings. The *dao* carried by the left-hand figure is of a peculiar pattern, quite unlike that in ordinary use.

[7] The photograph of a Mao Nāga chief, Plate VI., shows the strange attire affected by a warrior in full dress. He wears a headdress which bears some resemblance to horns, and a tail as an additional decoration. Are these distant reminiscences of "totemistic" belief? He has a doll in his left hand, which suggests a "head."

PLATE V.



Kabul Nāgas.

heaps the heads taken in a raid were placed for five days, during which the warriors were *genna*,—subjected to a process of tabu which had, I fancy, for its object the "desacralisation" of the warriors, since before they go on a raid they are similarly tabu. I may note that an oath taken on these stones is regarded as most binding.

I find other associations of head-hunting with stones in this area which may help us. In the *Ning-thau-rōl*, or Chronicles of the Royal House of Manipur, I find a passage declaring that at an early date a king of Manipur brought a holy stone from a Nāga village, placed it in the Palace, built a wall around it, and appointed that place for the burial of the heads of the victims killed in war. Without straying too far into an alluring digression on stone monuments in the area I deal with, I may point out that stone monuments are often erected *inter vivos* in order to secure stability and good fortune for the family, as is said to have been the intention of those who erected the remarkable group of stones at Willong, shown in Plate VII.[8] Stones are noticed in the Manipur Chronicles as exercising influence over the food supply of the people. In 1854 there was a scarcity of fish, which was attributed to the removal of a stone from its site in the Bazaar to the Temple of *Nung sāba*, literally "the stone-maker," one of the pre-Hindu deities who survived the reforms of King Pamheiba. The Chronicles of Manipur, I may observe, are of much interest because they tell against the extravagant pretensions of a section of the Meithei community, and because they frankly describe the various recensions to which they have been submitted. As historical documents their value has yet to be proved. As ethnological material, they are distinctly worthy of note for the glimpses of native life and thought which they offer to

[8] Plate VII. is from a photograph by Lieut.-Col. L. W. Shakespear, late Commandant of the Nāga Hills Military Police.

us even in their most inflated descriptions of the splendour that is now departed.

Among the acquaintances which I made during my census tour was an elderly rather decrepit Kuki, with an unquenchable thirst, and a memory. My interest in him awoke when I saw his feats with the flagons of beer, but it was more than maintained when he opened to me the stores of his recollections. He had taken part in more than one notorious raid, and chuckled with glee over the discomfiture of the expeditionary columns which had wearily tramped the hills, burnt some villages,—in more than one case quite innocent villages, (at any rate so far as the immediate outrage was concerned),—and had marched home like the King of France and his forty thousand men. In all these raids on tea gardens one and only one motive was at work, the desire to secure heads to grace the funeral of some chief. My garrulous friend was not clear as to the reason why the heads were needed, or what useful purpose they served, except that their owners became the slaves of the chief in the future world. I found this belief among my Nāga tribes, and with it the view that one of the many compartments into which heaven is divided is reserved for those whose heads have been cut off.

Clearly the precise significance of head-hunting as ancillary to and as part of funeral rites can only be ascertained by consideration of funeral ritual as a whole, and of the causes which determine it. It is characteristic of funerary ritual in this area that through eschatological belief it is affected by considerations, (1) of the social status of the deceased, and (2) of the manner of his death. In life the Kuki chief is conspicuously the secular head of his village. His funeral is incomplete without the head of a human victim. His body is placed inside the trunk of a tree,[9]—surely again a survival of note,—there

[9] *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions*, vol. i., p. 58; M'Culloch, *loc. cit. supra.*

PLATE VI.



Mao Nāga Chief.

subjected to a desiccatory process, and his bones kept. In all funeral rites in this area I see a double motive at work, affection and respect for the dead as well as fear, not only of mortal contagiosity, but also of malignant ghostly activity. Head-hunting may serve a double purpose. It may be piacular and propitiatory, intended both to placate the powerful ghost and to prevent danger. In another aspect I venture to compare it with the interesting rites to which the Lusheis give the name *ai*, a term which, as a noun, is defined by the authors of the Lushei dictionary[10] as meaning "the power of fascinating, charming, or getting power over," and, as a verb, as meaning "to perform a ceremony in order to get the spirit of a wild animal killed in the chase into one's power after death." An *ai* ceremony is performed by a living person for his own benefit after death. A domesticated animal is killed, and by the sacrifice and by a rite which is described by my friend, Colonel Shakespear, C.I.E., D.S.O., in a paper before the Anthropological Institute not yet published, the successful hunter gets power over the spirit of the animals he has killed. Is the human victim,—a stranger always,—a slave sometimes,—a Bengali sometimes,—killed by the community as a solemn communal act in order that it may get some power over, remain in possession, as it were, of, the great man who has been reft from them? In life he was a great one of this earth. It would, therefore, be to their advantage as a community to keep in touch with such an one. This is at least in part the motive for preserving the bones of the chief with jealous care.

I must confess that I have often regretted my ignorance of ethnology when making my enquiries in this interesting area, but among the interrogatories in my *questionnaire* was one relating to head-hunting, and I can even now

[10] J. H. Lorrain and F. N. Savidge, *A Grammar and Dictionary of the Lushai Language (Dulien dialect)*, p. 54.

recollect the thrill of pleasure that went through me when in reply to my questions the Quoireng Nāgas, now quite a small tribe conterminous with the Kabuis on the north-west corner of the Manipur State, told me that they used to take heads because the possession of a head brought wealth and prosperity to the village. They added that it was usual to keep the gruesome trophy for five days, and then to return it to the village to which it belonged. Sometimes it was put in the grave of the family of the successful warrior. Then for three years all raids on the particular village were forbidden. Both they and their neighbours practise a custom which I am disposed to connect with the practice of head-hunting. They erect outside the village an image of a man, made either of straw or of the stem of a plantain tree, and throw spears at it. If a spear hits the head, the successful marksman will take a head, while, if he hits the belly of the image, the crops will be good. As Colonel M'Culloch remarks in his valuable, but alas! little-known, *Account of Munnipore and its Hill Tribes*, (page 52), "this festival is said to be in honour of their ancestors, but the only visible sign of this is sprinkling the graves with their particular drink." Then they take the omens for their future cultivation as "a ceremonial relic of former times." I have elsewhere[11] described the ceremony of taking the omens for the cultivation, and will only say here that it is of much interest. There are one or two points which deserve notice in this custom. The first is that the three years' truce seems to be connected with the fact that the tribes find that even good soil is exhausted by two years of *jhum* cultivation with fire and axe. They thus change their fields every third year.[12] The next point is that we have in the shooting rite a survival of human sacrifice, so that we may fairly consider ourselves face to face with a

[11] *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xxxvi., p. 95.

[12] *Assam Census Report*, vol. i., p. 243.

PLATE VII.



Willong Stones.

"trieteric"[13] agricultural rite, which has now become annual and which had for its purposes, firstly, the fertilisation of the new area to be brought into cultivation, and, secondly, some more remote benefit to the living and the dead, especially the recently dead. It has often seemed to me, when attempting by the light of nature to work out the comparative chronology of the village festivals in this area, that I ought to remember that,—(1) these tribes mark off the year into a cultivating and a hunting period with some sharpness, (2) that the festivals therefore which mark the conclusion of the cultivating season may also serve to mark the opening of the hunting season, (3) that the annual festival in honour of the dead that have died within the year also takes place,—when and where held,—at the end of the cultivating season, and (4) that it is quite possible that what were originally distinct and separate festivals, (*a*) for the end of the agricultural season, or (*b*) for the beginning of the hunting season, and (*c*) for the benefit of the recently dead, may now have been merged into two, or into even one festival. If hunting was ever, at any stage of their tribal history, the mainstay of life, it is intelligible that the commencement of the hunting season should be marked by a rite in honour of the mighty dead whose hunting prowess was still remembered.[14] The Kukis still consult the bones of their dead chiefs,[15] and the skulls and horns of the trophies of the chase form not the least important of the decorations of the graves of the dead.

To return to head-hunting, it is worthy of note that, in the gentle art of oneiromancy as practised by the Nāgas of these hills, the accepted interpretation of dreaming that

[13] Farnell, *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions*, vol. ii., p. 140.

[14] Seligmann, "The Vedda Cult of the Dead," *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions*, vol i., pp. 59 *et seq.*

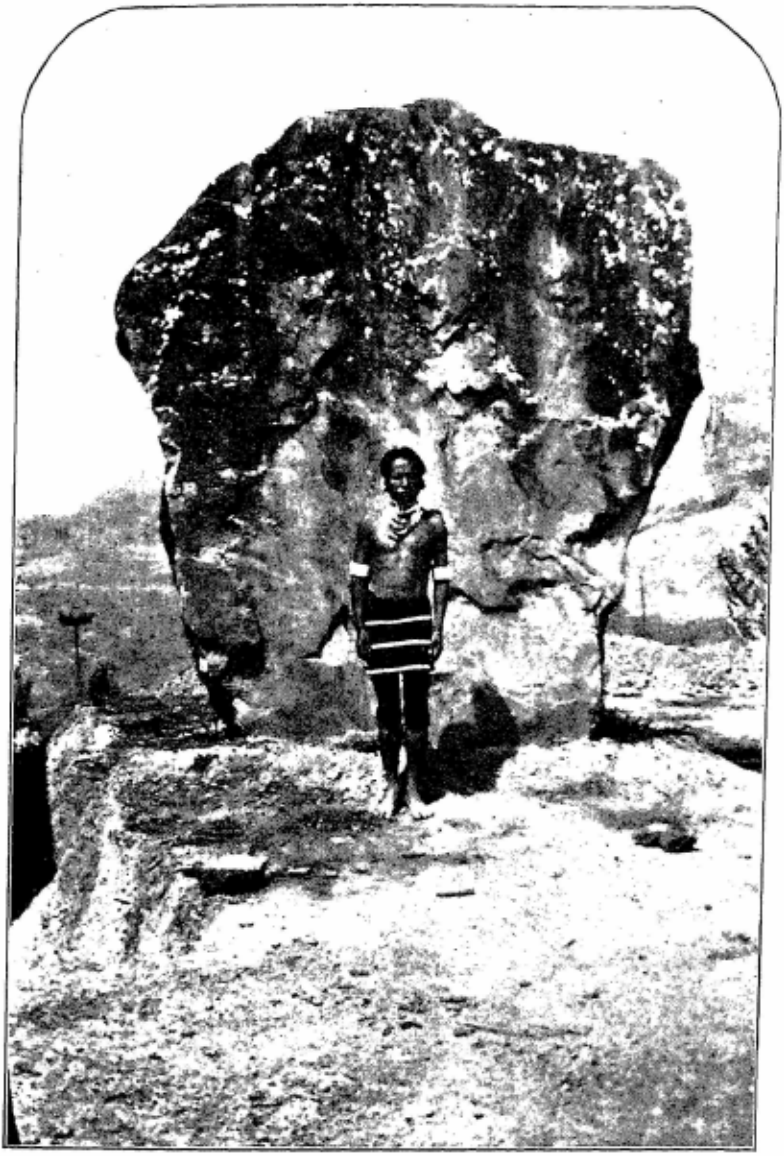
[15] Lewin, *loc. cit. supra.*

one has taken an enemy's head is that good health will be the portion of the dreamer, or that he will enjoy good hunting. I have found that actually to do the thing and to dream of doing it have in popular belief the same meaning, and, just as to dream of being attacked by a buffalo means that one will lose all one's cases in the Courts, (for the law's uncertainties are as certainly uncertain in Manipur as in any other part of the King's dominions), and as any Nāga who has a case on would compromise it at any price if in the flesh he were attacked by a buffalo, so I venture to infer that the actual capture of a head may be regarded as bringing health and good hunting. But there are other ways of securing for the community at large these desirable advantages, village rites which are marked by strict food tabus, by the separation of the sexes, and by a sacrificial feast. In one village the young men go out together and try to shoot a hornbill, of which the feathers form a much prized decoration, and, if they succeed in bringing home a fine large bird, the village will be secure from all illness in the coming year. In other villages there is a village *genna* or imposition of special social tabus with a communal feast which has for its object the prosperity of the hunting season. So, too, for the welfare of the rice are there village *gennas*, while clan and household *gennas* are held on all the critical times of life.[16]

Earlier authorities declare that no young man could find a wife for himself until he had taken a head and thereby won the right of the warriors' kilt, shown in Plate VIII., or of the necklace of bears' tusks and the wristlets of cowries. Nowadays these are worn as ornaments without much, if any, thought of the fact that not very long ago they were regarded as affording magical protection and as bringing strength. In 1891

[16] "The "Genna" amongst the Tribes of Assam," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xxxvi., pp. 92 *et seq.*

PLATE VIII.



Marām Nāga.

Davis noted the beginnings of the degradation of this custom, and observed that the desire for head-hunting was more the fault of the women than of the men, who were laughed at if they turned out at the village festivals without the decorations assigned to the successful warrior.[17] I am myself inclined to believe that success in head-hunting was at one time, if not essential to marriage, regarded at least as a token of having passed from adolescence to maturity. At Maram I heard a folk-tale which is narrated by M'Culloch,[18] and which portrays the chief sending forth his sons, who claimed the inheritance, to take a head, and awarding the prize to the beloved but unwarlike elder son who had a head ready in a safe place, while the younger son, the bolder man, went far to win the trophy. The tale was doubtless invented primarily to explain the dual chiefship of this village, but, when we find among the Tangkhuls a custom which makes the marriage of the son the occasion for bringing into play the laws of inheritance and for necessitating the retirement of the village chief in favour of his son, a young vigorous man in the plenitude of health and strength,—thus securing for an important office a continuity of vigorous service to which the utmost value is attached,—we may agree that success on a head-hunting raid would fairly serve as a mark of manhood and as qualifying for promotion from one stage in tribal life to the higher stage of married man. Examination of the details of the village rites and structure shows quite clearly that we have, first, the necessary stage where the children are too young to leave maternal care and where they remain at home, then the stage where they leave home at night and sleep, and on high days and holidays eat, apart from their parents in separate houses, and then the matrimonial stage where they begin their married life with severe prohibitions

[17] *Assam Census Report*, 1891, vol. i., p. 249.
[18] *Op. cit.*, p. 69.

against marital intercourse inside the house for a period varying in length from three to twelve days,—and where, in some tribes, they do not pass the night together at any time, since the men are required still to sleep in the bachelors' house, while the women and children sleep in separate family houses. The last stage of all marks, as it were, the retirement of the warrior from active life, and he is now permitted to live with the women and to leave the bachelors' house for good. The evidence for this grouping rests, in part on the allocation of ceremonial duties among these groups, in part on the actual narratives of the people themselves, and in part on the fact that greater responsibility attaches to the married than to the unmarried,—not that marriage is held by them to be, what it undoubtedly is, a liberal education in itself, but that it marks adult manhood from youth, completes the process by which the clan maintains itself, and is a title to full rights and duties.

A raid in order to get a head is a religious business, and not lightly undertaken, whatever its motive. They may think killing "fine sport,"[19] but they prepare themselves for the sport with solemn rites. Before, as well as after, a raid the young warriors are *genna*, secluded from intercourse or speech with women, compelled to live apart. It is strange to see how slight on the whole has been the mitigation of intertribal feud wrought by the law of exogamy, which is as fundamental in social belief as the duty of blood revenge. Here and there the women of especially warlike and powerful villages are eagerly sought in marriage, because their relations will avenge them if aught happens to them,[20] but the feuds would still persist but for the gentle restraints of British administration. Marriage is entirely a peaceful arrangement, and war songs are forbidden at the wedding ceremonies, presum-

[19] *Assam Census Report*, 1891, vol. i., p. 238.
[20] Cf. M'Culloch, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

ably because they are incongruous at a transaction of so different a nature.

I do not think it possible to reduce head-hunting to a single formula. I have found it connected with simple blood feud, with agrarian rites, and with funerary rites and eschatological belief. It may again be in some cases no more than a social duty,—obligatory upon those who seek to prove their fitness for initiation into tribal rites. It is compatible and co-existent with a strong sense of social solidarity, and it may be argued to be a survival,—stripped of much of its original significance, since it is observed among people who from the aspect of material culture are not primitive in that sense of that much-abused term, who are skilled in the arts of agriculture, weaving, and metal-work. But a society may be, in respect of its material culture, comparatively advanced, and yet exhibit a relatively low level of mentality.

Outside, but adjacent to, the area with which I am personally acquainted and from which I have drawn my facts, there are many tribes, speaking languages which are related to the Tibeto-Burman stock, with which the Nāgas and Kukis have many striking affinities, among whom head-hunting still flourishes. The wild Wa, for instance, have introduced strictly business methods and have a definite tariff for heads.[21] Apparently there is no market in European heads as yet. Would it be out of place or unseemly to hint that the Wa country offers an admirable field for experiments in the direction of Tariff Reform?[22]

T. C. HODSON.

[21] Risley, *Ethnography of India*, quoting Sir George Scott, pp. 214 *et seq.*; *Upper Burma Gazetteer*, vol. i., part i., pp. 496 *et seq.*

[22] Plate IV., prefixed to this paper is from a photograph by Lieut.-Col. J. Shakespear, C.I.E., D.S.O., Political Agent in Manipur.

HOWITT AND FISON.

BY J. G. FRAZER.

ANTHROPOLOGY in general, and Australian anthropology in particular, has lately suffered two very heavy losses by the deaths of the Rev. Lorimer Fison and Dr. A. W. Howitt, two old friends and colleagues, who passed away at an interval of a few months,—Mr. Fison dying in December, 1907, and Dr. Howitt in March, 1908. To their insight, enthusiasm, and industry we owe the first exact and comprehensive study of the social organisation of the Australian tribes; and the facts which they brought to light, together with the explanations which they gave of them, have not only contributed to a better understanding of the Australian aborigines, but have shed much light on the early history of institutions in general, and especially of marriage.

Lorimer Fison was born on November 9th, 1832, in the picturesque village of Barningham in Suffolk.[1] His father was a prosperous landowner there till the repeal of the Corn Laws diminished the value of his property. With the help of a steward he farmed his own land and also some adjoining land, which belonged to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. The father was a man of great integrity and nobility of character with a kind heart and a genial manner, all of which his son inherited

[1] For the facts of Mr. Fison's life I am indebted mainly to his sister, Mrs. Potts (14 Brookside, Cambridge), and his daughter, Miss Fison (Essendon, Victoria, Australia). In addition to her own reminiscences Mrs. Potts has kindly given me access to some of her brother's letters, from which I have extracted some of the facts mentioned in the text.

from him to the full. As there was neither a great landowner in the neighbourhood, nor a resident rector, Mr. Fison ruled supreme in the little village, using his power both wisely and kindly. A man of deep piety, he was a friend of the Quaker, Joseph John Gurney, after whom he named one of his two sons. His sympathies were with that old school of Quakers in Norwich and also with the early Wesleyans, but he brought up his family in the Evangelical school of the Church of England. There is a beautiful window to his memory in the old village church. His wife was a daughter of the Rev. John Reynolds, whose translations of Fénelon, Massillon, and Bourdaloue were well known in their day. Educated by her father, Mrs. Fison inherited from him his love of languages and his literary taste. She assisted in her sons' education, preparing the Virgil lesson over night with the holiday tutor whom she had engaged for the boys, and striking out all passages which she did not wish them to read. To her Lorimer owed much of his fine character. She was something of a Roman mother, and believed that the strong instinct of hero-worship in human nature should be fostered in children from their earliest years. Accordingly, while her children were gathered round the board at their simple meals, she, sitting at the head of the table and looking stately and beautiful, would tell them stories of great men, who with heaven's help had worked for the good of mankind. The seed dropped on receptive soil and bore fruit, though perhaps not always of the sort which the worthy lady desired; for Lorimer and his brother Joseph fought over their favourite heroes even in the nursery. The books she gave them to read were mostly the old English classics expurgated by her father's careful pen. The *Faerie Queen* was a living reality to the boys, and Lorimer personated its heroes with dauntless bravery. On the other hand, the virtuous hero of *The Pilgrim's*

Progress was less to his taste; indeed it is to be feared that he found the foul fiend Apollyon the most attractive character in that edifying work; for, fired with emulation, he would "straddle quite over the whole breadth of the way," so far at least as his little legs allowed him to do so, and for lack of a flaming dart to hurl at Christian he would snatch a large gravy spoon from the nursery table and roar out in a terrible voice, "Here will I spill thy soul." When a righteous retribution overtook the counterfeit Apollyon for this or other escapades, his small brother and sister would stand one on either side of the sufferer and exhort him to fortitude, saying: "Be a Spartan, Lorry, be a Spartan!" And a Spartan, agreeably blent with the character of Apollyon, Lorry proved to be, for not a muscle of his little white face would twitch till the punishment was over. In the intervals between these heroic deeds and sufferings Lorry scoured the country round. There was not a stack of corn nor a tall tree in the neighbourhood on the top of which he had not perched; not a pond into which he had not waded to explore its living inhabitants. The old groom was kind to the children; but the steward frowned when Lorry and his young sister would gallop past with a clatter of hoofs at daybreak, mounted on forbidden horses, to ride five miles to the nearest post town for the joy of placing the post-bag before their father at breakfast.

In time these youthful delights came to an end. Lorimer and Joseph were sent to school at Sheffield, where they had the benefit of an able staff of Cambridge masters. After leaving school Lorimer read for a year in Cambridge with Mr. Potts of Trinity College, whose edition of Euclid is well known. He entered the University in 1855, being enrolled as a student of Gonville and Caius College. But the spirit of adventure was too strong in him to brook the tame routine of a student's life, and after keeping only two terms, the Michaelmas

term of 1855 and the Lent term of 1856, he left the University without taking a degree, and sailed for Australia to dig for gold. He was at the diggings when the news of his father's death reached him unexpectedly. It affected him deeply. In his distress he was taken to a mission meeting held in the open air, and there, under the double impression of sorrow and of the solemn words he heard, he fell to the ground and underwent one of those sudden conversions of which we read in religious history. Accordingly he left the gold-diggings in or about 1861, and repaired to the University of Melbourne, where the terms which he had kept at Cambridge were allowed to count, though even then he did not proceed to a degree. At Melbourne he joined the Wesleyan communion, and, hearing that missionaries were wanted in Fiji, he offered himself for the service. The offer was accepted; he was ordained a minister, and sailed for Fiji in 1863. He had previously married a lady of the Wesleyan Church, who survives him, together with a family of two sons and four daughters.

Mr. Fison laboured as a missionary in Fiji from 1863 to 1871, and again from 1875 to 1884. During the first of these periods he was appointed to the mission stations of Viwa, Lakemba, and Rewa; his name and that of his devoted wife are still household words there. Afterwards he acted as Principal of the Training Institution for natives in Navuloa, and his lectures were highly esteemed and treasured in memory by his students long after he had left Fiji. His frank, manly, cheery nature, ready sympathy, quick intelligence, and sound common-sense won him the love and confidence of natives and Europeans alike. Governors such as Sir William MacGregor and Sir J. B. Thurston treated him as a friend; Government officials in every department of the service regarded him as a safe and trustworthy guide in all matters affecting the relations of the Government with the natives; and

merchants and planters, some of whom at the outset had not been very friendly to the mission, greeted him affectionately and welcomed him to their homes, when his big burly form appeared in Levuka; for he was a man of genial manners and a ready wit, sometimes flavoured with a touch of sarcasm. The natives loved him because they knew that he loved them; and, while he faithfully reproved them for their faults, he was lenient to all mistakes which sprang from ignorance or errors of judgment. A few kindly words, blent with a judicious touch of ridicule and an appeal to common-sense, were often more effectual than a stern reproof or the rigid exercise of Church discipline would have been. This account of Mr. Fison's missionary work in Fiji I have borrowed mainly from an obituary notice by his old and intimate friend, the experienced South Sea missionary, Dr. George Brown, who says of him: "Dr. Fison and I were close friends for many years, and during those years I had the privilege of sharing in his joys and of knowing more of his trials and difficulties perhaps than any other man. He never "wore his heart upon his sleeve," and so his life often appeared to others to be easier and more free from trouble than it really was. He always kept a brave face to the world, and many even of his intimate friends never knew how hard a battle he had sometimes to fight. . . . I knew him in the Mission field, and on board ship, in his home at Essendon, about which I cannot trust myself to write, and in my own home. I have met him in counsel, and in our own Conferences; have shared his joys and have been the confidant of his troubles and sorrows, and I always found him to be a devoted Christian, a man with a child-like heart in his relationship to God, a wise counsellor, a true and loyal friend, and one of the best missionaries whom God has ever given to our church."[2]

[2] "Lorimer Fison," by the Rev. George Brown, D.D., *Australasian Methodist Missionary Review*, Sydney, February 4, 1908, pp. 1, 3.

Among the features in Mr. Fison's character which commanded the respect of all who knew him were his transparent honesty, his readiness to acknowledge, indeed to proclaim on the housetops, any mistake which he had made, and, moreover, his absolute disinterestedness. When he lived as a missionary in Fiji he was repeatedly offered land by the natives, and he might easily have made large profits by accepting their offers and selling the land again to settlers. But he steadily refused to enrich himself by means which he regarded as injurious to the natives and inconsistent with his sacred profession. Once, as he was walking with a chief on the shore, the chief pressed him to accept land. Mr. Fison stopped, measured six feet or perhaps a little more (for he was a tall man) on the sand, and said: "If I die in Fiji, you may give me so much land. I will not take more." [3] So he lived and died poor, but honoured.

Mr. Fison's intimate acquaintance with Fijian custom was of public service. When the Lands Commission was about to sit, he delivered a lecture at Levuka on the native system of land tenure in Fiji. The substance of it was published in *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute*,[4] and soon after by the British Government in a Blue Book. It was also translated into German, and published in one of the German official books at the time when the claims of German landowners in Fiji were under consideration. Many years later the Governor of Fiji, then Sir Henry M. Jackson, K.C.M.G., esteemed the treatise so highly that he caused it to be reprinted from Mr. Fison's manuscript in a fuller form at the Government Press; and in a despatch of July 31st, 1903, Mr.

[3] Mr. Fison's opinion and practice in this matter were shared by the great majority of his fellow-missionaries in Fiji. Only three out of forty-three bought land. See *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. x. (1881), p. 352 (note).

[4] "Land Tenure in Fiji," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. x. (1881), pp. 332-352.

Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, wrote to the Governor: "I have read this valuable treatise with much interest. I entirely approve of your action in causing it to be reprinted by the Government Press, and I consider that the colony owes Dr. Fison a debt of gratitude for his kindness in recopying the original manuscript."

When the distinguished American ethnologist, Lewis H. Morgan, was collecting materials for his great work, *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, he circulated a paper of questions very widely, and through the agency of Professor Goldwin Smith one of these papers reached Mr. Fison in Fiji. In answer to the questions he contributed a full and accurate account of the Fijian and Tongan systems of consanguinity and affinity to Morgan's famous book. The value and importance of this contribution were fully acknowledged by Morgan.[5] It speaks highly for Mr. Fison's scientific insight that he clearly perceived the far-reaching scope of Morgan's enquiries, and that accordingly, on his return to New South Wales in 1871, he set himself to investigate the systems of marriage and relationship of the Australian aborigines. In order to procure information on the subject he wrote to the chief Australian papers, inviting the co-operation of those who knew the natives. Some of his letters were published in *The Australasian*, and attracted the attention of Mr. A. W. Howitt, whose explorations both in Central and in South-Eastern Australia had brought him into close contact with the aborigines. Hence the two men met and formed a deep and loyal friendship, which only ended with their lives. They now entered jointly into a comprehensive investigation of the social organisation of the Australian tribes, prosecuting

[5] L. H. Morgan, *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, p. 568 (*Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, vol. xvii., Washington, 1871).

their enquiries as far as possible through personal intercourse with the natives, but also partly by correspondence; for they printed and circulated widely through the principal Australian settlements a list of questions touching the tribal organisation and systems of consanguinity and affinity of the aborigines. Thus they accumulated a large body of facts illustrating many phases of savage life, and exhibiting some of the fundamental institutions of the Australian tribes. The results of these enquiries, carried on for some years, were published jointly by the two friends in their well-known work *Kamilaroi and Kurnai* (Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane, 1880), so named after the two tribes, one in New South Wales, the other in Victoria, to which the authors had paid special attention. This important work, for which Lewis H. Morgan wrote an appreciative preface,[6] unquestionably laid the foundations of a scientific knowledge of the Australian aborigines, and its value in setting forth the wonderful social system, seemingly complex, confused, and casual, yet really clear, logical, and purposeful, of these savages, can hardly be overestimated. Viewed both in itself and in the light of the subsequent researches to which it gave birth, especially those of Spencer and Gillen in Central Australia, *Kamilaroi and Kurnai* is a document of primary importance in the archives of anthropology.

Not that all its theories have stood the test of time. Mr. Fison himself, with admirable candour, announced publicly from his presidential chair at a meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, that an elaborate theory which he had propounded in that book was "not worth a rush." As the words in which he did so are not only highly characteristic of the man,

[6] Mr. Fison had previously contributed information to L. H. Morgan's last book, *Ancient Society* (London, 1877), pp. 51, 403, etc. From one of Morgan's references to him (*op. cit.*, p. 403, note 1), it appears that Mr. Fison had been at one time resident at Sydney.

but contain a warning of permanent importance to anthropologists, especially to those of them who study savages at a safe distance, and have never perhaps seen one of them in their lives, though they may possibly have watched their images dancing silently in a cinematograph or heard the echo of their voices chanting and whooping out of a phonograph, I will quote the passage entire for their benefit. Mr. Fison said: "In these investigations two things mainly are required—first, a patient continuance in the collecting of facts; and, secondly, the faculty of seeing in them what is seen by the natives themselves. We must ever remember that our mind-world is very different from theirs. It is not filled with the same images; it is not governed by the same laws. It is to theirs as the England of the present day is to the England of who shall say how many ages ago? The climate, the coast line, the watersheds, the flora, the fauna—in short, nearly all the aspects of nature—are changed. It is to all intents and purposes another land. As to the former of these two requisites, one's natural tendency, especially in the beginning of the work, is to form a theory as soon as one has got hold of a fact; and, as to the latter, we are too apt to look at the facts in savagery from the mental standpoint of the civilised man. Both of these are extremely mischievous. They lead investigators into fatal mistakes, and bring upon them much painful experience; for the pang attending the extraction of an aching double tooth is sweetest bliss when compared with the tearing up by the roots of a cherished theory. I speak feelingly here, because I can hold myself up as an awful warning against theory-making. To take one instance only. In *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, the joint work of Mr. A. W. Howitt and myself, there is a long chapter containing a most beautiful theory of the Kurnai system, which I worked out with infinite pains. It accounts for that system so completely and so satisfactorily that the Kurnai ought to be ashamed of

themselves for having been perverse enough to arrive at their system by a different road, which further inquiry showed us most conclusively that they did. Students of anthropology who have read our work, and who still survive, will please accept this intimation that the theory aforesaid is not worth a rush." [7]

It is to be hoped that this warning will be laid to heart by all who view savages through a telescope, whether from a club or a college window. If our glass be a good one and we apply our eye to the end of it steadily, undistracted by the sights and sounds about us, we shall see and hear strange things, things very unlike those which may be seen and heard either in Pall Mall and Piccadilly or in the grassy courts and echoing cloisters of an ancient university town. We shall not see the rush of cabs, omnibuses, and motors, nor be stunned by their long continuous roar; we shall not see the ivy-mantled walls lapped by the sluggish stream, the old gardens dreaming in the moonlight of the generations that are gone; we shall not hear the drowsy murmur of fountains plashing in summer days or the tinkle of the chapel bell calling to prayer, when the shadows lengthen across the greensward and in the west the stars begin to sparkle above the fading gold of evening. If we are really intent on knowing the truth, we must strive to dismiss or disregard these nearer, these familiar sights and sounds, whether harsh and ugly or beautiful and sweet, and to fix our thoughts on the strange and distant scene; and thus by long and patient effort we may come to see in the magic mirror of the mind a true

[7] *Report of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, Hobart, Tasmania, January 8, 1892, Section G. Anthropology, *Address by the President*, the Rev. Lorimer Fison, M.A., Queen's College, University of Melbourne, pp. 9 *et seq.* With reference to *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, Mr. Fison adds in a note that "it is only bare justice to Mr. Howitt to note that nearly all the labour of collecting the Australian facts fell to his share, and that he did this work after the manner in which he does all other work undertaken by him. No higher praise could possibly be expressed."

reflection of a life which differs immeasurably from our own. Yet this reflection or picture must itself be pieced together by the imagination; for imagination, the power of inward vision, is as necessary to science as to poetry, whether our aim is to understand our fellow-men, to unravel the tangled skein of matter, or to explore the starry depths of space. Only we must remember that, if imagination is a necessary, it is not a perfect or infallible instrument of science: it is apt to take its colours from the eye that uses it, to tremble with every vibration that pulses along the nerves of the observer. These things cannot but trouble and distort the images which print themselves on our brain; yet they are inevitable, since we cannot get outside of ourselves and contemplate the world from the standpoint of a purely abstract intelligence. All we can do is to make allowance as far as possible for our individual upbringing, character, and surroundings, to calculate as exactly as we can the personal equation, and to correct our impressions accordingly. If we have done this, and if we are, like Mr. Fison, always ready to pull to pieces the old mental image, at whatever cost, and to build it up again on better evidence, then we have done all that is humanly possible to attain to the truth. When all is done, we may still be in error, but the error will be pardonable.

While Mr. Fison was pursuing his enquiries among the Australian tribes from 1871 to 1875, he was also engaged in ministerial work in New South Wales and Victoria. Returning to Fiji in 1875,[8] he resumed his observations of

[8] When Mr. Fison left Australia in 1875 to return to Fiji, the Wesleyan Conference of Australia passed unanimously the following resolution: "In view of the Rev. L. Fison's receiving an appointment in Fiji from the Missionary Committee, this Conference takes the present opportunity of expressing its regret that his state of health is depriving the colonial work of so valuable a minister and pastor. It assures him of its confidence and affection, and of its admiration of his exposure and denunciation of the so-called Labour Traffic in the South Sea Islands, and it commends him and his family to the care of Almighty God."

native Fijian life, and contributed to *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* a series of valuable papers dealing with burial customs, land tenure, riddles, rites of initiation, and the classificatory system of relationship.[9] Many years afterwards Mr. Fison published a volume of Fijian stories with an introduction and notes illustrating some aspects of the native life and manners.[10]

From Fiji Mr. Fison returned to Victoria in 1884. Next year he resumed his ministerial duties, and continued to discharge them until 1888, when ill-health obliged him finally to resign them. In the same year (1888) he built, partly with borrowed capital, a house at Essendon, near Melbourne, where he resided with his wife and four unmarried daughters to the end of his life. The house was built for a school, and his daughters, accomplished and industrious ladies, taught pupils in it until new rules adopted by the State of Victoria rendered the house, in which Mr. Fison had sunk some of his small savings, unsuitable for the purpose. Meantime Mr. Fison laboured hard at journalism. From 1888 to within about three years of his death he edited *The Spectator*, a Melbourne paper published in connection with the Wesleyan Church. To a weekly paper, *The Australasian*, he contributed a series of articles on "The Testimony of Fijian Words," the substance of some of which he appears to have afterwards embodied in the introduction to his *Tales from Old Fiji*. He was one of the first Fellows of Queen's College in the University of Melbourne, and for some years he acted as Secretary to the College Council. Indeed, he had been

[9] "Notes on Fijian Burial Customs," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. x. (1881), pp. 137-149; "Land Tenure in Fiji," *ibid.*, pp. 332-352; "On Fijian Riddles," *ibid.*, vol. xi. (1882), pp. 406-410; "The Nanga, or Sacred Stone Enclosure, of Wainimala, Fiji," *ibid.*, vol. xiv. (1885), pp. 14-31; "The Classificatory System of Relationship," *ibid.*, vol. xxiv. (1895) pp. 360-371.

[10] *Tales from Old Fiji*, London, 1904.

instrumental with others in founding the College. From an American university he received an honorary degree of Master of Arts in recognition of his services to anthropology.[11] In January, 1892, he presided over the Anthropological Section of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science at Hobart Town in Tasmania, and greatly enjoyed the fortnight's rest and the hospitalities he met with from the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock (whom he had known in Fiji), the members of the Tasmanian Club, and others. It was the first holiday he had had for more than seven years, and even this he was only enabled to take through the liberality of a friend. Another pleasant break in his laborious life came in 1894, when he visited England once more, and attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford as one of the representatives of Australian science. At the meeting he read a paper on the classificatory system of relationship, and made the acquaintance of a number of eminent men, including Max Müller and Professor E. B. Tylor. During this his last visit to England, Mr. Fison went to Chichester to see his good friend the Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington, formerly a missionary of the Church of England to Melanesia, and one of the highest authorities on the language and customs of the Melanesians. He also came to Cambridge for a few days, when I had the privilege of making his personal acquaintance. His frank, manly, genial nature won me at once, and we were friends to the end of his honoured and useful life. He wrote me many letters in the clear, crisp, graphic style which made all his letters a pleasure to read.

Returning to Australia he settled down again to the routine of journalism at his desk. How hard he worked to support his family may be partially gathered from one

[11] This is mentioned by Mr. Fison in a letter written from Oxford, 18th October, 1894. He does not mention the name of the university which bestowed on him this well-earned honour.

of those charming letters which down to the last he wrote to the sister who shared the dear memories of the happy youthful days at Barningham in Suffolk. In the same letter in which he tells his sister of the commendation bestowed by Mr. Chamberlain upon his treatise on the Fijian land system,[12] Mr. Fison writes thus: "There is no particular news; and even if there were, I have no time to tell it. I never was so hard wrought in my life as I have been of late. Sluicing on the diggings was hard enough, for you had to keep the sluice boxes full while the water was running; but it was over for the day when sundown came. My present work has no sundown." When Mr. Fison wrote thus he had nearly completed his seventy-first year. Not long afterwards his health, which under the pressure of hard work and domestic anxieties had been failing for some time, broke down completely. An affection of the heart necessitated absolute repose, and for the few remaining years of his life Mr. Fison was in body, though never in mind or spirit, a shattered invalid. Happily the country whom he had served so well and so loyally did not forget him in his poverty and old age. In the spring of 1905, at Mr. Balfour's recommendation, His Majesty the King was graciously pleased to recognise Mr. Fison's services to his country and to science by granting him a pension of £150 a year. So there was light at the evening-tide of a long and strenuous day.[13]

Though he could no longer work at the things he loved most, his interest in them never flagged to the end, and I still received from time to time letters written in his now tremulous hand, which proved that the keen intelligence

[12] See above, p. 150.

[13] Perhaps without a breach of confidence I may be allowed to quote a fragment of one of Mr. Fison's letters which has been placed in my hands by his sister: " . . . looking than she was in her youth. She has been a good wife to me, and I thank God for her every day of my life. If we only had a small competence, we should toddle down the rest of the decline hand in hand with gladsome hearts." The beginning of the first sentence is lost.

was not blunted nor the warm heart grown cold. There was even an apparent slight recovery in his health. About a week before his death he and his beloved wife, herself an invalid for many years, were well enough to leave the house and attend a public gathering, where friends crowded round them and congratulated them on their appearing once more in their midst. But it was the last flicker of the expiring taper. Perhaps the excitement, combined with the great heat of the weather, for it was now the height of the torrid Australian summer, proved too much for his strength. He was taken suddenly ill, and lingered between life and death for some days, surrounded by his family and remaining conscious and calm. Sundown, the sundown for which in the gathering shadows he had longed, came at last on Sunday, December the 29th, 1907, when the labourer entered into his eternal rest.

Alfred William Howitt was born at Nottingham in England in 1830.[14] His parents were William and Mary Howitt, the well-known and popular writers. The father, a native of the delightful little village of Heanor in Derbyshire, engaged in the business of an apothecary at Nottingham, but finally devoted himself to literature, pouring out a long series of volumes. Soon after his marriage Mr. Howitt and his wife made a tour on foot to Scotland, a rare, almost unprecedented, undertaking in those days. In 1840, when Alfred was ten years old, the parents went

[14] For most of the facts in the following sketch of Dr. Howitt's life I am indebted to an obituary notice of him by his friend and disciple, Professor W. Baldwin Spencer, which appeared in *The Victorian Naturalist*, vol. xxiv., No. 12, April, 1908. I have also made some use of an obituary notice published in the Australian paper, *The Argus*, Monday, March 9th, 1908, p. 7. My notice of Dr. Howitt's explorations in Central Australia is taken mainly from his own reminiscences, as these have been graphically recorded by him in the address which he delivered as President of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science at Adelaide in 1907. The account of his last illness and death is derived from letters written to me by his daughter Miss Mary E. B. Howitt.

to Heidelberg for the education of their children, and remained about two years in Germany. Afterwards Alfred studied at University College, London. In June, 1852, Mr. Howitt, accompanied by his two sons, Alfred and Charlton, sailed for Australia, ostensibly to visit his brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, then settled as a medical man in Melbourne, but perhaps also to see for themselves the new Land of Gold and to partake of its fabulous riches. They reached Melbourne after a three months' voyage, and purchasing a cart and horses journeyed up country to the Ovens gold diggings. After about two years of toilsome digging and wandering in what was then a wild country, William Howitt, with his son Charlton, returned to England in 1854, leaving his other son, Alfred, then twenty-four years of age, behind him at Melbourne. Young Howitt was now not merely an accomplished bushman, but had begun to turn his keen powers of observation to higher account by studying nature. At first he farmed land at Caulfield, near Melbourne, which belonged to his uncle, Dr. Godfrey Howitt. But the humdrum life of a farmer was not to his taste, and he betook himself to the more adventurous pursuit of cattle-droving. On one of the journeys which he made to the Murray River for the purpose of bringing down herds of cattle to Melbourne, he chanced to fall in with Lorimer Fison. They met and parted, little thinking how closely associated they were to be in after life.

This was the great era of exploration in Australia. The vast unknown regions of the continent stirred the imagination and raised the hopes of the colonists. Explorer after explorer set out and vanished into the far interior, some of them to return no more. Young Howitt bore his share in these arduous enterprises. It chanced that the explorer Warburton had visited the dreary region of Central Australia about Lake Eyre in an unusually fine season, when water and grass abounded, and

accordingly he reported on it in glowing terms. His discoveries excited great interest in Victoria: a committee was formed in Melbourne to open up the country; and in September, 1859, Mr. Howitt, now well known as an able, careful, and fearless bushman, was sent from Adelaide at the head of a small party to spy out what, seen at a distance, appeared to the longing eyes of Australian shepherds and herdsmen a land flowing, or rather about to flow, with milk and honey. The result of Howitt's expedition was to dispel this pastoral dream. He looked for a Paradise, and found a desert. Coming from the forest-clad and snow-capped mountains of Victoria, with their abundant rains and luxuriant vegetation, he found himself in another world. In the distance barren ranges of naked brown rocks and precipices loomed weirdly through the desert haze; and a nearer approach revealed the profound ravines by which these desolate mountains were cleft from side to side. At their feet stretched either wastes of sand across which wind-driven columns of dust stalked like the jinn of the *Arabian Nights*, or plains so stony that riding at night the explorers could follow their leader by the sparks of fire which his horse's hoofs struck out of the stones at every step in the darkness. By day the atmosphere was at times so clear that the travellers could hardly tell whether objects seen through it were near or far; at other times the mirage worked such fantastic effects on the landscape that they felt as if transported to an enchanted land. "It was an interesting experience in a wonderful country," says Dr. Howitt dryly, in conclusion, "but it was not the kind of country that was wanted."[15]

After his return from this exploring expedition, Mr. Howitt took a post as manager of the Mount Napier cattle station, near Hamilton. But in 1860 he was again

[15] *Report of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, Adelaide, 1907, *Inaugural Address by A. W. Howitt, C.M.G., D.Sc., F.G.S., President*, pp. 9-11 (separate reprint).

despatched by the Victorian Government on the task of exploration. This time he went with a party of picked miners to prospect for gold in the rugged, mountainous, trackless, and then almost unknown region of Gippsland, in south-eastern Victoria, where in winter the snow lies for months on the peaks and tablelands, and where in the dense jungle of the valleys the trees grow to heights scarcely equalled on earth. The mission was successful; goldfields were opened on the Crooked, Dargo, and Wentworth Rivers. It was during this expedition that Mr. Howitt first became keenly interested in the eucalyptus trees, to which in after life he paid much attention, acquiring an intimate knowledge of the subject both from the practical and the scientific point of view.

In the year 1860 an ill-fated expedition, equipped at lavish cost and led by Burke and Wills, had started from Melbourne amid the enthusiasm of the citizens to traverse Australia from south to north. When month after month passed and no word came of the explorers, great uneasiness was felt in Victoria, and on June 18th, 1861, it was decided to send out a search party to their relief. Of this party Mr. Howitt was appointed leader. He started on July 14th, and journeyed north to Menindie on the Darling River, then the last outpost of civilisation, if indeed civilisation can be said to be represented by a public-house, a shop, a lock-up, and a knot of bearded men in cabbage-tree hats, who, so far as they did not pass their leisure hours in the contemplative seclusion of the lock-up, devoted them to smoking and lounging in the public-house, discussing the latest "brush with the niggers," and criticising the stores offered for the use of explorers, particularly the dried beef, which they smelt and tasted with the air of connoisseurs. Leaving these representatives of the higher culture behind, Mr. Howitt and his small party, with their horses and camels, struck westward into the desert. He has described his experi-

ences briefly but graphically.[16] He tells us how, when they came to a river or creek, the camels stubbornly refused to take to the water, but were circumvented by human intelligence; for, having persuaded them to sit down on the bank and then to get up again, Mr. Howitt and his companions suddenly precipitated themselves upon the brutes in an unguarded moment when they were off their balance in the act of rising, and so toppled them bodily into the stream, and hauled them across. After floundering through the water, the camels waded in the deep mud on the other side, drawing their hoofs out of it one after the other with a loud plop like the sound of drawing a gigantic cork out of a Brobdingnagian bottle. Day after day, over ground paved with sharp splinters of flinty stone, through deep dry gorges in the desolate hills, lined with half-dead mulga scrub and studded with great boulders, the explorers and their beasts slowly picked their way, footsore and weary under the burning sun, till coming out on the edge of a bluff they suddenly beheld the great sandy desert of the Cooper's Creek country spread out below and beyond them. Far as the eye could see the sandhills stretched away, ridge beyond ridge, to the horizon, until their outlines were lost in the haze of distance. As he gazed on this dreary landscape from the height, a very different scene, which he had beheld a year before in the Gippsland highlands, rose up before the mind of the explorer. Then, as he ascended a mountain summit on the Dargo River, a wonderful far-reaching prospect had burst upon him. For many miles the snowy plains stretched northwards to where, on the horizon, the chain of the Bogong Mountains rose, lustrous in their white mantle of snow, resplendently pure under the cloudless deep blue of the winter sky in the Australian Alps.

Descending from these heights, Mr. Howitt and his men

[16] In his *Inaugural Address* to the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, Adelaide, 1907, pp. 20 *et seq.*

pursued their way, now with labour and difficulty over the most stony wilderness imaginable, now with comparative ease over sandhills or earthy plains, cracked and fissured for want of water in all directions, sometimes bare and brown, sometimes cumbered with the dry stalks of withered plants, which rose higher than a horse and showed how, after heavy rains, the face of these arid deserts would change as by magic into a teeming jungle of vegetation. Thus they journeyed till one day, riding alone, Mr. Howitt perceived some native huts on the further side of a dry waddy, and in the foreground a black man and woman gathering sticks. The woman at once made off towards the huts, but the man stood his ground and gesticulated in great excitement to Mr. Howitt, until on the approach of the traveller he also took to his heels. To regain his party Mr. Howitt rode along the bank of the waddy, and met his native riders, one of whom shouted to him: "Find em whitefella; two fella dead boy and one fella livo." Hastening to the native camp, Mr. Howitt found the last survivor of the missing explorers, John King, sitting in one of the huts. He was a melancholy object, hardly to be distinguished as a civilised man by the tatters that still hung on his weak, emaciated frame. At first he was too much overcome by emotion to speak distinctly; but in time he recovered sufficiently to tell his tale of suffering and disaster. It was the 25th of September when the rescuers and the rescued turned their faces homeward; on November 28th, 1861, they all reached Melbourne in safety.

A few days later the intrepid and indefatigable explorer started again for the deserts of the far interior to explore the region of Cooper's Creek and to bring back the bones of the men who had fallen martyrs to science, that they might be buried with public honours in the city. This task also Mr. Howitt accomplished successfully. He brought back the remains of Burke and Wills to Mel-

bourne on December 28th, 1862. For these services Mr. Howitt was appointed Police Magistrate and Warden of the Goldfields in Gippsland, a post which he filled with conspicuous success during twenty-six years of incessant work from 1863 to 1889.

It was during the expedition of 1862, when he was no longer under the necessity of pushing on from day to day lest he should come too late to rescue the survivors, that Mr. Howitt found leisure to study the natives with whom he came into contact; and it was then that he gained his first insight into the social organisation of the Dieri tribe, who roamed the wilderness of Cooper's Creek and Lake Eyre. With the help of a native interpreter of the Narrinyeri tribe Mr. Howitt before long was able to make himself understood sufficiently for ordinary purposes. On this expedition also he saw for himself the wonderful transformation which after heavy rains converts the Central Australian desert into a jungle. Where an earlier explorer had beheld nothing but a dark brown wilderness without a blade of grass, Mr. Howitt rode for many days through a land of lakes, lagoons, and water-channels, with wide stretches of plains covered by a rank growth of tall plants, higher than a man on horseback, looking like vast beds of white hollyhocks in full bloom, and his horses revelled in the luxuriant herbage. So sharp was the line of demarcation between the dry and the watered land that on a steep bank, at the point to which the flood had risen, the traveller stood with the hind feet of his horse in the desert and his front feet on the teeming vegetation.

The district of Gippsland which was committed to Mr. Howitt's care extended from Wilson's Promontory to Cape Howe. It was then a wild, almost unexplored country, and every year Mr. Howitt travelled thousands of miles through it on horseback; and as he rode among the mountains and through the great forests he learned to study minutely both the rocks and the trees. His capacity

for work was extraordinary; much of his reading was done in the saddle. The botanical and geological observations which he made on these journeys bore fruit in a series of memoirs which he contributed to the publications of his official Department, the Royal Society of Victoria, the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, and occasionally to the *Quarterly Journal of Geological Science.* Among these memoirs may be particularly mentioned his treatise, "The Eucalypti of Gippsland," which appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria* for 1889.

Still more important for his life-work was the acquaintance which on these journeys he made with the native inhabitants, the Kurnai of Gippsland. He gained their confidence, and, being regarded by them as a fully initiated member of the tribe, was able to acquire an intimate knowledge of their old customs and beliefs before they had wholly passed into oblivion; for, though the Kurnai had long been at peace with the whites, they were even then fast dying out. Thus, when on his return from Fiji in 1871 Mr. Fison appealed through the newspapers for information on the Australian aborigines, Mr. Howitt was well qualified by his knowledge both of the Central and of the South-eastern tribes, the Dieri as well as the Kurnai, to respond to the appeal. He did so, and, as we have seen, the two men became fast friends and colleagues in the work of investigation, laying together the foundations of Australian ethnology. In these researches the observation and collection of facts fell mainly to the share of Mr. Howitt, his colleague's professional duties and situation leaving him fewer opportunities of personal contact with the natives. On the other hand, the theoretical interpretation of the facts was at first largely the work of Mr. Fison, though in later years Mr. Howitt distinguished himself certainly not less in this department of anthropology. After the two friends had published in *Kamilaroi*

and Kurnai (Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane, 1880) the joint results of their enquiries and reflections, Mr. Howitt pursued his investigations for the most part alone; indeed, even before the publication of that book, Mr. Fison had returned to Fiji. Some of the results of these investigations were given to the world in a long series of valuable memoirs on the Australian tribes, which appeared for the most part in *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* from the year 1883 to the year 1907. They opened with a joint paper by Messrs. Fison and Howitt, called "From Mother-Right to Father-Right," and they closed with one by Dr. Howitt on "Australian Group-Relationships." In this series an early one, entitled "Notes on the Australian Class Systems," read in the author's absence before the Anthropological Institute in London on December 12th, 1882,[17] is second to none in importance for its clear enunciation of the principles underlying the seemingly complex marriage system of the Australian aborigines.

Strangely enough, when many years later he came to write his great work *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, Dr. Howitt had forgotten his own enunciation of these important principles; for it was only after a conversation with me at my house in Cambridge, in the summer of 1904, that he inserted a statement of them in his book, which was then going through the press. With characteristic candour he accepted the principles as true and assigned the discovery of them to me.[18] It was not till January 2nd, 1908, that I detected our joint mistake; for on that day, reading again Dr. Howitt's old paper "Notes on the Australian Class Systems," I found that in it he had clearly and concisely stated the principles in question many years before I had ever given a thought to the subject. As I had certainly studied

[17] *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xii. (1883), pp. 496-510.

[18] *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 284-286.

and cited that paper[19] long before, I make no doubt that I had learned the principles from it, though like the author of the paper I had forgotten the source of my information. I at once wrote to Dr. Howitt to do him the justice which he had failed to do himself.[20] Though I did not know it, there was no time to be lost, for when I was writing he had already been struck down by mortal sickness. Happily my letter reached him in life, and he sent me through his daughter a last message, a kind and generous message, in reply.

Another paper which deserves to be specially mentioned is a later one, entitled "Further Notes on the Australian Class Systems,"[21] in which Mr. Howitt acutely pointed out how among the Australian savages a certain social advance has been made in the better watered and more fertile districts, particularly on the coast, while the more archaic forms of society linger in the dry and desert interior, from which he inferred that in Australia the first steps towards civilisation have been conditioned by a heavier rainfall and a consequent greater abundance of food. This important principle was afterwards fully recognised and clearly stated by him in *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia.* Indeed he justly attached so much weight to it that he wished to illustrate it in his book by a map of the rainfall in Australia, which would show how in that continent progress in culture varies directly with the rainfall. For that purpose he applied to the meteorological authorities in London, but for lack of the necessary data, if I remember aright, the project was abandoned. Amongst his anthropological papers published elsewhere may be

[19] In my *Totemism*, published in 1887.

[20] At the same time I wrote to the same effect a letter to *Man*, and my letter was published in that journal, February, 1908, pp. 21 *et seq.* I believe I wrote at the same time an identical letter to *The Athenæum*, but on a cursory search through a file of that periodical I have not been able to find the letter.

[21] *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xviii. (1889), pp. 31-70.

mentioned his paper, "Australian Group-Relationships," published in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute* for 1883; another "On the Organisation of Australian Tribes," in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria* for 1889; and some papers published in *Folk-Lore* for the years 1906 and 1907.

In 1889 Mr. Howitt became Secretary for Mines in Victoria, and in 1896 he was appointed Audit Commissioner. Besides these public duties he sat on other Government commissions and boards of enquiry, for which his wide experience, ripe knowledge, and sound judgment pre-eminently fitted him. Yet we cannot but regret that he devoted so much time and energy to business, which others perhaps might have performed as efficiently, to the neglect of scientific researches, for which few were so well qualified as he. However, he continued to give his leisure hours to study, and looked forward to the time when he should be able to dedicate the rest of his life, without distraction, to his favourite pursuits. The longed-for time came, or seemed to come, at last when he retired from the public service of Victoria in 1901. His retirement was unnoticed by the public and his official colleagues, who perhaps were hardly aware of the honour they had enjoyed in being associated with such a man. He now settled down to the quiet life of a student in his picturesque home at Metung, on the shore of the Gippsland Lakes. Gippsland is a pleasant and a beautiful country, with a climate in the lowlands like that of Italy. The orange grows well there; the mountains are high and snow-capped for months together; the rivers wind through deep glens thickly mantled in living green; the gum-trees in the forest are the tallest trees in the world; and the great tree-ferns give to the woods an aspect of tropical luxuriance. It is Australia Felix, the Happy Land of the South. But Mr. Howitt's seclusion in this earthly Paradise was not to be undisturbed. The old serpent, in the guise of public

business, stole into his Eden. He was invited and consented to act as chairman of a Royal Commission on the coalfields of Victoria, and soon after he had discharged this function he was appointed a member of the Commission to which was entrusted the onerous and difficult task of choosing a site for the future federal capital of Australia. These duties involved much travelling, as well as much critical weighing of evidence, but in spite of all distractions he made steady progress with the revision and completion of his life-long researches in Australian ethnology. By the summer of 1904 the work was so far advanced that he came to England with his daughter, Miss Mary E. B. Howitt, to see his book through the press. It was then that I had the privilege of making his personal acquaintance. I hastened to greet him in London soon after his arrival, and learned to esteem as a man one whom I had long respected as an anthropologist. Later in the summer, in the month of August, he and his daughter did me the honour of staying for some days in my house at Cambridge to attend the meeting of the British Association. He read a paper "On Group Marriage in Australian Tribes" at the meeting, and the University of Cambridge showed its high appreciation of his services to science by conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Science upon him. I shall always cherish the memory of his visit and of the conversations we had on the topics in which we both took a deep interest. Later in the autumn he left England for Australia, spending some time happily in Italy by the way, and there meeting once more a sister whom he had not seen for more than fifty years. Before the end of the same year (1904) the book by which he will always be chiefly remembered was published under the title of *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*. The value and importance of the work are too well known to call for any detailed appreciation or eulogium. It must always remain an anthropological

classic and the standard authority on the subject with which it deals.

Much as he had enjoyed his travels in Europe and his visit, after so many years, to the scenes of his youth, he was glad to return to his Australian home; and he now threw himself with the energy and enthusiasm of youth into his botanical and petrological studies, which the composition of his great book on the Australian natives had compelled him for a time to intermit. He cherished the hope of writing a comprehensive work on the eucalyptus trees of Victoria, and another on the rocks of Gippsland, which no man knew so well as he. But these hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. During the last years of his life he was much concerned by certain misapprehensions and misrepresentations, as he conceived them to be, of facts relating to the Australian aborigines to which currency had been given both in Australia and Europe, and he took great pains to correct these misapprehensions and to give wide publicity to his corrections. These things absorbed some of his time, and in 1907 he was called on to preside over the meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science at Adelaide. In his Presidential Address he dealt with his reminiscences of exploration in Central Australia, particularly his expeditions to rescue the lost explorers and to bring back their remains. In previous years he had presided over the Ethnological and Geographical Sections of the Association, and had been awarded the first Mueller medal for his many distinguished contributions to Australian science. In the previous year (1906) a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (C.M.G.), had been conferred upon him in recognition of his services to the State as well as to learning.

So, full of years and honours, he returned to his home at Metung in January, 1907. The even tenour of his studious life was pleasantly diversified by one or two

visits to Melbourne and by an expedition into the mountains of the Omeo district to complete his observations on the rocks. The seventy-eight years of his long life sat very lightly on him; indeed so youthful was he in mind, so keen in intellect, so exuberant in energy that his friends anticipated with confidence for him yet many years of useful activity. But it was not to be. On the last day of the year, 1907, only two days after the death of his old friend Mr. Fison, he was suddenly struck down by hemorrhage of the stomach. At first the doctors held out every hope of a complete recovery, but they soon saw that the case was beyond their power and that Dr. Howitt's days were numbered. In order that he might be nearer to medical aid, they moved him from his own house at Metung to his son's house at Bairnsdale. For seventy years of an active and adventurous life Dr. Howitt had never been confined to his bed for a single day; but, when the last sickness came, no one could have been more patient and uncomplaining, and he received with steadfast courage the announcement of the doctors that they could do nothing for him. The remaining weeks of his life were passed almost constantly in the sleep of weakness and exhaustion, but with very little acute pain. His thoughts to the last were occupied with his work; his last conscious effort was to dictate from his death-bed a message to anthropologists impressing on them the importance of caution in accepting information drawn from the Australian tribes in their present state of decay. The message, after a delay caused by miscarriage in the post, was published in the *Revue des Études Ethnographiques et Sociologiques* for December, 1908. On March the 7th, 1908, Dr. Howitt passed away. His beloved wife, to whose memory he dedicated his great book, had died six years before him. She was a daughter of Judge Boothby of Adelaide, and left him with two sons and three daughters, one of

whom, Miss Mary E. B. Howitt, was his faithful helper in his anthropological labours, and nursed him to the end.

In personal appearance, and to some extent also in manner, no two men could well differ more widely than the fast friends, Fison and Howitt. Fison was a big burly man, powerfully and heavily built, with a jolly good-humoured face, a bluff almost jovial manner, tender-hearted but bubbling over with humour, on which the remembrance of his clerical profession, as well as his deep, absolutely unaffected piety, perhaps imposed a certain restraint. Howitt was a small man, with a spare but well-knit frame, light, active, and inured to exposure and fatigue. His features were keen and finely cut, with deep-set eyes and a penetrating look. It was a hawk's face; and his brisk alert manner and quick movements added to the resemblance. I remember that, when he stayed in my house at Cambridge, he used not to walk but to run upstairs like a boy, though he was then in his seventy-fifth year. When the two old men met for the last time, "Howitt," said Fison, "do you never feel the infirmities of old age?" "What are they?" he answered. While habitually graver than his friend, Howitt was by no means devoid of dry humour, and could tell old stories of the bush with admirable point and zest. On the subject which perhaps occupied their thoughts more than any other, the social organisation of the Australian tribes, the two men were in fundamental agreement. On questions much deeper and more perplexing their views differed widely, but the difference never affected their friendship, as indeed such differences need never affect the friendship of honest men alike animated, as these two unquestionably were, by a single-hearted disinterested devotion to truth. They loved each other like brothers in life, and they were not long divided in death. Such were Fison and Howitt as I knew them in their writings

and in the flesh. I am proud to have known two such men, and to have numbered them among my friends.

In the history of the science of man the names of Howitt and Fison will be inseparably associated. It will be for others in future, better informed and perhaps more impartial than I am, to pronounce a final judgment on the value of their work as a whole. Here I will single out only what appears to me to be their most important contribution to knowledge—that is, the light which they have thrown on the systems of marriage and relationship prevalent among the Australian aborigines. These systems are of extraordinary interest not merely in themselves, but in their bearing on the history of marriage in general. For the systems agree fundamentally with those practised by races in many other parts of the world; and, though they present peculiarities which have not been discovered elsewhere, these peculiarities themselves appear to be only special developments of the general principles which underlie all the systems in question. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Australian systems is their apparent complexity combined with a logical, almost mathematical precision and regularity. Enquirers have long been divided on the question whether this feature is the result of accident or design; whether the Australian aborigines have stumbled on their systems by chance, or have gradually evolved them by conscious reflection and deliberate effort. Most of those who know these savages only by reading about them in books appear to be of opinion that their social systems, for all their appearance of complexity combined with exactness and regularity, are the result of accident, that they grew up through a fortuitous train of circumstances without any prevision or purpose on the part of those who practise them. On the other hand, most of those who are best acquainted with the Australian aborigines, not through books but through personal intercourse, appear to be of opinion that their

social systems are the fruit of design, and that they were deliberately devised to ensure the results which they unquestionably achieve. The latter was the opinion of Fison and Howitt, and it is the opinion of their distinguished friends and disciples, Spencer and Gillen.

In the broadest outline, omitting details and minor differences, an aboriginal Australian tribe is divided into two, four, or eight exogamous classes; that is, it consists of two, four, or eight divisions with a rule that no man may marry a woman of his own division, but may only take a wife from a single one of the other divisions. Thus, if the tribe is divided into two exogamous classes, a man is forbidden to choose his wife from among, roughly speaking, one-half of all the women of the tribe; if the tribe is divided into four exogamous classes, then three-fourths of the women are forbidden to him; and if the tribe is divided into eight exogamous classes, then no less than seven-eighths of the women of the tribe are forbidden to him. So strictly are these rules enforced that in the old days breaches of them were commonly punished by putting both the culprits to death.

With regard to descent, when a tribe is divided into two exogamous classes, the children are always born into the class either of their father or of their mother, the custom in this respect varying in different tribes; for in some tribes the children always belong to their father's class, and in others they always belong to their mother's. When a tribe is divided into four or eight exogamous classes, the children are born into the class neither of their father nor of their mother, but always into another class, which is, however, determined for them without variation by the particular classes to which their parents belong.

It will hardly be denied that these systems, particularly the rule of the four-class or eight-class organisation, that children can never belong to the class either of their father or of their mother, have at least a superficial appear-

ance of being artificial; and the inference that they must have been deliberately devised, not created by a series of accidents, that they are a product of reason, not of chance, is confirmed by a closer examination. For it can easily be shown that the effect of dividing a tribe into two exogamous classes is to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters; that the effect of dividing a tribe into four exogamous classes, with the characteristic rule of descent, is to prevent the marriage of parents with children;[22] and that the effect of dividing a tribe into eight exogamous classes, with the characteristic rule of descent, is to prevent a man's children from marrying his sister's children—that is, its effect is to prevent the marriage of some, though not all, of those whom we call first cousins. As all the marriages which these rules actually bar are abhorred by the Australian aborigines, it is natural to infer that the effect which the rules produce is the effect which they were designed to produce; in other words, that the rules, which have certainly the appearance of being artificial, are really so, having been devised to accomplish the very object which in point of fact they do very successfully achieve. If this inference is sound, the deliberate institution of the Australian marriage system may be taken as proved.

The objections raised to this view by those who know the Australian natives only or mainly through books resolve themselves, roughly speaking, into two. First, they deny that the Australian savages are capable of thinking out a marriage system at once so complex and so regular. But this objection is outweighed by the testimony of those who best know the Australian aborigines

[22] That the division into two and four exogamous classes, with the peculiar rule of descent in the four-class system, not only produced these effects but was intended to produce them, was clearly stated by Dr. Howitt in his paper "Notes on the Australian Class Systems," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xii. (1883), pp. 496 *et seq.* See above, p. 166.

personally, such as Dr. Howitt and Messrs. Spencer and Gillen,[23] in whose opinion the natives are quite capable both of conceiving and of executing the system in question. That the natives understand their complex system perfectly, and work it smoothly and regularly, is certain. Why, then, should they not have originated it? Would they be more likely to understand and work it, as they do, without any serious hitch, if they had drifted into it by accident than if they had thought it out for themselves?

The other objection often brought against the theory of the deliberate institution of the Australian marriage system is that, if the system was designed to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters, of parents with children, and of a man's children with his sister's children, it greatly overshoots the mark by simultaneously barring the marriage of many other persons who stand in none of these relationships to each other. This objection implies a total misconception of the Australian system of relationships. For, according to the classificatory system of relationship, which is universally prevalent among the Australian aborigines, the terms father, mother, brother, sister, son, and daughter are employed in a far wider signification than with us, so as to include many persons who are no blood relations at all to the speaker. The system sorts out the whole community into classes or groups, which are variously designated by these terms; the relationship which it recognises between members of a class or group is social, not consanguineous; and though each class or

[23] A. W. Howitt, "Notes on the Australian Class Systems," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xii. (1883), pp. 496 *et seq.*; *id.*, *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 89 *et seq.*, 140, 143; Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 12-15, 69; *id.*, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 123 *et seq.*; *id.*, "Some Remarks on Totemism as applied to Australian Tribes," *The Journal of the Anthropological Institute etc.*, vol. xxviii. (1899), p. 278; Baldwin Spencer, "Totemism in Australia," in *Transactions of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, Dunedin, 1904, pp. 419 *et seq.*

group includes the blood relations whom we designate by the corresponding terms, it includes many more, and for social purposes a man does not distinguish between the members of a group who are related to him by blood from those members of the group who are not so related to him. Each man has thus many "fathers" who never begat him, and many "mothers" who never bore him; he calls many men and women his "brothers" and "sisters" with whom he has not a drop of blood in common; and he bestows the names of "sons" and "daughters" on many boys and girls, many men and women, who are not his offspring.

Now, "if we assume, as we have every right to do, that the founders of exogamy in Australia recognised the classificatory system of relationship, and the classificatory system of relationship only, we shall at once perceive that what they intended to prevent was not merely the marriage of a man with his sister, his mother, or his daughter in the physical sense in which we use these terms; their aim was to prevent his marriage with his sister, his mother, and his daughter in the classificatory sense of these terms; that is, they intended to place bars to marriage not between individuals merely but between the whole groups of persons who designated their group, not their individual, relationship, their social, not their consanguineous, ties, by the names of father and mother, brother and sister, and son and daughter. In this intention the founders of exogamy succeeded perfectly. In the completest form of the system, the division of the tribe into eight exogamous classes, they barred the marriage of group brothers with group sisters, of group fathers with group daughters, of group mothers with group sons, and of the sons of group brothers with the daughters of group sisters. Thus the dichotomy of an Australian tribe in its completest form, namely, in the eight-class organisation, was not a clumsy expedient which overshot its mark by separating from each other many

persons whom the authors of it had no intention of separating; it was a device admirably adapted to effect just what its inventors intended, neither more nor less."

"But while there are strong grounds for thinking that the system of exogamy has been deliberately devised and instituted for the purpose of effecting just what it does effect, it would doubtless be a mistake to suppose that its most complex form, the eight-class system, was struck out at a single blow. All the evidence and probability are in favour of the view that the system originated in a simple division of the community into two exogamous classes only; that, when this was found insufficient to bar marriages which the natives regarded as objectionable, each of the two classes was again subdivided into two, making four exogamous classes in all; and, finally, that, when four exogamous classes still proved to be insufficient for the purpose, each of them was again subdivided into two, making eight exogamous classes in all. Thus from a simple beginning the Australians appear to have advanced step by step to the complex system of eight exogamous classes, the process being one of successive bisections or dichotomies. The first bisection, as I have said, prevented the marriage of brothers with sisters; the second bisection, combined with the characteristic rule of descent, prevented the marriage of parents with children; and the third bisection, combined with the characteristic rule of descent, prevented the marriage of a man's children with the children of his sister; in other words, it prevented the marriage of some, but not all, of those whom we call first cousins." [24]

But, if the system was devised to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters, of parents with children, and of a man's children with his sister's children, it seems to follow

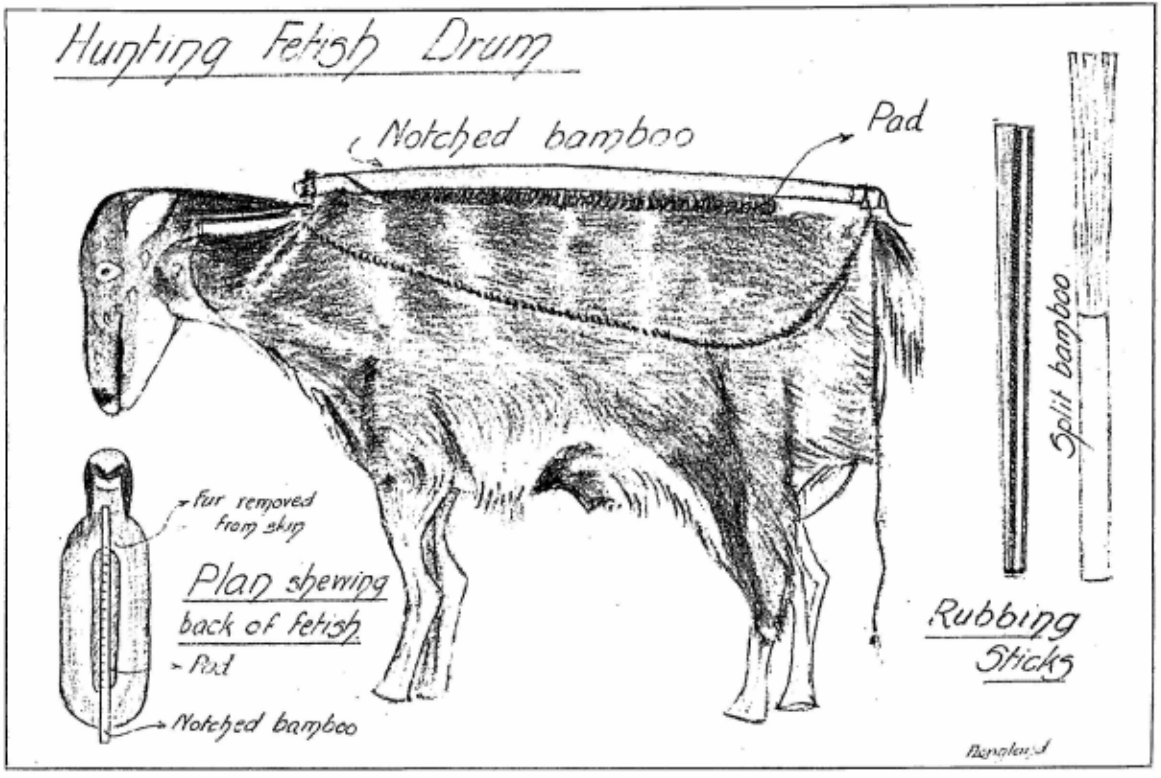
[24] I quote this passage from a forthcoming work of mine, *Totemism and Exogamy*, to which I would refer my readers for a fuller explanation and discussion of a somewhat intricate subject.

that such marriages were common before the system was instituted to check them; in short, it implies that exogamy was a deliberate prohibition of a former unrestricted practice of incest, which allowed the nearest relations to have sexual intercourse with each other. This implication is confirmed, as Messrs. Howitt, Spencer, and Gillen have shown for the tribes of Central Australia, by customs which can be reasonably interpreted only as a system of group marriage or as survivals of a still wider practice of sexual communism. And, as the custom of exogamy combined with the classificatory system of relationship is not confined to Australia, but is found among many races in many parts of the world, it becomes probable that a large part, if not the whole, of the human race have at one time, not necessarily the earliest, in their history permitted the practice of incest, that is, of the closest interbreeding, and that, having perceived or imagined the practice to be injurious, they deliberately forbade and took effective measures to prevent it.

That is the great generalisation reached by L. H. Morgan from his discovery of the classificatory system of relationship. It is perhaps the most remarkable achievement of Fison and Howitt first, and of their disciples Spencer and Gillen afterwards, that their researches among the Australian tribes have not only lent powerful support to the conclusions of the American ethnologist, but have given us an insight into the machinery by which the great social reform was effected. The machinery was, indeed, simple; it consisted merely in the bisection, whether single or repeated, of the whole community into two exogamous classes. In Australia the application of this machinery to effect this purpose is seen more clearly than in any other part of the world, because in many Australian tribes the bisection has been repeated oftener than anywhere else, or, rather, oftener than it is known to have been repeated elsewhere; for it is possible that among other races of

men similar secondary and tertiary subdivisions have occurred, though they seem now to have vanished without leaving a trace. The oldest social stratification, so to say, of mankind is better preserved among the Australian aborigines than among any other people of whom we have knowledge. To have obtained an accurate record of that stratification before it finally disappeared, as it must very soon do, is an achievement of the highest importance for the understanding of human history; and we owe the possession of that record, now safely deposited in the archives of science, mainly to the exertions and the influence of Howitt and Fison.

J. G. FRAZER.



Hunting Fetish Drum from Lower Congo.

NOTES ON SOME CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CONGO PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. WEEKS, 27 YEARS BAPTIST MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

(*Continued from p. 63.*)

PLATES IX. and X., from sketches, made by my colleague Rev. F. Longland, of the originals in my possession, illustrate the notes on hunting customs in vol. xix., pp. 431 *et seq.*

Plate IX. shows one of the hunting-fetish drums used in making "medicine" at the beginning of the hunting season. The body of the "antelope" is hollow, and forms the drum. The skin, which is that of the harness antelope, is tightly drawn over the drum, and the hair is removed from the skin along the opening in the back of the figure, making it vibrate more easily when the notched bamboo is rubbed by either of the sticks. The solid stick gives a deep note when rubbed hard along the back, and the split bamboo stick gives sharp rattling notes. The knees in the original animal drum are, as shown, at the back of the legs instead of the front. Such a drum is always a part of the nganga's outfit.

Plate X. shows a hunting-fetish cross. When a party has been successful in killing an antelope, the blood is caught in the animal's bladder and carried to the "kimpovela," who brings a cross, such as shown, and sticks it in the ground near the great hunter's grave at which the ceremonies already described were observed. The blood from the bladder is poured over the cross as an oblation to the deceased great hunter who has heard their request

and given them success. The little hole in the middle is called the "heart," and in that the successful bullet is put and the hole filled with blood. These crosses were always well cared for in the houses of the various "kimpovelas."

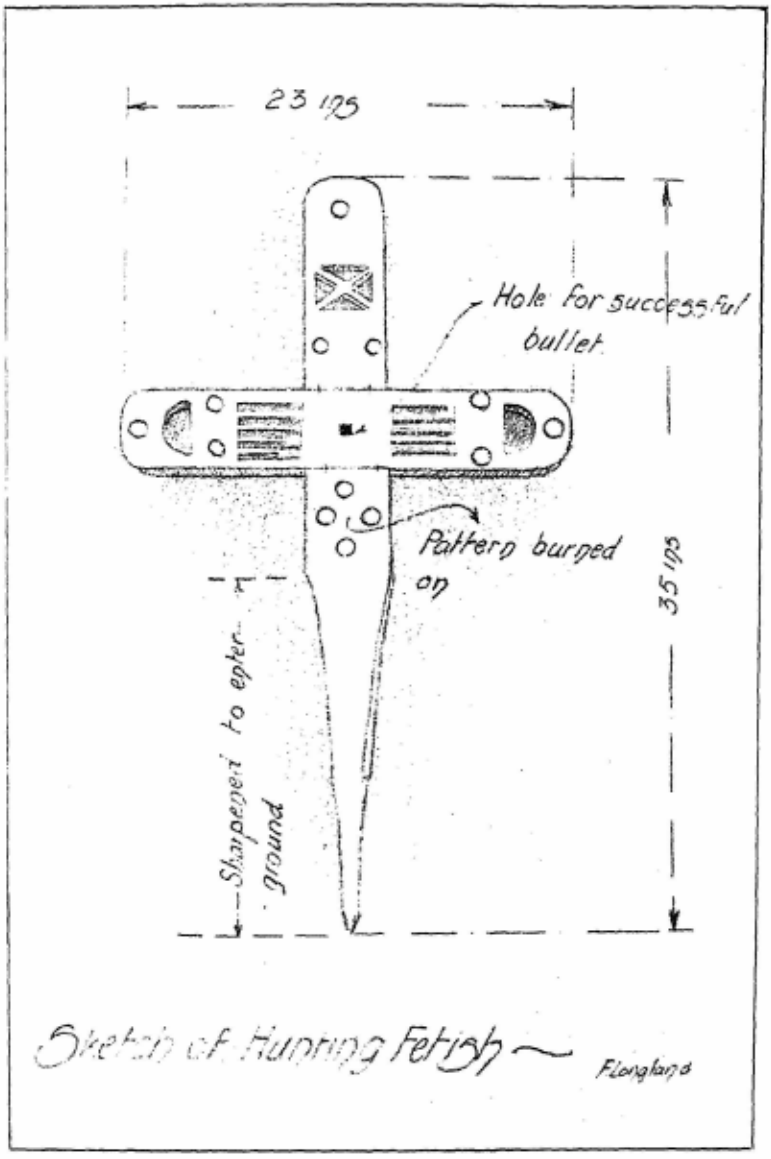
NGANGAS.

The word nganga may be variously translated as medicine-man, wizard, witch-finder, doctor in the ordinary sense, exorcist, charm-maker, etc. Most ngangas are engaged in what might be called the "white art" in magic and divination, *i.e.* they use their supposed skill in attempting to free the people from the malign influence of evil spirits, and to cure different diseases. They have undoubtedly the knowledge of some herbs and simples that are specifics for certain ailments. It would be surprising if, during generations of practice, they had not hit upon some remedies for the sicknesses they are constantly treating. There is also a great amount of faith-cure of persons suffering from neurotic and imaginary disorders, who pay ngangas to dance and chant around them. Cures are often effected by a change of scene; a person living in the same village month after month, attending the same markets, seeing always the same small circle of people, becomes poorly, run-down, etc., and goes off to a nganga living a day or two days off, and sits down there for a month or six weeks, with the result of feeling better for the change and returning home in good health. One should be very chary of condemning in a wholesale manner the means the natives take to cure themselves of ailments and diseases. Our own methods are often a source of amusement to them.

There are some few ngangas engaged in what might be called the "black art," *i.e.* they use their supposed skill to bring evil and disease on the enemies of their clients. Such ngangas are not numerous, and are regarded with so much disfavour that they practise almost entirely in secret.

The assistant to the "ngang' a ngombo" is called

PLATE X.



Hunting Fetish Cross from Lower Congo.

"esamba." Before he can become a full "ngang' a ngombo" he must learn all the tricks of his master, and it takes a clever and sharp-witted fellow to do that. Besides being cunning, he must be fearless,—afraid of nothing and nobody,—for a nganga's life is often threatened by those whom he accuses of witchcraft. When the time comes for the esamba to receive full power, his master puts his fetish in the centre of a circle, and his drum near to his pupil. He beats on the drum and shakes his rattle, and tries to drive his fetish power into his pupil. If the pupil sits stolidly taking no notice of the drum beating and rattle shaking, the master says his disciple is not fit to be a nganga; but, if the pupil sways to and fro to the rhythm of the beaten drum, jumps about like a madman, and does all kinds of stupid things (as they suppose under the influence of the fetish power that has entered him), he is pronounced a fully-initiated doctor, being now possessed by the fetish power of his master.

The nganga, whether he is a "ngang' a wuka" (medicine-man who cures by herbs, simples, and charms), or "ngang' a moko" (medicine-man who decides whether his patient is troubled by an ordinary sickness, or by an evil spirit, or by some one bewitching him), or "ngang' a ngombo" (witch-finder), must always find his way to the village and to the house of his patient without guidance or instruction, and he must also discover the sickness from which his patient is suffering, or the cause of death, without asking a single direct question.

If a person arrives at the village of a "ngang' a wuka" to ask him to go and see a woman in a certain town, who, for example, has an abscess in the leg, the nganga sends his assistant on ahead to find out where the sick woman is living. Having assured himself of the house, the assistant puts a certain kind of leaf on the roads leading from outside the town, where the nganga will enter, up towards the house. Near the house twigs are put, and, although the

people see the assistant putting these marks on the paths, they express great surprise when the nganga walks right up to his patient's house without any apparent guidance. The nganga in diagnosing a case must not ask any direct questions, but he meets that difficulty as follows :—He asks a series of very indirect questions, and, if those present say "ndungu," he knows he is on the wrong track; but, if they say "otuama," he knows he is on the right one, and the more excitedly they say the word the nearer he knows he is to the truth; and the more indifferently they say "ndungu" the further he is from the truth. Hence he starts somewhat in this way: "There are such things as pains in the stomach." "Ndungu," quietly say the people sitting in a circle or semicircle about the nganga. "Sometimes there are backaches, headaches, and pains in the chest." "Ndungu" is said very coldly by the crowd. The nganga knows he is on the wrong track, but still he has managed to narrow the circle of affected parts. He begins again, "There are such things as severe pains and aches in the arms and legs." "Otuama," say the poor folk. He now knows the affected part is an arm or a leg. So he continues to narrow it down thus until at last he says, "Ah! the right leg is bad." The people excitedly shout "otuama," snap their fingers, and look at the nganga with awe-filled eyes. The nganga now knows that it is the right leg that has to be treated. What are the most common complaints of the leg? Rheumatism, boils, cuts, sprains, and abscesses. So he starts off to discover the complaint and its location on the leg, and the people coldly say "ndungu" when he misses his guess, or excitedly shout "otuama" as by his cunning process he narrows the circle smaller and smaller until at last, to their astonishment, he says—"The woman is suffering from a bad abscess on the inside part of her right thigh." The people think that such a clever man, who has found out all about the disease, without being told, is just the man

to cure the complaint. He is consequently engaged at once and well paid. The European method of examining and questioning the patient is at first treated with supercilious contempt by the natives, but in time they get to understand that we cannot help them unless they answer our questions fully and truthfully.

Should the patient not get better, but a series of abscesses break out, another nganga is sent for, called the "ngang' a moko." On arriving, he conducts an inquiry similar to the one sketched above, and, after due consideration, states whether the woman is suffering from natural causes or bewitchment. In the former case nothing is done except treating the abscesses with medicinal herbs, or some mess compounded by the nganga who happens to be called in to treat her. If, however, the ngang' a moko declares the woman to be bewitched, her friends may call in another nganga, who will shout to the "nxingi" (undeclared witch) to leave the woman alone, and will also threaten the said witch with all sorts of curses and imprecations. As the witch is supposed to be working through a human medium, the curses and imprecations are to frighten the person who is being used as a medium.

The ngang' a moko may say that some evil spirit is troubling the woman. In that case her relatives resort to a nganga whose special business it is to appease spirits by sacrifices or frighten them away by threats, by firing guns at them and making hideous noises. Many a time in the years gone by have I heard the nganga, or a relative of the sick person, go through the town in the dead of the night, beating an iron bell and calling on the witch to leave the sick woman alone, or means would be taken to discover and punish the witch if the patient died. I have also seen the nganga rushing about, shouting, howling, screeching, and firing his gun in the air to frighten the evil spirit that was distressing the woman. If, in spite

of all these efforts, the woman continues ill, or becomes worse, they will take her secretly, as a last chance, in the dead of the night out of her house, and quietly carry her away to another town. By this means they hope to cheat the witch or evil spirit by taking the victim secretly beyond its ken, and consequently beyond its malign influence. They think that the knowledge of the witch and also of the evil spirit is very limited, and the area of its power very circumscribed. Whenever I missed a sick person from the town I never inquired too closely about her whereabouts, as, if the person you interrogated knew, he would not dare to reveal where the sick one had gone, for fear the witch should hear and follow.

If, notwithstanding all the efforts, the woman dies, and if the ngang' a moko said that the abscesses were due to natural causes, or that the woman was troubled by a spirit, nothing more can be done save to bury the body and have the usual wailing over it, with the ordinary funeral festivities. But, if the ngang' a moko declared that the woman was under the spell of witchcraft, the "ngang' a ngombo," or witch-finder, is called to take charge of the case. The ngang' a ngombo must not belong to the same clan as the deceased. This nganga has his assistant, who spends a day or so in the dead woman's town, ferreting out her past life, mode of living, habits, and temper—quarrelsome or otherwise. All the information thus gathered he passes on to his master, who, primed with the facts and with the road marked out to deceased's house with leaves and twigs by his boy, walks straight through the town to his client's house. A ring is formed, and the nganga, who may be male or female, dances and chants to the beat of drums, puts question after question, and is answered by the people with "ndungu" or "otuama" as he guesses wrongly or rightly about the woman's ways. Presently he elicits that she recently had a very bad quarrel with someone, and he then discovers it

was a man—perhaps her brother, or son, or husband, or a distant relative. By crafty questions he narrows the circle, the people, all excitement, really helping him, and at last he declares it is such and such person, and the whole crowd is astonished that they had never thought of him before as the monster who had used witchcraft to do a person to death. If they had only thought for a moment, it could assuredly have been no one else but he who is denounced by the ngang' a ngombo. This nganga has now finished his part, so he takes his liberal fee and departs. The mode of giving the consequent ordeal has already been described.

The "ngang' a bau" (medicine-man using tests or divination) employs the following recognised methods:

1. Divination by the *nkasa bark* (bau kia nkasa) is used for discovering a witch, for proving or disproving a serious charge of theft, and for bad cases of adultery. The mode of giving the nkasa ordeal has been described in a previous section. The other ordeals are used for lying, petty thefts, and ordinary cases of adultery.

2. In divination by a *hot knife* (bau kia mbele), the knife is made hot and either is passed three times over the skin of the leg, or is passed once down the side of the leg by the calf, over the arm, and down the cheek. If the person is not burnt, he is innocent.

3. Divination by *boiling palm-oil* (bau kia maji). The accused has to put his hand and arm in a vessel of boiling oil three times and bring out each time a piece of kwanga (native bread). If not scalded, he is innocent of the crime charged against him. The nganga procures some bark of the baobab-tree and presses the juice out of it, and rubs the juice on the hand and arm of the accused, who can then dip his arm in with impunity. If the accused does not pay the nganga well enough, the latter will rub on some other decoction, which is not protective.

4. Divination by *bracelet* (bau kia nkangu) is the same as the previous one, except that a bracelet is put in the oil

instead of the pieces of native bread. This ordeal is used when a woman is accused, the bread being used for men and boys. The accused woman has to dip her hand into the oil and bring out the bracelet and put it on her arm. If not injured, she is innocent of the charge.

5. In divination by *knotted grass* (bau kia mienje), several pieces of grass are cut, and one piece is knotted at one end. The knotted piece is put with the others, and all the ends are held loosely in the closed fist. The accused has to pull out all the pieces and leave the knotted one in the fist, or he is guilty.

6. Divination by *nkandi* (a large bean). The "ngang' a ngombo" twists two pieces of string together, and, having bored a hole through the bean, passes the twisted string through it. He then holds the string in a perpendicular position, and says to the bean: "If it is a woman who is the witch in this case, then drop down the string, but, if it is a man, then go up the string."

7. In divination by a *bead* (bau kia mbiya), a blue pipe glass bead, about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, with broken jagged ends, is put between the upper eyelid and the eyeball. It is left in a few minutes, and, if the accused can bear the pain until the nganga takes it out, she or he is innocent of the charge. If the pain is unbearable and the bead is removed before the nganga gives the word, it is a sign of guilt.

8. Divination by *hot water* (bau kia maza ma tiya) is much the same process as with boiling oil.

The ngang' a bau is expected to stand all these tests himself without suffering pain or inconvenience. Unless he is prepared to undergo the ordeal (except taking the nkasa) before the accused, he is regarded with very little respect, and would soon lose his practice. Undoubtedly they know of juices, etc., that help them to bear these ordeals successfully, and will sell their knowledge to any accused person who cares to pay the price.

Secret Societies and Men's Houses.

The *raison d'être* for Congo secret societies is lost in the dim and distant past. It may be they were started to hold in check some tyrannical chiefs who were oppressing their people, or to give mutual protection to their members from the exactions of some upstart class of nobles who wished to grind down the common people, or to afford their members mutual support against charges of witchcraft and the evil designs of witch-doctors, or to rid the country of witches, who were looked upon as the cause of death, disease, and various troubles; or it may be they were organised to render aid to their members in their travels about the country for trade and other purposes, like some of our present-day guilds in Europe. On the other hand, they may have originated from a desire to oppress rather than to resist oppression, from a wish to extort money from non-members, and to levy illegal tolls on trade caravans (as the nkimba guild used to do in the near past), or to gain an opportunity to satiate lustful passions (which opportunity they certainly had in the ndembo secret society).

There was cohesion amongst the members of a society, but not between the members of the various societies. Membership in one guild gave no privileges in another guild. The members of each society were called nganga, or "the knowing ones." Sometimes there was a thin veneer of mystery spread over their actions, their languages, and their rites and ceremonies, and in some cases a good deal of fetish palaver. With their mysteries I do not think they deceived any but themselves, and, if the ordinary native accepted their statements and recognised their privileges, it was from fear and not from faith. The spread of missionary teaching and education have given a fatal death-thrust to these guilds, so that one never hears of them now, whereas twenty-five years ago I constantly heard of one or the other of them.

Neither of the above-mentioned guilds has anything to do with either circumcision or puberty, as some suppose.

The first secret society is known as either the "ndembo" or "nkita" or "nsi a fwa." "Ndembo" is probably a derivative of the verb "lemba," which means to deliver from the influence of evil and the spells of sorcery. It will be seen that those who enter ndembo do so to escape from an epidemic of sickness, or to cure themselves of some malformation or disease. The probable meaning of "nkita" I cannot trace. "Nsi a fwa" means the country of the dead.

The ndembo guild was very widespread throughout the Lower Congo, but I never met with it anywhere on the Upper River. To start a ndembo society it was necessary to have an albino, who, whether a child, lad, or adult, was the acknowledged fetish head of it. The ostensible reason for starting a ndembo in a district was an epidemic of sickness, and the idea was to go into ndembo to die, and after an indefinite period, from a few months to two or three years, to be resurrected with a new body not liable to the sickness then troubling the countryside. Another reason for starting a ndembo was a dearth of children in a district. It was believed that good luck in having children would attend those who entered or died ndembo. But the underlying idea was the same, *i.e.* to get a "new body" that would be healthy and perform its functions properly.

The ndembo was always located in a large, dense forest, and the entrance to the stockade was a properly made gate of planks painted yellow and red. The site selected was surrounded with palings to keep out intruders, and was within easy access of water. The uninitiated might walk on the public roads across the forest, but, if they were found on the bye-paths or hunting in the forest, they were caught, flogged, and heavily fined, and sometimes killed. The uninitiated were not allowed to look upon those who were said to "die ndembo," and therefore, when the

initiated were going about the forest or were on their way to the neighbouring stream, a drum was beaten to keep the common folk away, and to warn off all peeping Toms.

When the ndembo was ready to receive those who desired to enter it, a nganga gave the sign, and the person to be initiated fell in some public place, such as a market or the centre of the town, and feigned death. A funeral cloth would then be spread over him or her, and he would be carried to the "mpanzu" (entrance to the ndembo stockade), and the ngangas themselves would carry the novice into the "vela," or the collection of huts or village inside the ndembo. The novice would then be said to have "died ndembo." When the novice fell to the ground, the nganga beat the earth round the "dead" with plantain stalks, chanted incantations, fired off guns, and danced about in a fantastic fashion. This undoubtedly excited the emotionally inclined persons present, and one after the other would fall in pretended death, and sometimes hysteria was induced that caused some to be carried off in a true cataleptic state. Young people and adults of both sexes would drop, feigning death, to the number of 50, 60, 100, or more until the place was full. Those acquainted with the emotional, impressionable nature of the negro will have no difficulty in recalling similar instances of widespread hysteria at so-called revivals in the West Indies, and exhibited also in voodooism.

In the vela the inhabitants were supposed to die, and their bodies to decompose until of each body only one bone remained, of which the nganga must take particular care. The people who have relatives in the vela must take a fair quantity of food every day or two to feed, so it is said, the ngangas, who turn the bodies as they decay and guard the various bones after the flesh has rotted away. Should the relatives neglect to take food, but be members of a powerful family that is able to revenge foul play, then their relative has a special "resurrection" all to himself or her-

self, and is returned to the town, and instructed by a nganga in the things he should know. If the neglected one belongs to a small family, he or she is taken away and sold in some distant market or town, and consequently those having relatives in the ndembo are careful to supply food to the common stock.

"No clothes are worn, for 'there is no shame in *ndembo*'; the bodies of the novices are rubbed with red ochre, arnatto red, or powdered cam-wood. . . . In the *vela* an attempt is made to teach a secret language. The vocabulary is small, and very feeble in ingenuity. Some articles are called by fancy names, many being very simple in construction; the eye is called *nembweno*, 'the possessor of sight'; the ear, *nengwila*, 'the lord of hearing.' Many words are obscured by adding the prefix *ne* to them, with *lwa* at the end of the word: *nediambulwa = diambu*, 'a word.' A few fancy verbs are substituted for the commonest actions; *yalala = kwenda*, 'to go,'"[1] and so forth.

"Kizengi . . . the language of the Ndembo mystery. . . . The vocabulary is but small, and very feeble as a sample of ingenuity; some examples are given below. Where there is no special word, the ordinary Kongo word is preceded by the syllable *ne*, and when it is desired further to hide it *lwa* is added; *ke diambu ko mbazi tukwenda* (*i.e.* all right, we will go to-morrow) *appears thus:—ke ne diambulwa ne ko ne kiayi kia nengundu yalala tukwenda ne ngyalala.*"[2] Then follows a list of thirty words and their meanings.

If a person tries to run away from the vela, he is brought back, and the escapade forgiven once; if he attempts it a second time, he is taken away to some far distant town by night and sold as a slave. A goat-skin is put over the head of the unfortunate one, so

[1] Bentley, *Pioneering on the Congo*, vol. i., p. 286.

[2] Bentley, *Appendix to the Dictionary and Grammar of the Kongo Language*, p. 850.

that he may not be recognised should he be taken past a town in daylight, or should he meet his relatives on the road. The ngangas give out that the "matombola" or ghosts have taken him away, and, although they have well searched the forest, they cannot discover his body. When a person dies in the vela, his relatives are also told that the matombola have stolen the person's body, or the bone that represented the body.

Sometimes a woman goes pregnant into the vela, or becomes pregnant while in there, and eventually gives birth to a child. They can see the lack of logic in a "dead woman" giving birth to a baby, so to remove that difficulty they say "the child broke through the stomach of the woman directly she 'died,'" and to prove that they show a large scar on the woman's stomach. This scar is made by putting some gunpowder on the stomach and exploding it. The burn gives a large cicatrice, which lends colour to their story.

The life lived in the vela by the men and women, and boys and girls, is a purely animal one, in which they give full license to their lowest passions. Obscene dances are encouraged by the ngangas, and the sexes are allowed to mix as freely as their vile passions desire. On account of the gross immoralities practised, these places at times excite the better class of people to rise against them and clear them out of their districts. I came across one ndembo in 1883 about one and a half day's walk south of San Salvador.

As the fee paid on entering or "dying ndembo" is small,—only one fowl per person,—and on leaving only 100 strings of blue beads, (the fowl and beads being worth in all about three shillings), the advantages to a nganga starting such a place are not at first apparent. A certain amount of trouble and outlay are necessary, at least, in starting such a vela. A few huts must be built for the first batch of novices, even if the later arrivals have to build the rest.

There is the stockade to build, and the planks and dyes for the gateway have to be paid for by some one. The nganga must also have subordinate ngangas or assistants to help him in looking after the initiated and to see that none escape, etc. I think the following are among some of the possible advantages to the nganga, the albino, and the assistants from instituting a ndembo. The friends and relatives take good supplies of food to those belonging to them who have "died ndembo." The nganga and his helpers have the pick of the food for themselves, as they are the only ones allowed outside the vela, where the food is deposited. They have free quarters as long as the ndembo lasts, which may be six months or three years. The surplus food is sold on the market, and they share the money. Any uninitiated persons caught near the stockade or on the bye-paths of the forest are fined heavily. Any novices who repeatedly try to escape are sold as slaves, and very probably others who have not tried to escape are sold to enrich the nganga and his friends. It is very easy to say the matombola have taken such persons. Then, again, as the novices feign death very often on the market places, they have on their best cloths and their ornaments when they enter the ndembo, and, as they live in nakedness in the vela, and are supplied with new cloths by their friends when the time comes for their "resurrection," their cloths and ornaments become the perquisites of the nganga and his accomplices. Lastly, all those who have been under the nganga in the ndembo become most probably his clients, and call for his aid whenever they are sick, etc., after leaving the vela, so that he rears for himself a future profitable business connection.

"*Ndembo*, under the spell of which they had passed, is considered to be a powerful fetish; twisted roots and singular distortions of plant life are the symbol of *ndembo* —hunchback, club-foot, and other malformations, are

attributed to *ndembo*."[1] "Nkita" means a naturally twisted stick or tree. Is there any connection between this and the second name for the ndembo?

"At times "ndembo" is spoken of as being something more than a fetish; it is said that he haunts certain woods as a demon, and I have been warned not to go into those woods, lest I too should suffer at the hands of the demon."[1]

Those initiated into ndembo have new names given to them, which they retain for life. There are certain names peculiar to ndembo, and there are others never used.

The duration of the vela is very indefinite. Sometimes it only runs for three or six months, and at other times for three years. It must be remembered that the ndembo is started to counteract an epidemic of sickness, and, when the epidemic has passed away, there is no longer any reason for the continued existence of the guild, and so a day for the "resurrection" is appointed by the nganga. Again, the food supply may fall off for various reasons. The epidemic having passed, the friends and relatives see no reason for continuing to take food to the vela, and thus they give a hint to the nganga to "resurrect" their folk; or too many of the novices may be taken by the matombola, so that those outside stop the supplies and so close the place; or the relatives of the novices may after a few months get tired of travelling long journeys every day or so with heavy baskets of food and bunches of plantain, so that they wax cool and indifferent in their supplies, and the nganga takes the hint and appoints the day for the "resurrection."

Parents and relatives pay the 100 strings each for those belonging to them in the vela, and send fine cloths for them to wear, and camwood powder to redden their skins as a sign of beauty. It is announced well in advance that at a certain market the initiates, now called nganga or "knowing ones," will appear. The whole countryside

[1] Bentley, *Pioneering on the Congo*, vol. i., p. 287.

assembles *en masse* to see the sight, and to welcome and receive relatives "back to life." Bye and bye the sound of music is heard, and the procession approaches, all the individuals in it being in bright, showy cloths, skins well dusted with red camwood powder, and with tassels of palm fibre dangling from their arms. The procession marches round the market with stolid, indifferent faces. In the crowd parents recognise their children in the procession, and boys and girls point out their sisters and brothers and excitedly call out their names, but not a face in the procession gleams with recognition, not a muscle moves to express delight, for these "resurrected" ones are not supposed to know anything of their former life, or relatives and friends. Any one showing feeling or recognition is liable to a flogging, a heavy fine, and, in some cases, even death. So the procession solemnly passes round the crowd. There may be in the crowd a mother or a sister not seen for a year or more perhaps, but no sign must be made. Some scan the crowd for faces that are absent, for faces that will never again appear on the market-place, and the sorrow of death and bereavement pierces the heart of the initiated one in the procession, but no tear must fall, and no relaxation of the face be shown. At last the march round is finished, and the ngangas introduce the "resurrected" ones to their relatives and friends.

Those who "die ndembo" are not supposed to know anything that they knew previously. They pretend not to know their parents, or their brothers and sisters, or their relatives, friends, and former acquaintances. Their mother tongue is new to them. Their town, houses, roads, etc., are all supposed to be wiped clean from their minds. The ngangas introduce them to their parents, families, etc., tell them the names of the various people about them, show them about their towns, point out to them the various roads—this one to the river where you get water, this to the forest, this to the farms, and these to the different

markets, and so on;—and teach them the names of the articles about the house and town and their uses. A heavy punishment is laid on those who in a careless, forgetful moment show that they know anything, or any one, not brought to their notice by the nganga. Sometimes the punishment is a beating, and at other times the fine of a fowl, or a goat, or a pig, and even death is threatened and, I believe, has been actually inflicted on those who by negligence divulge the secrets of ndembo.

The ndembo folk are, for a time, generally accompanied by a nganga. They demand gifts of people they meet, want anything they see, act like children or lunatics, and try to seize the thing they desire, and, if it is refused, they will attempt to beat, or even kill, the person who refuses them. If the nganga is with them, he will stop them at once, not allowing them to go to extremes, for he is responsible for their actions while with them. If the nganga is not with them, the person attacked may defend himself with any weapon he has about him. These ndembo folk are supposed to be children just "resurrected," and not knowing any better. They are irresponsible, and not accountable for their actions. So well do they play their part that food has to be masticated for them, and they have to be fed like babies. This pretended irresponsibility opens the door to many abuses. Two or three of these ndembo folk may meet an unarmed, uninitiated person and rob him, giving a part of the proceeds of their robbery to the nganga for vanishing at the convenient moment. This morning I was speaking to a man who was thus attacked near San Salvador by two ndembo folk, but was able to beat them off. The nganga demanded a fine from him for beating them, but he refused to pay it, and put in a counter-claim against the nganga because he was drinking in the town instead of looking after his people. He did not receive compensation, but neither did he hear any more about the fine.

After a short time the excitement of the "resurrection" and the interest in the resurrected passes away, and they are expected to know better, and are dealt with according to the laws of the district if they play any tricks.

In the Wathen district the ndembo goes by the name of "kimpasi."

In the ndembo drums and horn trumpets are not allowed, but a harp-like instrument is used called "nsambi," shown in Plate XI., from a sketch made by Rev. F. Longland from a specimen in my possession. This nsambi must never be seen by the uninitiated. The strings are called "minza," and are made by scraping down the hard outer bark or casing of the palm tree. The player is called "nembimbi."

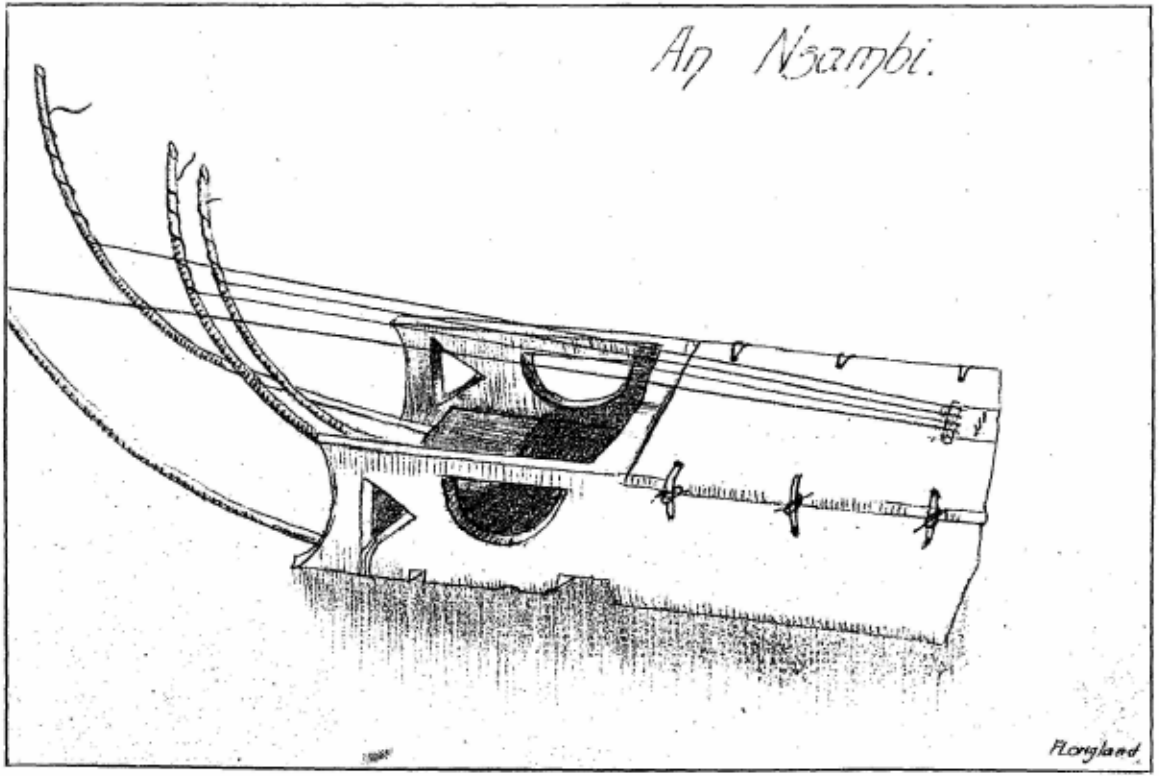
When at Mpalabala, a town near Matadi, in 1889, I had my first sight of the nkimba. I then saw six of the brotherhood quite near to the Mission Station, and heard their strange trill. Once I had to pay them blackmail to permit me and my carriers to pass. This I should not have done had not my carriers been returning by the same route a few days later without me, when they would have had to face alone the full vengeance of the nkimba guild, so that for their sakes I submitted to the toll.

Dr. Bentley in his *Pioneering on the Congo*, vol. i., p. 282, has the following account of the nkimba guild, which, as it contains all the information I have gathered, and more besides, I transcribe here in full.

"The *nkimba* custom appears to have been introduced from the coast in comparatively recent times, and spread up the river for 200 miles, and to fifty miles to the south of it. Its professed object is the suppression of witchcraft, and the catching of witches. It resembles Freemasonry in many respects, and, like its European cousin, delights in enshrouding itself with mystery.

"The initiatory fee is two dollars' worth of cloth, and two fowls. This paid, the novice presents himself at a 'home' in the jungle away from the town. He is given a drug which stupefies him, and

PLATE XI.



Musical Instrument of Ndembo Society, Lower Congo.

when he recovers consciousness he is in the 'home.' He finds his fellow *nkimba* wearing a crinoline of palm frondlets, their bodies whitened with pipe-clay. No one is allowed to speak the local dialect, a made-up language of their own being spoken. The novice who ventures to speak anything else is soundly beaten. The secret language is fairly well developed; many of the words are modifications of Kongo words, others are very different. The grammatical rules of Kongo are closely followed. An *nkimba* friend at Stanley Pool, finding that I knew some words, enabled me to complete a list of about 200. He was far from home, so ventured to break the rule of the guild; had it been known, it would have cost him his life, for the secret is very closely kept. Five words, and a sentence, will suffice for an example of the character of the secret language.

ENGLISH.	KONGO.	NKIMBA.
a feather	*lusala*	*lusambwa*
to give	*vana*	*jana*
to go	*kwenda*	*diomva*
animal fit for food	*mbizi*	*nkubuzi*
maize	*masa*	*nzimvu* (perhaps from *ngemvo*, 'the beard of maize').

English. Fetch us some water to drink.
Kongo. *Bong' o maza twanua kweto.*
Nkimba. *Diafila ngolumwa tutefa kubwefo.*

"Only males are admitted to the guild. They live apart for a period varying from six months to two years, and in this time learn thoroughly the secret language. They always wear their distinctive dress and paint. In the day time they wander in the woods and jungle; they are supposed to dig for roots, and to learn the botany of charms and spells. Sometimes they hang about the main roads and molest passengers, beating them with their sticks; so when their strange trill call is heard, every one runs away and hides. They are much feared by the uninitiated, and in the early days of our transport were a trouble to our carriers. If they catch any one, there must be no resistance to robbery, or a severe beating and heavy fine would result. At night they rush yelling about the town and neighbourhood, pretending to hunt witches, and woe betide the common native caught outside his house.

The simple people rejoice that there is such an active police against witches, maladies, and all misfortunes.

"When the period of initiation is over, the *nkimba* becomes a full brother, *mbwamvu anjata*, and returns to the ordinary life. His brother *nkimbas* help him in trade, travel, and difficulties, and many advantages accrue to him. It is a clique which hangs well together; in this the guild is much like Freemasonry. So far so good; but there is another side to it: it is a gross imposition, and its effect is to bind a man more closely to superstition and heathen custom, any attack upon which is an attack upon his craft and guild. It is a good thing that it is now dying out, and that *nkimbas* are seldom seen in many parts where once they were common; but in old times the custom had its uses in checking the greed and violence of chiefs, and establishing a helpful brotherhood among wild and wicked people. At the same time, the guild could become a tyranny, and in some places it sought to monopolize the trade. The first opening up of the country seemed to spread the custom; but now that there is so much security in the land, it has become unnecessary, and is fast becoming obsolete. . . . The *nkimba* mystery has nothing to do with circumcision, as some have said. The custom of circumcision is very common."

The following passage from Bentley's *Pioneering on the Congo*, vol. i., p. 451, shows the influence of the nkimba guild:

"Next day they went up to the Vunda towns on the hill. As they drew near, the natives came in force to attack them. Comber shouted to them to come and talk. Their only reply was, 'Go away!' He told them that he wanted to build on the headland; but they would not hear of it. 'Go away! go away!' was all that they would say. Comber did not like to take 'No' for an answer, and began to walk toward them. They spread out and prepared for a serious attack. Just as things began to be critical, a man of Manteke, who had been engaged by Comber, ran toward the people. He was a *nkimba*, and uttered the strange trill of the guild. Guns were lowered, and they gathered round him, for more than half the warriors were brother *nkimbas*."

By the nkimba's influence hostilities at once ceased, and the natives gave permission for building the Station on the site the missionaries had desired.

The "nzo a mbongi" or "nzo a toko" was a house for lads and unmarried men, or bachelor's club. Boys, on reaching the age of 12, had to live in such a house, whether circumcised or not, and, if uncircumcised, had to take the next opportunity of submitting to the rite. The small boys fagged for the big ones, fetching firewood and water and keeping the place clean. If they refused to do this work, they had their faces tied up, and were not allowed to sit near the fire or join in the talk of the others. Boys were permitted intercourse with their mothers, sisters, and family, but, on receiving their share of the family food, had to take it to the men's house and eat it there. Boys went from these houses to the circumcision lodge, and returned after the lodge was broken up at the end of the season. There was no special teaching beyond listening to the talk of the older unmarried men. The boys must not reveal what they saw there. Unbetrothed girls visited the house in the dark by arrangement with the young men, but were not allowed to reveal the secrets of the place. Many in the house did not know who came and went in the dark. Girls were encouraged to go by their parents, or "later in life they would bear no children." Twenty-five years ago there were such club-houses in all important villages, but, since the spread of Christianity, these houses have passed away.

JOHN H. WEEKS.

B.M.S. Wathen, Thysville, Congo Belge.

(*To be continued.*)

COLLECTANEA.

"Straw-bear Tuesday."

(With Plates XII. and XIII.)

(Communicated by Dr. J. G. Frazer.)

When I was at Whittlesey (Cambridgeshire) yesterday, (Jan. 12th, 1909), I had the pleasure of meeting a "straw-bear," if not two, in the street. I had not been at Whittlesey on the day for nearly forty years, and feared the custom had died out.

In my boyhood the "straw-bear" was a man completely swathed in straw, led by a string by another, and made to dance in front of people's houses, in return for which money was expected. This always took place on the Tuesday following Plough-Monday. Yesterday the "straw-bear" was a boy, and I saw no dancing; otherwise there was no change.

I was told that two years ago a zealous inspector of police had forbidden "straw-bears," as a form of cadging, and my informant said that he thought that in many places they had been stopped by the police. He also said that at Whittlesey the police had prevented the people on Plough-Monday from taking round the plough, as they always did when I was a boy. It seems a great pity that primitive customs should be suppressed by Bumbledom, and the thought occurred to me that a representation by lovers of folklore, addressed to County Councils, would be a means of preventing such action in future.

Sheffield. G. C. Moore Smith.

PLATE XII.



"Straw-bear," Whittlesey.

PLATE XIII.



"Straw-bear," Whittlesey.

Plates XII. and XIII. have been prepared from lantern slides lent by Mr. Henry Slater, Master of the Council School, Whittlesey, through the good offices of Mr. Bowker Weldon, Whittlesey.

Reminiscences of Lancashire and Cheshire when George IV. was King.

My mother was one of the five daughters of Mr. William Goodlad, a surgeon of considerable local note, living at Bury, Lancashire, where she was born in 1820 and where her childish days were spent. The house in which the family lived belonged to the Earl of Derby, and one of the conditions of the lease was that the tenant should keep a game-cock and a greyhound for the landlord's use (in cock-fighting and coursing). Whether the game-cock was actually kept I do not know, but the greyhound certainly was. My mother had a vivid childish memory of "Fly," the greyhound of the period, walking over the "simnel-cakes" which had been laid on the hearth to "rise" before baking, and leaving footmarks on every cake. "Bury simnels," I believe, are still famous. They are flat round plum-cakes, thicker in the centre than at the circumference, having the edges turned up and folded into a sort of scallop-pattern, and are made every year for "Mothering Sunday," the fourth Sunday in Lent. Here is the recipe for them, copied from my grandmother's book of recipes, and doubtless inherited by her from her mother and grandmother, both of whom were inhabitants of Bury.

"To 3 lbs. of flour add 3 lbs. of currants, ½ lb. of butter rubbed into the flour, 2 oz. of candied lemon, 1 oz. and a half of bitter almonds, ½ oz. of cinnamon, ¾ lb. of loaf sugar, the rinds of 2 large lemons, ½ lb. of yeast, 5 eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and a pint of cream. Mix it together and make it up immediately into simnels [*i.e.* in the shape described above]. Let them stand to rise well on the tins, and bake in a moderate oven."[1]

[1] The description of Bury simnels in Harland and Wilkinson's *Lancashire Folklore*, p. 224, is more like the Shrewsbury variety. My mother wrote "Nonsense, they are no such thing!" against it, in my copy of the book.

Another local dainty was "parkin," or oatmeal gingerbread, which was made for the Fifth of November, and which my grandmother continued to have made within my own memory, long after she had moved away from Lancashire. This is the recipe she used:

"3 lbs. of sifted meal, 1 lb. of butter, 1¾ lb. of treacle, ¾ lb. of brown sugar, 1 oz. ginger, a few caraway seeds, and a little candied lemon. Bake in a shallow tin, and, when cold, cut into narrow oblong pieces."

My mother used often to speak of the Bury Pace-eggers, or mummers at Easter, and she also had an indistinct recollection of the rush-bearing, but only spoke of it as "a cart of rushes, which came through the town, with a man and woman sitting on it, and some men dancing." It had not interested her, evidently. But my youngest aunt, who saw it about 1830, when she was a very little child, gave me the following account of it, which I took down from her lips on July 27th, 1900:—

"I remember going to stay at Radcliffe [about three miles from Bury] to see the rush-bearing. I never saw it at Bury. If my sister saw it there, it must have been done away with before I can remember. We were taken to Radcliffe to see it. We stood out-of-doors to watch the procession coming up the road. The morris-dancers came along dancing, both men and women, and I think there was a clown. They were decked up with ribbons and things; the men had ribbons flying from their caps or hats and their shoulders. The cart, (or I think it was a waggon), came after them. On the driving-seat, as I may call it, sat a man and a woman, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, in a green bower arching over their heads. Behind and above this was a tall erection, with straight sides and a pointed gable-ended top, all made of rushes, and against the flat front of it were hung large silver spoons and tankards, shining,—no doubt prizes the people had won at shows or matches. What there was behind this front I don't know. I suppose it was the load of rushes.[2] What I remember is seeing it come towards us up the road, with the dangling silver things shining over the heads of the man and woman who rode in the green bower."

[2] The "front" was evidently the gable end of a stack of rushes, made like a haystack, and carried on the cart or waggon.

Bury had, besides its festival customs, its local legend, which I took down as follows from the dictation of another of my aunts on June 8th, 1890. She gave it as "from the relation of Anne Bentham," a housemaid, "*circa* 1825."

"Old Mr. Hodgson, Master of the Grammar School at Bury, was enjoying his midday meal, when his wooden trencher[3] began to turn round, and he was immediately convinced that something very wrong was going on in the schoolhouse. So he hastened thither, and found the boys in great consternation, for by means of saying the Lord's Prayer backwards they had raised the Devil, and they could not lay him again. Mr. Hodgson knew that the only way to get rid of him would be to give him a task which he could not perform, and that, if in three trials they could not hit upon such a task, the case would be hopeless.

"Mr. Hodgson first desired him to count the blades of grass in the Castle Croft. This task the Devil performed directly. He was next ordered to count the grains of sand on the School Brow.[4] This gave him no more trouble than the former feat. Only one chance was left. A happy thought occurred to Mr. Hodgson. He commanded the Devil to count the letters in the large Bible in the Parish Church. In an instant the Devil descended to the lower regions through the floor of the school, leaving a great crack on the hearthstone where he passed through, to attest the truth of this story to future generations."[5]

The eldest of the Goodlad sisters married the Rev. William Whitelegge, afterwards Honorary Canon of Manchester. He was

[3] Such no doubt as the college boys at Winchester ate from till within the last half-century.

[4] Brow=hill, in the dialect of Lancashire.

[5] Here I cannot forbear pointing out the influence of *personality* on the preservation and record of folklore. The sister who as a child was so much impressed by the damage to the simnel cakes, numbered among her many talents in later years that of being an excellent housewife, and a successful trainer of many inexperienced young cooks. She whose childish eye was caught by the shining silver was afterwards distinguished by her taste for art, and delighted in being surrounded by brilliant objects,—polished woodwork, glossy silks, flashing jewels: while she whose memory retained the story of the adventure with the Devil was famed for scrapes as a child, and grew up a spirited energetic woman, keenly interested in public events, and a leader in every enterprise in which she had the opportunity of taking part.

born, as he was fond of saying, "the year before Waterloo," at his father's house at Northenden, a parish about fifteen miles from Bury, adjoining the boundary of Lancashire and Cheshire. It is actually on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, but was in close touch with Manchester, even in my uncle's youth. I gleaned the following items during a conversation I had with him on February 10th, 1891, on the subject of his early days. I give them from notes written down at the time.

On "Pancake Day" it was a point of honour with the boys, (himself and his brothers), to eat as many pancakes as possible, and it used to be said that the last to finish must be carried out on to the midden! (*i.e.*, the dunghill). Whether the boy,—as "cock" or champion consumer—was placed there as a reminiscence of Shrove Tuesday cock-throwing, my uncle could not say; but cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday was formerly a recognized custom in north-country grammar-schools, and an Easter Monday archery contest, in which a cock figured as a prize, was only abolished at Manchester Grammar School by the head-master, Dr. Smith, under whom my uncle received his education.[6]

"Mothering Sunday" was not kept at Northenden, but was kept at Congleton. "My old friend, John Darcey, used to speak of it."

On Easter Monday the boys used to eat as many eggs as they liked.

"Peace-eggers" came round at Easter, begging for eggs. They were children carrying baskets, with sticks, and thumping on the ground, asking for "Aister eggs! pace-eggs!" "Were they dressed up at all?" I asked. "I think they disfigured their faces," was the reply. I tried to find out whether they sang or acted, but he had no recollection of it. He remembered that at some time in the year, he could not recollect when, but thought it was probably before Christmas, as it was always after dark, parties used to come round in the evenings and sing verses with a burden, one for every member of the family, thus:

> "Rise up, Master William, and take your pen in hand,
> (Drawing near to the merry month of May)."

[6] Harland and Wilkinson, *Lancashire Folklore*, p. 219.

He had forgotten "the rest of their nominy," but it was doubtless either a petition or a blessing. The "pen" was appropriate to "Master William" as the scholar of the family; he was the only one who attained to a University career. The rest, I understood, would have other special emblems assigned to them.

The mummers came about eight o'clock in the evening, in winter, and hammered at the back-kitchen door, and came in without ceremony. They walked round the kitchen and sang, "and then began their tragedy." They wore masks. They represented King George, and the Doctor, and so on, and said, "Rise up, King George, and fight again!" Mrs. Whitelegge, my uncle's mother, quoted the doctor's speech,

> "Take a little of my bottle,
> And stick it down thy throttle!"

at the age of eighty-five, when medicine was offered to her in her last illness, 1869.

Except for a recollection of furmety as a dish eaten at the Wakes, (the Church is St. Wilfrid's, but the Wakes he thought were kept on the first Sunday in October), this concluded my uncle's folklore reminiscences. It will be seen that he clearly distinguishes between the pace-eggers who begged for eggs at Easter, and the mummers who performed the "tragedy" of King George at Christmas; while my mother was equally clear that at Bury the pace-eggers performed the King George play at Easter: in fact she habitually called our local Shropshire and Staffordshire mummers the "pace-eggers." Both traditions are corroborated by printed records, and an investigation of the encroachment of one custom on the other ought to throw useful light on the variations of traditional practices.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

LYCANTHROPIE SOUS LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE.

LE texte ci-dessous me paraît mériter d'être tiré du livre où il est comme enterré. D'abord on y voit les loups jouer le rôle

de monstres dévorants, encore à la fin du XVIII^e^ siècle; et, dans le courant du même siècle, la célèbre "Bête du Gévaudan," qui dans l'imagination populaire était devenue un animal fantastique, n'était qu'un énorme loup. Ensuite on trouve ici la croyance à la lycanthropie, et assez vivante pour que quelques personnes simples aient pu supposer l'âme de Carrier incarnée dans ce loup pour son châtiment. Le conventionnel Carrier, envoyé en mission à Nantes en Octobre, 1793, s'y était montré un des tyrans les plus froidement féroces que cette époque ait produits.

Le texte qui suit est extrait du *Dictionnaire néologique des hommes et des choses* . . . par le cousin Jacques [Beffroy de Reigny], Paris, an VIII. [1799-1800], T. I., p. 391.

BARILLÈRE, Ancien Fermier d'une Métairie appartenant au citoyen *Kirouard*, propriétaire à Nantes, et située à La Ballerie, village distant de trois lieues de cette ville, eut le chagrin cruel, en messidor dernier, de voir ses enfans périr sous la dent carnassière d'une louve, qui répandait la consternation dans ces contrées.

Il avait deux filles, l'une de douze ans, l'autre de sept. L'aînée fut horriblement maltraitée par cet animal féroce, qui lui suça le sang et lui mangea les entrailles; la cadette eut la cuisse coupée et les chairs rongées jusqu'à l'os.

L'animal se retira ensuite dans la forêt prochaine, qui est l'une des plus épaisses de la ci-devant Bretagne. La veille, il avait parcouru les Landes de Viais, d'où plusieurs hommes, femmes et enfans, qui gardaient leurs Bestiaux, s'enfuirent précipitamment. Tout ce Canton était plongé dans les justes alarmes. Ceux qui croient dans ce pays au dogme de la métempsycose, pensent que *Carrier*, pour sa punition, fut condamné par l'Eternel à voir passer son âme dans le corps de cette louve, et que c'est lui qui désole encore le même Département.

H. GAIDOZ.

AUGURY AND LEECHCRAFT IN ALGERIA.

SOME years ago, when my wife and I were at Algiers, we heard strange stories of an ancient African semi-religious rite, performed every fortnight on the seashore about three miles west of Algiers. So, on the usual day, we drove out, by the Bab-el-Oued, to see the sick and infirm cured by a negro mystery-man.

Each patient brought a hen, and, in his turn, handed it to the "medicine-man," who partially cut its throat and noticed its struggles on the sand. If it flopped only a little way, the ailment was not serious; if nearer to the water, it was dangerous; and, if to the water, death was certain. While we watched, a consumptive man passed on his hen, and sat, in a state of great feebleness, with his back to the wall of a house. The hen flopped far towards the water. The medicine-man rubbed the blood of the hen on the bare breast of the sick man, who then went his way. One woman had a bad leg—all sores—and the sores were rubbed in the same way as the chest of the former patient. We had soon seen enough of it, and we climbed from the beach to the road, where an intelligent Soudanese stood looking on. He spoke to me of the undoubted efficacy of the hen sacrifices for the cure of diseases, and ridiculed the folly of white men who went to a fashionable doctor and paid a napoleon, when they could be far better advised and attended to by paying a shilling for a hen.

I believe that these rites, as they drew crowds of tourists, became a public nuisance, and that the government therefore stopped them. Probably they are still continued, away from the public gaze, as superstitions die hard.

Southport. J. Noton.

The Leopard in the Maize-farm: a Lower Congo Folk-Tale.

Once upon a time the Leopard and the Gazelle made new maize-farms for themselves. When the ground was ready for planting, the Gazelle put some maize into a saucepan to boil, and hid the rest of his maize in another place. While the pot was on the fire, the Leopard arrived and asked,—"Friend Gazelle, what are you boiling?" "Some maize," said the Gazelle, "and when it is cooked I am going to plant it in my farm." The Leopard said,—"Indeed! Do you plant boiled maize?" "Yes," answered the Gazelle, "I boil all my maize, and then it grows better." The Leopard returned home at once, rubbed all his

maize off the cobs, and boiled it. The next morning they both went and planted their maize, each in his own farm. During the following night the Gazelle went and planted some unboiled maize in the Leopard's farm.

After a few days they went to look at their farms, and in the Gazelle's the whole of the maize was sprouting well, but in the Leopard's only the raw maize which the Gazelle had planted was growing. The Leopard could not understand it, for he had boiled his maize well.

By and by the maize was ripe for plucking, and the Gazelle and Leopard went and pulled what they wanted and returned home. For several nights after that the Leopard went stealing maize in the Gazelle's farm, and one day the Gazelle said to him,—"Friend Leopard, who is stealing maize from my farm?" "I don't know," replied the Leopard.

The Gazelle went and carved a wooden fetish, called *Nkondi*, and put it in his farm. The next night the Leopard went and stole some more maize, and, as he was leaving the farm, the *Nkondi* said,—"Oh! you are the thief, are you?" "If you talk like that," growled the Leopard, "I will hit you." "Hit me," said the *Nkondi*. The Leopard hit him, and his paw stuck to the image. "Let go!" exclaimed the Leopard, "or I will hit you with my other hand." "Hit me," said the *Nkondi*. The Leopard hit him with the other hand, and that also stuck to the image. "Let go!" angrily cried the Leopard, "or I will kick and bite you." "Hit me," repeated the *Nkondi*. The Leopard did so, and his feet and mouth stuck to the fetish image, and then both the Leopard and the *Nkondi* fell to the ground together.

By and by the Gazelle arrived, and, when he saw the Leopard sticking to the *Nkondi*, he said,—"Oh! you are the thief, are you?" and, having punished him, he cut some leaves and made a charm to set the Leopard free. After that the Leopard never went stealing again in the Gazelle's maize-farm.

NOTE.—Some months ago I asked one of our old school teachers to write out for me any stories he knew. The result was twenty-two stories, amongst which was that given above. The part taken by Brer Rabbit in the *Uncle Remus* stories, and by

Anancy the spider and Cunnie Rabbit the water deerlet in Sierra Leone stories, is played in Lower Congo stories by a gazelle, and the tar and wax which hold in the *Uncle Remus* and Sierra Leone stories of the Tar-baby and the Wax Girl[1] are replaced by the fetish power of the *Nkondi*. As a native told me,—"When the image is used, the thief cannot run away, and, if the thief enters the house where the *Nkondi* is, he cannot get out." The charms put in the fetish are expected to paralyse the thief. In a story which I obtained from another source, the gazelle plays some tricks, as usual, on the leopard, and then himself sticks to the *Nkondi*.

Wathen, Congo Belge. JOHN H. WEEKS.

SOME NOTES ON INDIAN FOLKLORE.

MR. HALLIDAY SPARLING, a member of our Society, has kindly sent me a number of cuttings from Anglo-Indian newspapers, a few extracts from which seem to be worthy of preservation.

Buried treasure and snakes.—In the Tarai district in former days people used to make serpents out of the flour of the Urad pulse in order to slay their enemies and to protect buried treasure. Hence in this locality people are not disposed to excavate ruined cities. Before the flour snake is buried with the treasure, a solemn oath is administered to it that it will make over the hoard only to the legitimate descendants of the original owner, and then only in case they have fallen into extreme poverty. A stranger who appropriates such a hoard is sure to lose his wife, eldest son, and best pair of plough cattle. When the walls of old buildings fall down, "these serpents are destroyed, and the treasure jars, finding themselves unprotected, leave the place and fly away to conceal themselves in the nearest rivers and wells. Whenever the people at night hear the chinking of coins, they always infer from such sound that somebody's buried treasure is flying away in the air to the water." (*Madras Times*, Dec. 24, 1907.)

[1] Cronise and Ward, *Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider and the other Beef* (Spider Discovers the Wax Girl).

Sex metamorphosis.—Recently a Burmese girl, on waking one morning, found herself to be a man. Her family were congratulated on the event, which is attributed "to the great power exercised by some of the innumerable good deeds performed in previous existences." (*Hindoo Patriot*, May 26, 1908.)

Disposal of the teeth.—At the Ardhodoy festival held near Calcutta in February it is the custom to fling into the Ganges any teeth which may have fallen out during the previous year; servants are often seen following their masters with parcels containing such teeth. They are carefully preserved and disposed of in this way in order to give the owner immunity from toothache and gum-boils in the next world. (*Times of India*, Feb. 10, 1908.)

Scapegoat.—"Another rite is worthy of mention. The Sastras [Hindu scriptures] state that all men should not bathe during the Ardhodoy; but one should be kept unwashed in order that he may bear the burden of the sins of all other who become free from it after a bath. The man who consents to go unwashed sacrifices a great deal, and though he is poohpoohed by others, he nevertheless attains a different kind of peace after death." (*Ibid.*)

Annual mock hunt and ceremonial bathing of the gods.—The ninth and tenth days of the Utsavam feast at Travancore are specially important. On the ninth the Mahárája, accompanied by all the Hindu officials, attends the mock hunt. To represent a forest several shrubs are planted near the palace, and amidst them coco-nuts are placed to represent animals. The Mahárája, as deputy of the state deity, Padmanábha, a form of Vishnu, approaches the place in silence and discharges a number of arrows at the coco-nuts. A procession with music is then formed, and he returns to the temple.

On the next day the Árti or purificatory rite is performed. The images of the gods are decorated, placed in chairs of gold and silver, and carried to the sea-beach to be bathed. On arriving there they are conveyed to a stone platform and bathed in the sea, the Mahárája bathing with them, and then conveying them back to the temple. (*Madras Times*, April 15,

1909.) A correspondent of the *Times of India* (Oct. 28, 1907) gives an account of a similar rite of bathing Khandoba, the great local god of the Deccan, whose shrine is at Jejuri in the Poona district. The rite is performed at the full moon of the month Chaitra (March-April). When the ceremony was performed in 1897, for some reason, the spirit of the deity embodied in the image did not return to its temple, and it was found that by some mistake it had entered an image in another adjoining shrine. To remedy this, a special rite was performed to recall the god to his own image. The idol was carried in procession towards the shrine in which the spirit of its deity had taken temporary refuge. In front was led the sacred horse of the god. This had formerly been a most gentle animal, but, after the service was completed and the procession started to return, he became unusually excited, and seemed to be pressed down, as if bearing an unusually heavy burden. When he reached the precipitous flight of stone steps leading to the shrine of Khandoba, he bounded up to the top, performing the almost impossible ascent in safety, and entered the shrine; and, though he had never before seen it, he carefully selected that of Khandoba from a number of other temples. Here the spirit of the deity is believed to have dismounted and to have entered his own image; at any rate, the horse shook himself as if he had been released from a heavy burden. It was found impossible to lead the animal back by the route which he had followed, and he was brought down the hill by another and more circuitous way. Cholera had up to this time been raging in the place, but on the return of the god it suddenly ceased, and those who were dying of the disease recovered.

The custom of bathing a deity prevails also in Rajputána, where the Mother goddess is solemnly bathed every year. The intention is to remove pollution, to revive her jaded energies, and to give her a new access of divine power. For instances of the same rite, see MacCulloch, *Childhood of Fiction*, p. 75 *et seq.*, quoting among other authorities Bérenger-Féraud, *Superstitions et Survivances; leurs origins et transformations*, vol. i., p. 436 *et seq.*

W. Crooke.

The Wallaroo and the Willy-wagtail: A Queensland Folk-Tale.

The following tale was collected by me from the aborigines near the Upper Condamine river in Queensland.[1]

An old wallaroo, who was too infirm to hunt, used to have his camp at the butt of a big tree growing on a rocky ridge. He had a habit of sitting and lashing the ground with his great tail. One day a padamelon, who belonged to the Dyerwine section, was passing near the place, and, hearing this beating upon the ground, shouted out "Ha-a!" and the wallaroo answered in the same way, but in a very plaintive tone, as if he were very sick. The padamelon came up to him, and enquired what was the matter, and the wallaroo replied that he was too ill to do any hunting himself, but that his mates had gone down to the river to catch some fish for him, as he was very hungry. The padamelon said,—"I'll go and find your friends, and try to bring you some food," and started off. When he got about twenty yards away, the wallaroo called after him,—"You had better take my boomerang with you in case you may see some game as you go along." The padamelon said,—"All right, throw it here," and stood where he was. This was the opportunity the wallaroo was watching for, so he threw the boomerang with all his force, and with good aim, and killed the padamelon. He then made a hole in the ground in which he roasted his game, and had a great feast, greasing himself from head to foot with the padamelon's kidney fat.

As the padamelon did not return to the camp of his own people in a day or two's time, one of his nephews, an iguana, said,—"I must go and see if I can find my uncle; something must have happened to him." So away he went, following his uncle's tracks, till by and by he heard heavy thumping on the ground, and on getting within speaking distance he called out the same as his uncle had done, and the wallaroo answered him in the same doleful accents that he had used to his first victim, and kept on beating his tail on the ground as if he were in great

[1] The wallaroo is a large mountain kangaroo, and the padamelon, or paddy-melon, is a small bush marsupial. The Dyerwine and Bunda are two of the four subclasses into which the local tribes are divided.

distress. The iguana, being a kind-hearted fellow, came up and asked him the cause of his grief, and the wallaroo repeated the same story that he had told his uncle, with the same result. When the iguana had gone a little distance, the wallaroo repeated the offer of the boomerang, and the iguana, on standing still to catch it, was killed and eaten in the same way that his uncle had been disposed of.

Several different animals went in search of the padamelon at various times, but none of them ever returned to their own camp, and their friends held a council to determine what should be done. The willy-wagtail, who was a medicine-man and a very clever fellow, volunteered to go out and endeavour to ascertain the fate of his comrades. He belonged to the section Bunda, and was one of the nephews of the padamelon, and resolved to avenge his death, and that of his fellows. At daylight next morning he started off, and about the middle of the day his attention was arrested by the heavy thuds of the wallaroo's tail upon the ground. He approached the spot warily, because his suspicions had been aroused by the strange disappearance of the other members of his tribe, and enquired of the wallaroo what was the matter with him, and was answered in the usual sorrowful tone, and the same delusive story was reiterated. The willy-wagtail volunteered to go and find the fishermen, and, when he got the usual distance away, the wallaroo proffered the use of his boomerang. The willy-wagtail, suspecting foul play, said,—"Throw it to me, and I'll catch it," but kept a vigilant eye upon the thrower. Being very quick and active, he leapt to one side, and the boomerang went past him. The wallaroo threw some nulla nullas and two or three spears, but the willy-wagtail jumped out of the way of every one.

When the wallaroo had exhausted his stock of weapons, the willy-wagtail picked up the boomerang from where it had fallen, and threw it with all his force, striking the wallaroo a mortal blow, and splitting his chest open, which accounts for the streak of white fur on the breasts of all wallaroos ever since. He then roasted his enemy in the same hole which had been used in cooking his victims. While he was being cooked, the willy-wagtail kept beating two sticks together and singing,—"You are

the fellow who killed and ate my people! You will not do it any more!"

After he had dined heartily on the choicest parts of the wallaroo, and anointed his body with the fat, he proceeded to the river, where he saw the people whom the wallaroo had said were fishing there, and enquired if they had seen anything of the padamelon and other friends who were missing. They replied,—"No! that old rogue the wallaroo must have killed and eaten them. He is no friend of ours." The willy-wagtail told them how he had killed and roasted their common enemy, and they were pleased to hear it. After that he returned to his own people, who were all very glad to learn that he had avenged the death of their friends, and he became a chief man in the tribe, and had four young wives. All the old men assembled in council, and decided that in future no man should go alone, either hunting game, or to search for missing friends, or on a hostile expedition, but that two or more should always proceed together, a custom which has been followed to the present time.

R. H. MATHEWS.

SCRAPS OF ENGLISH FOLKLORE, II.[1]

Cumberland.

Mr. L. of Maryport told me that in his own house, once when his father died and again when an uncle died, they heard a loud noise of broken glass, as if a heavy glass chandelier had fallen. They had no glass of any kind broken.

He also told me of a boy who was born with marks on his face, whose parents heard that if they took him on the same day to three houses where the head of the house lay dead (it did not matter whether the dead were men or women, so long as they were heads of houses and had all died on the same day), and if his face was touched by their dead hands, he would be cured. This was done, and the boy was cured. He is now nine years old.

E. B. PITMAN.

[1] For I. see "Folklore Scraps from several Localities," *ante*, pp. 72-83.

Durham County.

When I was a child, (I was born in 1863), in Durham, it was a common custom with us to "cut the rainbow," when one appeared, by placing two bents or straws crosswise on a stone and beating them with another stone until they were cut. A charm used to be muttered. This I never learnt, as I never would perform the rite. It was confined mostly to girls.[2]

We were always told that to kill a spider was to make rain. I tried it often.

When anyone moved into a new house, or changed houses, a child was sent into every room with a bag of salt, which he was told to sprinkle on the hearths and in every corner. I have myself been told off for the job.

Small birds' eggs were laid in a row. A blindfolded boy took a stick at several paces distant, and then marched forward and struck at the eggs. He who broke most was "lucky."

Heacham. HARRY LOWERISON.

Kent.

The following story about the mole was told me by a superior working-class woman at a hamlet near Crockham Hill:

"One of my husband's mates told my elder children when they were little that moles were once very haughty people who thought the earth not good enough to walk upon, so God was angry with them, and changed them all into moles and made them have to go under the earth, and that is why their feet are just like our hands."

The husband works on a farm close by, and, as the "elder children" are nearly all married now, the "mate" must have told his legend about fifteen to twenty years ago.[3] M. H. JAMES.

Lincolnshire.

Yesterday (March 10, 1909) I was told that a person who has hair between the eyebrows, so that they are joined into one, will be hanged, or, as a few people say, drowned. My informant knew a woman who pulled out such hairs on a young child, because she did not want him to be drowned.

[2] *Cf.* vol. xii., p. 479 (Cumberland).

[3] *Cf.* vol. xiii., p. 422 (Berkshire); *Choice Notes*, p. 48 (Cornwall).

A young woman here (Kirton-in-Lindsey) has been troubled because her baby might see itself in the looking-glass at the back of her sideboard before it was a year old. Her mother, a native of Nottinghamshire, long resident in Lincolnshire, said by way of comfort,—"Just seeing itself by chance does not count. It is *showing* the baby its own reflection which is unlucky."

MABEL PEACOCK.

Middlesex.

When my servant, D. J., spent a day last summer with a friend who has lived since her marriage in Teddington, she was told that "in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace there is a lake in which there are the stone figures of a woman and her seven children.[4] Years ago a woman really drowned herself and her seven children in this lake. This is quite a true story, and well-known in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court."

E. WRIGHT.

Oxfordshire.

The following items have been obtained, with many others more universal in their distribution, from my servant D. J., as current in her native village, Maidensgrove, about eight miles from Henley. They are noted in her own words, and are all firmly believed by her.

To prevent whooping cough, you roll up a loaf of bread in a cloth and dig a large hole and bury it for twenty-four hours. You then take it out and the rest of the family eat some, and then they will not take the whooping cough. The bread will be quite moist and nice, and you need not be afraid to eat it. (This was done by her mother when D. J. was a child.)

Anyone suffering from consumption should walk around a sheepfold early in the morning and as many times in the day as possible.

To kill a slow-worm you must crush the head. No matter how many pieces you cut the worm into, it will join together again unless the head is crushed.

A bed should never be turned on a Friday.

[4] This is the bronze figure of Diana on a marble pedestal, encircled by *eight* smaller figures, in the centre of Diana Water in Bushey Park.

When a fire burns all on one side, it means that there will soon be a parting.

If a knife falls to the ground, a stranger will come to the house.

When two teaspoons are found together in a saucer, it is a sign that there will soon be a wedding.

A girl who was once in service at Hampden House (the Earl of Buckinghamshire's) has told me that, in the "Brick Parlour' there, there is the place where John Hampden was beheaded, and there are still to be seen stains of blood on the floor. [D. J. has herself seen these stains. John Hampden was a great man, but D. J. knows nothing more about him.]

D. J.'s father told her that, years ago, at Porthill, a man—a well-known bad man—said that there was no God. He was a very wicked man, and used to swear and curse and tell people that there was no God, and, if there were, he would go out into the field and shoot Him. He went out and raised his gun to shoot, and was struck dead in that position, and there he still remains. He could not be moved, and, although six horses were brought to drag him away, he could not be moved and remains there to this day. Her father has seen him, and a little shelter has been made over him.[5] E. WRIGHT.

Shropshire.

"The Freemasons who attended the funeral of the late Master of the Wellington Workhouse threw sprigs of rosemary into the grave." (*Newport and Market Drayton Advertiser*, May 3, 1890.)

"A hundred and fifty years ago Dr. W. lived at Sibberscot (in the manor of Ford and parish of Pontesbury). One night there came some men to break into the house. One of them got in, but, before the others could do so, the dairymaid heard him. He had got a *dead man's hand* and a candle stuck in a lump of clay. And the girl shut the door, and went to a window upstairs, and blew a whistle, and they (*i.e.* help) came, and the thieves were all taken in the morning, but not before they had ripped up all the cattle. After this, Dr. W. had bars put on all the windows." (Told by a keeper on the manor, Sept. 9,

[5] *Cf.* vol. xii., p. 163 (Lincolnshire).

1890, who, being the worse for drink at the time, said his late master had told it to him.)

"They say the Dawley people tried to rake the moon out of the cut (canal). And I believe they *did*, too, for I *know* they put a pig on the wall to see Captain Webb (the famous swimmer) go by, and, if they'd do that, they'd do anything. Yes, and I've heard about the barrow that they made too big to come out of the shed. Anything sharp like that is always put on to the Dawley people." (A. S., domestic servant, Madeley, Sept. 8, 1890.) CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Staffordshire.

"The idea of going to live in Shropshire! Why, the Shropshire man threw down corn to tice the weather-cock off the steeple!" (Wednesfield, about 1890.)

"The Shropshire people put a frog in a cage, and thought it was a canary." (F. T., gunner R.H.A., Whitsuntide, 1896.)

"That's a Shropshire present, giving away what you don't want yourself." (M. N., Norbury, 1888.)

"If you sweep the dust out of the door, you sweep the luck out of the house." (D. G., Darlaston, 1900.)

If you hang up mistletoe at Christmas, your house will never be struck by lightning. (From E. H., Hanbury, Oct., 1891.)

If flies come into the house at an unseasonable time of year, it portends death. (C. N., Wednesfield, who has known it come true.)

W. A., head waiter at the Swan Hotel, Stafford, died on Thursday, Oct. 2, 1890, after a few days' illness. "William's death is deeply regretted by all who knew him, and by none more than his fellow-servants," who "tell that a night or two before the death a bell was heard to ring without apparent cause"; and "it would be difficult to shake" some of them "in their belief that the bell conveyed a warning of the approaching end." (*Staffordshire Advertiser*, Oct. 4, 1890.)

The turf sinks in on a murderer's grave. This may be seen in Broughton churchyard. (1892.)

A young woman was married at Eccleshall, and, as the party came out of church, the bell began to toll for a funeral. Her

mother said some one among them would die within twelve weeks. That day twelve weeks the bride was buried. (S. T. H. B., July 19, 1892.)

Cures for whooping-cough, Eccleshall. 1. Put some of the patient's hair between two slices of bread and butter and give it to a *little* dog. 2. Drown a trout in old ale, and give the patient the ale to drink. (Rev. W. Allen, Nov. 5, 1889.)

If a sore place needs rubbing, do not use the forefinger, for the sore will never heal under it. (From E. H., Hanbury, Oct., 1891.)

To fetch a lover from a distance, get a pennyworth of "dragon's blood" from the chemist—(you must say you want it for dyeing, for it is a poison). Cut a piece of red flannel into the shape of a heart, and stick three pins in it for Cupid's darts. The three points of the pins must point to the centre. Sprinkle the dragon's blood on the flannel. At midnight, burn it on a gleedy fire[6] just as the clock strikes twelve, and, as it is burning, repeat these words:

> "'Tis not this blood I wish to burn,
> But ——'s heart I wish to turn.
> May he neither rest nor sleep
> Till he returns to me to me to speak."

It should be done on a Friday night; on the first Friday in the month it is supposed to work the best. Friday is always the most witching night, and you must be alone. K. H., of Burton-on-Trent, who is now about twenty-seven, tried this, and fetched her present husband by train from a distance. They had had a quarrel. "Why, whatever has brought you?" she said, when he arrived. "I couldn't rest," he said, "I felt as if I *must* come. I thought something must be wrong with you. Something told me I *must* come." K. H. tried to persuade another girl to try it only last summer. (A. O., 1902. A tiny packet of "Pulv. Sang. Draconis" lies before me at this moment. It is not really poisonous.)

"Mrs. M. is taking a child from Lichfield Workhouse to be boarded out, to-day instead of to-morrow as she intended, because the fostermother objects to receiving it on a Friday." (Lichfield, Thursday, July 17, 1890.)

C. N.'s mother was much annoyed at her going to meet a lady

[6] *I.e.* a fire of hot, glowing embers.

about a situation on a Friday. She missed the train, and on her return the mother said,—"There now! I told you something of that sort would happen!" (1891.)

The same Mrs. N., who was brought up at Eccleshall and now lives at Wednesfield, has a strong objection to meeting a woman when setting out on a journey. When C. N. set out to enter service (Nov. 24, 1891), her mother went out of the house first to look if any woman was coming up the road, and, seeing one, made C. wait till she had gone by. "There now! If I hadn't gone out, you'd have met that woman!"

Mrs. N. also cannot bear a woman to be the first to come to a house on New Year's Day.

Joseph Austin, Sugnall, near Eccleshall, born in 1875, used to go with other boys to neighbours' houses to let the New Year in. People think it unlucky for a woman to do so. He never heard the man's complexion mentioned. (March 22, 1892. He himself is dark to swarthiness.)

Richard Ellis, Eccleshall, born in 1810, used to go with other youths to let the New Year in at Summerhill, near Newport, Salop, about 1830.

"It is lucky if a man is the first to open the door on New Year's Day. The proper thing for him to say is,

> 'God bless the master of this house and his family dear,
> And I wish you all a happy New Year.'"

(From E. H., Hanbury, Oct., 1891.) CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Surrey.

After a wedding at Honor Oak in 1905, boiling water was poured over the doorstep of the bridegroom's house, "to warm the threshold for the next wedding." This was done by the bridegroom's mother, who was born in Camberwell.

E. WRIGHT.

Westmoreland.

The following customs are still strictly observed in the villages bordering the lakes Haweswater and Ullswater, and in various parts of north Westmoreland:—

Each parish is divided into what are called "biddings," so that,

whenever a death occurs, some one appointed by the family goes round and invites the neighbours in the same "bidding" to attend the funeral,—the formula being somewhat as follows:—"You are bidden for two o'clock; lift at two thirty." In early times, as there was no hearse, and the house of the death was perhaps a long distance from the church, it was necessary to bid many people to help in the carrying of the coffin.

The Oddfellows have a pretty custom at a funeral. Each member, attired in sash and white gloves, casts a sprig of boxwood into the grave of the deceased brother.

At a christening, buttered sops and "sweet-butter" figure as the appropriate dainties. The latter is a mixture of butter, rum, and sugar, which is eaten spread on bread and butter, and in which even the newly-christened baby shares.

"Scrambling" is an essential feature at a wedding,—*i.e.* money is thrown down as the carriage drives away from the church gates, to the great delight of assembled village youngsters.

All Fools' Day is still observed by the dales' folk, but keen jokers sometimes try a second Fools' Day,—the first of May,—and, if they prove successful with a victim, he is styled a "May gesling" (gosling).

Bampton Vicarage. GERTRUDE E. N. DAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Exhibition of Italian Ethnography at Rome in 1911.

The attention of students of folklore should be drawn to the project set on foot last year for holding, in the year 1911, at Rome, an exhibition of Italian ethnography. An influential committee has been formed, and has issued a pamphlet describing the aims of the exhibition and containing minute instructions as to the collection of the various objects to be exhibited. When the exhibition closes, it is intended to remove the collection to the permanent Museum of Italian Ethnography at Florence.

The subjects to be illustrated in the exhibition include everything related to the life of the people in the different provinces of the peninsula and the adjacent islands: personal matters like the style of hairdressing, artificial deformations, tattooing, clothing, ornaments, and objects of personal use; dwellings, both permanent and for temporary use, such as for watching the herds or hunting, and granaries and other stores whether above ground or below; furniture, hearths and chimneys, special modes of kindling or maintaining fire, and culinary and other domestic utensils; food and its preparation; agriculture (including vintage), pastoral life, hunting, and fishing, with the amulets and superstitious practices in connection with these ancient occupations as well as the appliances of more material utility; individual and domestic industries, and rustic trade and other transactions of contract regulated by traditional custom; tallies and other mnemonic records of various classes; signals at a distance; means of transport and locomotion; traditional etiquette, hospitality, ceremonial customs, and social relations of the different classes and between employers of various kinds and employed; ritual gifts and payments; survivals, traces,

or records of communal property or the collective organization of labour; popular morality, including brigandage and the vendetta; civic ceremonies and customs when traditional and purely local; domestic ceremonies and customs, prominent among which are those in use on the occasions of marriage, birth, and death, the education and status of children, the government of the family, family festivals and anniversaries, and so forth; nursery rhymes and games of children and adults; popular festivals and dances, including ritual and ceremonial dances; popular art, both graphic and glyptic; folk-music and folk-songs, with the musical instruments of the various localities; the snatches of verse which under various names are so characteristic an expression of the mood of the Italian peasant, as well as longer forms of folk-poetry; legends, nursery tales, and other traditional narratives; and religion, superstition, and folk-medicine in all their popular forms, too numerous and too well known to be repeated here.

It will be seen that the programme is ambitious. Nothing has been forgotten. If fully realized,—if only half realized,—it will be the best representation of the life of the folk that any European nation has been able to achieve. The Italian people, with its long and illustrious history, and its comparative seclusion for centuries from the currents of thought that have changed the ideals, the aspirations, the very life of some of the more northern nations, offers an incomparable field for such a harvest as is here contemplated. Annexed to the exhibition will be a library containing all sorts of publications relative to the objects exhibited, the customs and beliefs illustrated, and of course the tales, poetry, proverbs, dialects, and other manifestations of Italian folk-life. It is needless to say that much of the work of collection of the traditions (using that term in its widest sense) has already been done. The names of Pitrè, De Nino, Finamore, Nigra, De Gubernatis, and others will occur at once to every student. Their books will of course find a place in the library, and appeal is made to the authors of ethnographical, historical, and literary works and works on folklore to enrich this portion of the exhibition with copies of their publications.

The pamphlet which embodies the proposals of the committee is illustrated by figures representing among other things the

similarity of type and ornament in objects made by rustic peasants in Italy and savages in New Guinea and the South Sea Islands, the persistence of the type of rustic lamps through many centuries, though now made of tin instead of terra-cotta, and some very charming statuettes of peasants, showing details of costume. An eloquent address by Sig. Pasquale Villari, delivered in September, 1907, forms an appropriate introduction. The project will have the heartiest good wishes of all British students of folklore.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

BURIAL OF AMPUTATED LIMBS.

(Vol. xi., p. 346; xviii., pp. 32, 216; xix., p. 234.)

In the parish of Washfield, in North Devon, a few miles from Tiverton, John Venner lost his hand in June, 1908, as the result of a gun accident followed by blood-poisoning. The hand was wrapped up and given to a neighbour whose cottage abuts on the churchyard. This man, Snell, buried it that evening in the ground alongside the grave of Venner's uncle, where Venner wishes to be buried, and urgently desired that his hand should be also.

Beauchamp. D. H. MOUTRAY READ.

Matthew Charlton, the clerk of Humshaugh Church (Northumberland), tells me that about thirty years ago he buried a hand in the churchyard. Sarah Latimer was helping to thrash corn, and her hand was caught and cut off by the machine. Matthew says "The poor thing herself would never have thought of it. Mr. Crawford gave me the hand in a little box, and told me to bury it in the churchyard." The woman is dead now, and is buried with the other Latimers in the churchyard, but not in the same place as where her hand is buried. The farm where the accident happened belonged at that time to Mr. Crawford.

E. B. PITMAN.

The Burry-man.

(Vol. xix., p. 379; *ante*, p. 89.)

I have come across a parallel, and moreover a Scottish parallel, to the custom Miss Dickson notes at Queensferry. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* quoted the following from the *Banff Journal* (no date):

"The herring-fishing being very backward, some of the fishermen of Buckie, on Wednesday last, dressed a cooper in a flannel shirt, with burs stuck all over it, and in this condition he was carried in procession through the town in a hand-barrow. This was done to 'bring better luck' to the fishing . . ." *N. and Q.*, vol. xi., p. 142.

I should be inclined to think that the burs were used as a piece of sympathetic magic, importing that the fish may be as numerous as the burs, and may adhere to the nets as the burs adhere to whatever they touch.

Charlotte S. Burne.

Difficulties of a Folklore Collector.

The collector in search of folk-beliefs and articles connected with them meets with far more difficulties than the collector of old china or other merely material objects. The objections to giving him information arise from a double set of motives, those of the ardent believer who will not expose sacred things to an outsider, and those of the unbeliever who refuses information about what he considers to be degrading superstitions or discreditable survivals. As illustrating this point it may perhaps be worth recording in *Folk-Lore* the following letters which I have received from two Roman Catholic priests, one in Brittany and one in Ireland.

Two or three years ago, one of my friends, while on a visit to Brittany, saw in the market of a certain town an old woman selling, for a few *sous* each, double or cross-shaped crystals of black tourmaline, which were found in the neighbourhood. Upon enquiring, he learnt that these crystals were valued as amulets by the peasants, not only as a protection against lightning, but also as a charm against accidents, and were often put in sacks of corn as

amulets against fairies. Being anxious to obtain specimens of these amulets, I wrote a letter to the *curé* of the town in question, sending him a small sum and asking him to procure for me a few of the objects (which, as I was writing to a *curé*, I described as used for superstitious purposes), and to put the balance in his "poor fund." In reply to my request I received a long and remarkable letter, which I regret to say cannot be given verbatim, as it is, (I hope only temporarily), mislaid, but which an abstract made on its receipt shows to be a very indignant repudiation of my suggestion of superstition, informing me that the crosses were not examples of the amulets or charms I was seeking, but that they were symbols of the Redemption placed in the ground by God, to be found and used by His people for their protection.

The second letter was the only result of a number of letters of enquiry, enclosing stamps for reply, which I sent with a view of ascertaining whether certain old-world appliances still existed in a locality in the West of Ireland. The one enquiry answered was addressed to the parish priest of a certain town, and explained what I wanted, offering to pay the expenses of obtaining the objects and to contribute also to the "poor box." The reply was as follows:

"Sir,

An English officer came here last year in search of a box which some old English woman told him, in a *séance*, was hidden in the grave of an old Irish chieftain, and was said to contain certain proof that a brother officer was the real Earl of ——. This officer was apparently quite sane, and, except that he broke the law by opening graves, was quite harmless. I hope you are not the victim of some similar kink in the mind. At all events the idea that I should institute a search in this district for amulets and charms (superstitions) and tallies and children's dolls is quite on all fours with your superstitious countryman's search in the graves of chieftains for papers that had no existence except in the mind of an old English woman who was either very mad or very "clever."

I would strongly advise you to consult your friends, and see some good doctor. If you follow his advice, all may yet be well with you.

Yours, etc.,

———."

E. Lovett.

Opening Windows, etc., for the Dead.

(Vol. xviii., p. 215; vol. xix., pp. 108, 336-7.)

In August, 1908, a woman died at a small farm near Washfield, in North Devon. I passed the house a few minutes after the funeral party had left it, and noticed that, quite contrary to custom, every door and window was wide open. On enquiry I was told that this was very frequently done in the neighbourhood, not for sanitary purposes, but because it is "done everywhere." However, at the next funeral I saw in that parish, not a single door or window was opened.

D. H. Moutray Read.

The Puzzle of Arunta Local Totem-Groups.

(*Ante*, p. 126.)

I am happy to be able to agree with Mr. N. W. Thomas in thinking that Messrs. Spencer and Gillen and Mr. Strehlow do not differ as to Arunta ideas and customs, but are merely describing "local differences of considerable magnitude," which actually exist in language as well as in belief. Mr. Thomas says, "If we suppose that the personal totem of the Arunta is analogous to the personal totem of other areas in Australia and elsewhere, that the societies" (which work magic for the totems) "have been formed among the Arunta by those who owned the same personal totem, and that these societies have overshadowed the totemism which is hereditary in the female line, we have perhaps the key to much that is mysterious in the totemism of the Arunta." Indeed, among Mr. Strehlow's branch of the Arunta, each man and woman has a hereditary totem, inherited from the mother. In the same way the maternal totem is very highly regarded by several tribes north of the Arunta, who, unlike the Arunta, inherit the *paternal* totem. If we suppose that the Arunta once inherited the totem, as the northern tribes must have done, in the maternal line, then we can see how the rise among them of the doctrine of reincarnation of local totem spirits thrust into the background the maternal totem, which is still inherited by Mr. Strehlow's people, and by them called *altjira* (sacred). It is the combination of the doctrine

that each child is an incarnated pre-existing spiritual entity, with the doctrine of the stone *churinga* as constituting an essential link between persons and their totemic spirits, that produces the social peculiarities of non-hereditary and non-exogamous Arunta totemism. Meanwhile, among Mr. Strehlow's branch of the tribe, the ancient hereditary maternal totem persists, no longer name-giving and no longer connected with exogamy, just as here the All Father survives, but is purely otiose.

As to Mr. Thomas's view about the "personal totems" of the Arunta, *all* their totems in Mr. Spencer's region are "personal." But they are quite unlike the "personal totems" or animal familiars of other areas,—for example, of the Euahlayi,—for these are either *given* by medicine-men or are determined by omens at birth, or by a dream on arriving at manhood, or are selected by each individual. The "personal totems" of Mr. Spencer's Arunta, on the other hand, are automatically determined before birth by the accident of supposed conception in this or that locality haunted by the totemic spirits of Alcheringa folk. This rule, with curious variants described by Mr. Strehlow, also exists in his region, and, as in Mr. Spencer's region, is influenced by the unique *churinga* belief of Central Australia. That belief, of course, is very remote from the primitive. According to the suggestion of Mr. Thomas, men who found that they accidentally possessed the same "personal totem" drew together into the societies of each totem who work magic for their own plant or animal. Now this would explain what is otherwise mysterious, the fact that each locality, in Mr. Spencer's region, is inhabited by persons mainly of one totem. They would flock together for their purposes of working *Intichiuma*. These totemic local aggregates cannot otherwise be explained. With male descent of the totem, each locality is necessarily possessed by persons mainly of the same totem. But the Arunta have local totem groups, though they have not male descent of the totem. How this comes to pass Messrs. Spencer and Gillen do not explain. As the totems are distributed by sheer chance, there ought to be as many various totems in each local group as if female descent of the totem were the rule. Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, meanwhile, give examples of *families*,—mother, husband, children,—in each

of which the members are of four or five different totems. As this is the case, how can local totemism prevail? In ten families in a given region there might be people of at least twenty different totems. Are we to suppose that sires of one totem choose to flock together, for purposes of working magic, and that their totem is the local totem, while those of their wives and children are negligible? We are not told by Mr. Spencer that all this occurs, but, if it does not, how have the Arunta managed to possess local totem groups?

I am not sure that the difficulty of accounting for the existence of local totem groups among a people whose totems come by accident has been remarked upon. The fact has always puzzled me, for how can there be a local wild cat or emu group in a district of which the inhabitants are necessarily of many different totems? If we can suppose that several adult men of the wild cat or emu totem have congregated in the locality as a magic-working society, the problem is solved,—but where is the evidence for this intentional combination? Perhaps I have overlooked some other solution, and I merely draw attention to the difficulty which the situation presents.

A. Lang.

Scottish Amulets.

(Vol. xix., p. 288.)

As regards present-day survival of amulets for protection against diseases, I may note that I still find them in use, but not commonly. Red silk round the wrist for rheumatism I have seen in Fife,—(although the wearer was a "gangrel" and perhaps had Irish blood in his veins),—and in Aberdeenshire of old days red worsted would be tied round a child's wrist to keep away the "witches." The chief thing, however, for the latter purpose was the little heart-shaped silver "witch-brooch." It was pinned to the child's underclothing at its first dressing. The shape was probably derived from its being originally the mounting of an "elf shot" or "fairy dart," *i.e.* flint arrow head. An old man in Kincardineshire some thirty

years ago had such a "fairy dart," which he kept as a safeguard against warlocks and witches. It would lose all efficacy if allowed to touch the ground, and in showing it he always held his hands below those of the person looking at it, in great anxiety lest it should fall.

The use of sulphur as an amulet for cramp is common in Fife and Aberdeenshire. In the former county I have seen it often as a "sulphur band," *i.e.* a piece of rock sulphur sewn into the garter and worn round the leg. I have seen a piece tied in the armpit, while a piece of it under the pillow would be expected to keep a whole family from the affliction. A homœopathic chemist in Edinburgh had, some years ago, sulphur balls which he sold for cramp.

D. Rorie, M.D.

"Sympathetic" Magic.

(*Ante*, p. 95.)

I do not know whether the two following bits of children's magic are sufficiently to the point to interest Colonel Hanna.

1. My brothers and sister and myself, as children, were fond of going to see the process of brick-making at a neighbouring brick-yard, and used to bring back bits of clay with which we made little sun-dried bricks, pots, and so forth. A lady who lived near was very obnoxious to us because she had the bad luck to time her visits just when we wanted my mother's company, or when we were playing in full view of the windows and were not fit to be seen. She was, moreover, we thought, very ugly. To mark our dislike, we made a little clay figure supposed to represent her, and set it up among the branches of a tree where we kept our sun-dried pottery. We certainly meant to hold her up to ridicule and contempt, but I do not think we expected or wished any harm to happen to her in consequence.

2. We were very fond of "make-believe plays," in which we each represented certain characters whose sayings and doings,—invented as we went on,—were as real to us as if they had been living people. If we got tired of any of these plays, or wished to do away with some character or incident in them, we went through

a formal ceremony of abolition. My eldest brother went into a certain dark corner among the laurels, which no one but himself was ever allowed to enter, and returned with a bit of stick, which he held out to us, and solemnly broke, and we all spat upon the broken ends, exclaiming together, "Abolish, abolish, abolish!" an indefinite number of times. He then took the broken stick back into the corner among the shrubs, and I suppose buried it; but that we never knew for certain. After this ceremony the person or thing, so vividly real before, had no longer any existence for us, and we went on with our play, feeling freed from the encumbrance of what had for some reason become a bore and an oppression.

We had read (or at least I had) the Countess d'Aulnoy's *Forty Merry Tales*, and had heard of witches and of magic, but we certainly devised this ceremony entirely ourselves, and it had been in use for a long time before any one else knew anything about it. Its efficacy was very real to us, and I would not on any account have ventured into that corner among the laurels.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

As an example of the symbolic gifts (*b*) enquired for by Colonel Hanna, I may note that for many years the grave of a young man, aged 22 or 23, in the Scarborough Cemetery has had placed on it once a week a supply of sweets, generally chocolates, of which, when alive, he was very fond. The sweets were at first taken to the grave by the grandmother and mother together, and, since the death of the grandmother, are still supplied by the mother. The sweets are taken away by children who know the practice.

E. WRIGHT.

THE TESTING OF A SACRIFICIAL VICTIM.

The Greeks, like many other races, tested the suitability of an animal destined for sacrificial slaughter by drenching it with libations, and observing whether its body quivered and trembled, (Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. iv., p. 186). Dr. Frazer

(*Golden Bough*[2], vol. i., p. 135; *Pausanias*, vol. v., p. 237) has collected many instances of the same custom in other parts of the world. Both these authorities are agreed as to the significance of the omen. Dr. Frazer writes:—"Many peoples expect the victim as well as the priest or prophet to give signs of inspiration by convulsive movements of the body," (*Golden Bough*, vol. i., p. 135). Mr. Farnell says: "The idea was fairly prevalent in Greek ritual that the divinity revealed his presence and acceptance of the rite by entering into the sacrificial victim and inspiring its movements; the quivering, naturally due to the cold water, was put down to the divine afflatus." I wish to point out the possibility of another explanation of the omen. Mr. F. C. Cole, in his account of the Tinggian tribe in the Philippine Islands, (*Philippine Journal of Science*, vol. iii., No. 4, Sept. 1908, p. 206), in dealing with birth customs, describes the precautions taken to guard the infant from evil spirits. "About the time a birth is expected, two or three mediums are summoned. A mat is placed in the middle of the floor, and the spirit offerings are placed upon it. Near the door a pig is tied, and over this the mediums make *deam* [? some sort of hocus-pocus]. When they have finished, one of them pours water in the pig's ear, 'so that as it shakes the water out, so may the evil spirits be thrown from the room.'" I assume that in the words last quoted he gives the explanation furnished by the mediums. The test thus becomes a sort of mimetic magic, the shaking of the animal implying that it has freed itself from taboo or spirit influence, and has thus become an acceptable victim. Whether this explanation covers all the cases collected by Dr. Frazer I am unable to say, but the theory in vogue in the Philippine Islands is at any rate suggestive.

W. Crooke.

REVIEWS.

THE THRESHOLD OF RELIGION. By R. R. MARETT. Methuen, 1909. Cr. 8vo, pp. 194.

THIS volume consists of five essays,—*Pre-Animistic Religion*, *From Spell to Prayer*, *Is Taboo a Negative Magic?*, *The Conception of Mana*, and *A Sociological View of Comparative Religion*—which have previously appeared at various times and places in the last nine years. By re-publishing them in collective form Mr. Marett has done a service both to those who have access to them in their original places of deposit, and to that larger number who have not. He has also done a service to the study of early religion by re-publishing these essays, and still more by the spirit in which he has written them and given them to the world. He has written them in a spirit the very reverse of dogmatic. His purpose has been to make his readers think for themselves on the fundamental questions which arise at "the threshold of religion," and he does this by suggesting positive and constructive views, which will either be accepted, or will only be set aside by other constructive work which shows itself better fitted to hold the field. In either case he will have deserved well of the science of comparative religion, and will be remembered long in connection with it.

The vitality of Mr. Marett's work is illustrated by the fact that the earliest of these essays, *Pre-Animistic Religion*, which appeared in *Folk-Lore*, June 1900, pp. 162-182, is one which, nine years after its original appearance, is still acting as a ferment, and seems likely to engage an increasing amount of attention from students of early religion. It has been criticised by Wilhelm

Wundt in the second part of vol. ii. of his *Völkerpsychologie*, and Mr. E. Clodd read a paper on "Pre-Animistic Stages in Religion" to the third International Congress of the History of Religions at Oxford last year. The subject is one, therefore, which cannot be dismissed lightly.

Before considering, and indeed without necessarily going on to consider, whether there are pre-animistic stages in religion, we may safely say that the pre-animistic must be non-animistic. We have therefore to enquire what is meant by a non-animistic stage of religion, and any answer to the enquiry must proceed upon a definition of animism. Animism "in the strict scientific sense," Mr. Marett holds, "implies the attribution, not merely of personality and will, but of soul or spirit," whereas "a simple straightforward act of personification" is not animism at all—save "in the loose sense of some writers"—but is non-animistic. Next, we may observe, there are persons, of our own acquaintance, who are not gods and are not supernatural; and, accordingly, the mere act of personification is not enough to raise the thing or power personified to the rank of a supernatural being or a god. Something more is required, and something more is forthcoming, if the object personified is to be or become an object of worship. Religion, Mr. Marett holds, is "fundamentally a mode of social behaviour," and "the springs of social behaviour are furnished less by our ideas than by our emotions." It is, on Mr. Marett's view, the emotion of Awe and Wonder, which is a constant factor in religion. An object of religious worship therefore must be one conceived of and approached with feelings of Awe, Wonder, and the like; "there is a powerful impulse to objectify and even personify" that which is approached with such emotions; and that which is thus approached is a "supernatural" something. It is in a supernaturalism of this kind that Mr. Marett finds a stage of religion which he regards as certainly non-animistic, and probably pre-animistic.

At first sight, and apparently, the whole of this argument proceeds upon the distinction between animism in the strict scientific sense and animism in the loose sense of some writers. Those, therefore, who are inclined to regard the distinction drawn by Mr. Marett as a distinction without a difference, will say that, on

Mr. Marett's own admission, the stage which he calls non-animistic is at any rate "in the loose sense of some writers" animistic. If he then proceeds to argue that it is not scientific to say that animism consists merely in attributing personality and will to an object, the question is at once raised, who has authority, *ex cathedra*, to say what is animism and what is not?, and the dispute becomes a mere logomachy. Then, is there anything more substantial than a mere term in dispute? What are the things which are alleged to be so different that the same term cannot properly be applied to both? The one seems to be the attribution of mere personality and will; and the other to be the attribution not merely of personality and will, but also of soul or spirit. For my own part I see, as yet, no such difference between the two as to warrant us in distinguishing them, or even to enable us, without further explanation, to draw a distinction between them.

I am, however, apprehensive, lest I may have unintentionally seized upon an unguarded expression, which Mr. Marett may have used nine years ago, and may quite justifiably now be prepared to reconsider. I refer to the passage in which he says that "a simple straightforward act of personification" is not a piece of animism. I do not know in the least whether Mr. Marett would be for one moment prepared to abandon this expression. But I should like to consider what would follow if the expression were abandoned. If it were, then the position would be that simple straightforward personification is included in the strictly scientific connotation of animism; and consequently a non-animistic or perhaps pre-animistic stage of religion would be one in which worship was addressed to or Awe was felt for something not soul or spirit, and not having the attributes of personality and will. Such an object of Awe and worship could be brought within the scope of the words Mr Marett uses when he says: "Religious Awe is towards Powers, and these are not necessarily spirits or ghosts, though they tend to become so." We have only to understand that these powers, at this stage, are not supposed to have personality or will, and we shall have the conception of a non-animistic or pre-animistic stage of religion; and we have only to prove that early man imagined and stood in awe of

such Powers, possessing neither personality nor will, to prove that pre-animistic religion is a fact.

Mr. Clodd, in the paper already mentioned, does take up a position which resembles this, but which also differs from it in one important respect. Whereas "supernaturalism" and the awe of supernatural powers are of the very essence of Mr. Marett's conception of the earliest stage of religion, Mr. Clodd excludes supernatural attributes altogether from the primary stage of religion. He says: "The root idea of this *Pre-Animism* is that of power everywhere, power vaguely apprehended, but immanent, and as yet unclothed with personal or supernatural attributes." I mention this difference between Mr. Clodd's view and Mr. Marett's, because it would not be fair to either to ignore it. But it is the resemblance between their views which is what I am concerned with, viz. that the root idea of pre-animism is the conception of Powers which are not yet spirits.

Only an abstract of Mr. Clodd's paper appears in the *Transactions of the Congress of the History of Religions*,[1] and I was not fortunate enough to hear the paper read. So I am unable to say what evidence Mr. Clodd adduced to show the actual existence of pre-animistic religion. The evidence produced in the abstract of the paper unfortunately is limited to one single example, that afforded by the jungle-dwellers in Chotia Nagpur. We can therefore only venture to say that the evidence as yet communicated to the world is not sufficient to demonstrate the existence of a pre-animistic stage in the history of religion; it consists of a single instance. Now, it would not be wise to generalise from a single instance, and I am not sure that the example given is really an instance of non-animistic religion at all. The jungle-dwellers, Sir Herbert Risley tells us, in the quotation given by Mr. Clodd, "fear and attempt to propitiate" the indeterminate beings which are the objects of their worship. He does not tell us that these beings have no supernatural attributes. They have their abode in sacred groves. Of their "form and functions no one can give an intelligible account." At the base of their religion is the idea "of power, or rather of many powers," which are "not persons at all in any sense of

[1] But see *Fortnightly Review*, June.

the word." From this account of these jungle-dwellers it would seem rash to infer that these indeterminate beings have no form or function, because no intelligible account of their form and functions could be extracted from their worshippers: worshippers are not infrequently unwilling to reveal their mysteries to the stranger. That these beings have some function and do something is clear from the fact that not only do they "abide" in "sacred groves," but their worshippers fear that they may do something, and propitiate them in order that they may abstain from doing it. Whatever they do, or have it in their power to do—for they have or are powers—it is presumably something in the nature of some calamity, affecting the health of the jungle-dwellers or their food supply; in a word, it is something not brought about in the ordinary way, but "supernatural." And whether they are "persons" or not, at any rate their worshippers find it possible to set up and maintain communications with them; these beings, abiding in their sacred groves, both understand and are understood—they are understood to be offended and to require propitiation, and they understand that their worshippers desire to appease them.

After all, then, do these beings satisfactorily fulfil the conditions which Mr. Clodd lays down as constituting the root idea of Pre-Animism? The root idea is that of "power everywhere," but these beings are powers having a local habitation: they are not "immanent" everywhere, they abide in sacred groves. Then, are they really "unclothed with personal attributes"? They can be propitiated, and I think we may reasonably regard that capacity as being in its very nature an attribute of persons rather than of things. If they require propitiation, and can be appeased, they must have been offended, and that again is a personal quality. If they are feared, it must be on account of something they can do. Beings, with a local habitation, who can do something—disastrous and supernatural—if offended, or abstain from doing it, if propitiated, cannot fairly be said to possess no personal attributes. Nor can beings who act, or abstain from acting, according as they are offended or propitiated, be fairly said to have no will. It is, therefore, I suggest, a not unreasonable view that, in the stage of religion exhibited

by the jungle-dwellers in Chotia Nagpur, the beings or powers worshipped are conceived by their worshippers to possess qualities essentially personal—in a word, they are animistically conceived.

The only beings who are worshipped, certainly the only beings who are propitiated, are beings who do something, or may do something. The advocates of the theory of a pre-animistic stage of religion must either deny that proposition, or, admitting it, they must say that the belief in such beings is not animistic. If they deny it, they must produce instances of beings who are not believed by their worshippers to do, or to have the power to do, anything, yet are worshipped. Such instances are not produced, nor, I think, likely to be produced. If it be admitted that only beings who do something, or have the power to do something, are propitiated and feared, then all that remains is to maintain that beings who are conceived to do or have the power of doing things disagreeable, if they are not propitiated, and to abstain from acting, when propitiated, are beings not animistically conceived; and I fail to perceive how that can be maintained.

I would suggest that the root-idea of animism is that, if something happens, somebody did it. If it is obvious that this stone or that river, this tree or that glacier, did it, then the river or stone or tree or glacier is the someone in question. The river or rock or cloud is animistically conceived the moment it is conceived to have done something, and to require propitiation to induce it not to do it again. Rivers and rocks are not spirits or ghosts, and never become so; yet they are believed to do things; and the belief that they do things, as men do things, and can be induced, as men can be induced, to abstain from doing them, is animism.

The theory that those who do things have a power to do them is the result presumably of much thought on the part of early man. He does not start with the abstract idea of power, or with the idea of powers in the abstract; it is an inference, and an inference probably not readily drawn. The expectation that a person having done a thing once will do it again, is one that may be entertained by a child long before it is capable of any abstract idea; it is an expectation which the dog entertains

very confidently, but the dog does not get as far as any idea of power. I am therefore unable to imagine that the idea of power precedes the belief that storms and rivers and glaciers do things. The very existence of such terms as *mana*, *orenda*, *wakanda* proves that the state of society in which they originated had a long past behind it, and had gone through a long period of animism.

F. B. Jevons.

Psyche's Task, a Discourse concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions. By Professor J. G. Frazer, LL.D., Litt.D. Macmillan, 1909. 8vo, pp. viii + 84.

The contributions of Professor Frazer to the sciences of anthropology and folklore fall into two classes: first, the discussion of new problems for the use of scholars, based upon an exhaustive review of the original authorities; and, second, the popularisation of these results to meet the wants of a wider audience. His *Golden Bough* and monumental edition of *Pausanias* fall into the first group; his *Lectures on the Early History of Kingship* and the present book into the second. This does not imply that his more popular contributions are in any sense *réchauffés* of his more learned works. They are novel discussions of side issues, and his conclusions are founded on a fresh series of examples drawn from his vast collections of anthropological material.

The present work is intended to prove, or at least make probable, the view that "among certain races and at certain stages of evolution some social institutions which we all, or most of us, believe to be beneficial have partially rested on a basis of superstition." Each of the four lectures is devoted to the discussion of a single proposition. The first is "that among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for government, especially monarchical government, and has thereby contributed to the establishment and maintenance of social order." In support of this view he adduces numerous examples of the tabu which has invested kings and chiefs with superstitious awe as persons of a higher order and endowed with

mightier powers than common folk, a feeling which has caused their subjects to yield to them a prompter and more implicit obedience than if they had known them to be men just like themselves. The second lecture establishes that among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for private property, and has thus contributed to the security of its enjoyment. Examples are here drawn from the various forms of tabu in force in Polynesia, New Zealand, Samoa, the Malay Archipelago, and other places. In the third lecture the effect of superstition in contributing to the respect for marriage and the observance of the rules of sexual morality is considered. It is shown that several races believe that immorality produces baneful effects not only on the persons who indulge in it but on the people at large and on their crops. In this connection Dr. Frazer points out that magic is older than religion. When it is asked,—"How did these people come to regard certain relations of the sexes as unmoral?", he answers that "the problem has often been attacked, but never solved. Perhaps it is destined, like so many riddles of that Sphinx which we call nature, to remain for ever insoluble." In the fourth lecture he considers the influence of superstition in strengthening the respect for human life, and contributing to the security of its enjoyment. This, he points out, depends on the fear of the ghost which haunts the homicide, and results in the various devices for excluding or evading the malevolent spirit of the victim.

This book, with its delightful style and collection of apposite facts, is well adapted to interest students of anthropology and sociology. W. CROOKE.

GAELIC FAIRY TALES. Edited by WINIFRED M. PARKER. Glasgow: Sinclair, 1908. 8vo, pp. 48. Illus.

THIS, the second edition of the Three Gaelic Tales called "The Spirit of Eld" (*Spiorad na h-aoise*), "The Eagle of Loch Treig" (*Iolaire Loch-Treig*), and "The Good Housewife" (*A bhean Tighe Mhath*), impresses us afresh with the persistence

of certain *motifs* in Celtic story-telling. The search for the most aged of living creatures, the theme of the second tale, and the accomplishment of seemingly impossible tasks, the theme of the first, recur again and again both in Irish and Scottish Gaelic literature; it strikes us as a mark of the inventiveness of the Gaelic mind that so many variations could be hung upon the same subject. But the Irish story-teller recounts his tale from pure delight in inventing and detailing the marvellous, and in making the impossible as impossible as he can; while the Scottish Gael never is quite oblivious of both a literary and a moral purpose. He constructs his story with greater care, and moulds it consciously into a work of art; also he seldom forgets to adorn it with a moral significance. It is unnecessary here to criticise these popular tales, which come before us pleasantly bound and illustrated, but it is worth remarking that we have in Ireland a story of a *Madadh maol*, or Bald or Crop-Eared Dog, who plays the same part of faithful helper that is performed by the same animal in "The Spirit of Eld" here translated the "Dog of the Great Mull." But in the Irish story the incidents are woven into an Arthurian romance, and the Bald or Cropped Dog is the companion and indispensable helper of Sir Galahad, whom he extricates by his sagacity from numerous difficulties. This story has lately been published by the Irish Texts Society. ELEANOR HULL.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CONGO LANGUAGES. By FREDERICK STARR. University of Chicago Press, 1908. 4to, pp. 97.

THIS book, with its 678 items, will come as a surprise even to men who have long been interested in the philology of the Congo regions. Thirty years ago, when the country was first entered methodically by Europeans, almost the only book at all helpful was Bishop Steere's Grammar and Dictionary of Swahili, a language then spoken only on the east coast. Now over thirty of the numerous languages of the Congo basin have to some extent been reduced to writing, and of some elaborate grammars and dictionaries are available. As the philologists

of Congo are nearly all missionaries, it is natural that most of the literature should be of a religious character, but a few collections of fables, tales, and proverbs have also been issued. The bibliography has been very carefully compiled, and is as complete as could be expected with so many small local presses concerned. It is made more interesting by the insertion of photographs of some of the more prominent writers. Still more interesting is the fact, not referred to by Professor Starr, that there are now tens of thousands of readers amongst the various tribes speaking these languages, and that most of the literature here tabulated was printed on presses, in different parts of the Congo, worked by natives.

Bolobo, Congo Belge. A. E. Scrivener.

Mitteilungen aus den deutschen Schutzgebieten: Ergänzungsheft No. 1. Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse meiner ethnographischen Forschungsreise in den Südosten Deutsch-Ostafrikas. Von Dr. Karl Weule. Berlin: Mittler, 1908. Pp. x + 150. 63 plates and map.

Germany has realised the advantage of sending her museum officials into distant lands to study and collect on the spot. Whether we shall get so far in England before the natives of our dominions over the seas are exterminated or Europeanised is rather problematical; we have only just begun to realise—officially—that it is worth while to study them at all, even for such painfully mundane purposes as their cheaper and, let us hope, better governance. Led by Berlin, most of the important German museums have in the last year or two sent one or more members of their staffs, mainly into German colonies, and Dr. Weule reports in the work before us on one of these trips. He visited the Yao, the Makua and Makonde, and the Angoni, but the visit to the latter was only a flying one, and little of interest is reported.

Dr. Weule has been most successful in collecting information about initiation ceremonies, male and female, and quite a quarter

of the ethnographical part of the work is devoted to this subject. Among the Yao native law, birth, marriage, burial, and the like are dealt with more or less fully, and the author has some remarks to make on totemism, which unfortunately throw but little light on the subject; a list of names of sub-tribal groups is given, but it is by no means clear that they have anything to do with totemism, and we learn nothing as to native ideas of their origin, nor yet whether they have any usages with regard to food etc. Dr. Weule has assumed that descent from the totem is a characteristic and necessary element in totemism, whereas it is in reality frequently absent and in no sense a criterion. It is somewhat singular that Dr. Weule does not appear to realise that we know a good deal about Yao totemism; he speaks as if he were the discoverer, whereas a reference to Miss Werner's *Natives of British Central Africa* would have shown him that this is not so.

A long list of Makua and Makonde groups is also given, and in this case Dr. Weule does not hesitate to regard them as totemistic, though the evidence for this beyond the rule of exogamy, which they have in common with the Yao *likosyo*, is one of the slightest.

The games of the Makua and Makonde are described, and we learn something of their magical practices and beliefs, but Dr. Weule's interest has largely centred in technology and other subjects of less interest to the Folk-Lore Society. His descriptions, however, may be read with interest and profit even by those who do not take a profound interest in, for example, the mysteries of pottery, for in the admirable series of plates the whole of the process is figured, so that it is the simplest matter in the world to follow the description.

Dr. Weule's descriptions are far from dealing with the whole life of the tribes he visited, and one cannot help feeling some regret that he did not cover the ground and make his survey more minute; but probably the necessity of making collections influenced his plans, and in any case his object was not an ethnographical survey of the peoples. N. W. Thomas.

THE NANDI: THEIR LANGUAGE AND FOLKLORE. By A. C. HOLLIS. With Introduction by SIR CHARLES ELIOT. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909. 8vo, pp. xl + 328.

A GERMAN ethnologist[1] remarked, not long ago, that the boundary-line between the Bantu and the Sudan tribes is "*eine gelehrte Konstruktion früherer Jahrhunderte.*" The dividing line is sharp enough, so far as language is concerned,—if not everywhere quite so definite, (*e.g.* in the Kamerun region), as we at one time believed it to be; as regards physical types, customs, institutions, and folklore, it does not appear to exist. Mr. Hollis's book is a most welcome addition to our knowledge of the non-Bantu people of the East Africa Protectorate, and a valuable supplement to the one he has already given us in *The Masai.* It is to be hoped that he, or some like-minded colleague, will find means to follow it up with similar studies of the Suk, Turkana, and Gang.

Here we have a very complete account of Nandi customs and institutions, based upon four years' careful inquiries. Mr. Hollis began by mastering the language, which in its general construction resembles Masai, though even a casual inspection of the grammar and vocabulary is sufficient to show a marked difference,—greater, we should almost suppose, than between any two of the Bantu languages. Nandi is, however, virtually identical with Dorobo, which has been phonetically studied by Professor Meinhof, (*Transactions of the Berlin Oriental Seminary for 1907*, Part III.: *Afrikanische Studien*, p. 110), while it is closely allied to Suk. Its affinities are fully discussed by Sir Charles Eliot in his Introduction. It is somewhat curious, considering that the Nandi have probably not inhabited the country bearing their name for more than a few generations, that they should possess a system of territorial division and nomenclature (p. 4), which I think is quite unusual among African tribes. It is quite independent of the genealogical division into seventeen clans, a list of which, with their totems, is given on p. 5. This is followed by a section on "sacred animals," and a list of the prohibitions imposed upon each clan. We may take as a specimen those of the Kipasiso

[1] Bernhard Struck, in *Globus*, Feb. 11, 1909, p. 89.

clan, whose totems are the sun and the mole, and who "may not catch rain-water in vessels or use it for cooking. If a goat sniffs at their grain or walks over it when it is spread out to dry or ripen, they may not use it except for feeding unnamed children, which ceremony does not take place with them until a child is six or seven years of age. Whenever the Kipasiso prepare porridge, they must first of all sprinkle a little spring water on the fire," (p. 11). On the other hand, they may drink milk one day after eating game, whereas most Nandi are not allowed to touch it for five months. Hyenas are held in a kind of veneration by all Nandi, though it is not held wrong to kill them on land belonging to no one (p. 7). The belief that these creatures are hermaphrodites is curious, and is also held by the Zulus (Colenso's *Dictionary*, s.v. *Pisintshange(im)*), though I do not know what reason, if any, is given by the latter for the notion, or whether it prevails elsewhere. The hyena usually figures in Bantu folklore as a transformed wizard. Mr. Hollis says nothing of this among the Nandi, though they believe it "to talk like human beings and to hold communication with the spirits of the dead." It has a considerable share in their funeral ceremonies (p. 7), as they do not bury the dead.

The wealth of detail in this book is so great that I have been unable to indicate more than a few of the points which have struck me, and I have only space for a brief glance at the folk-tales, which are extremely interesting. "The Story of the Demon who ate People, and the Child" (p. 107; see also the similar but longer story on p. 221 of *The Masai*, where it is said to be "a Taveta tale"), is a variant of the Sechwana "Kammapa and Litaolane," the Shambala story of "The Talking Gourd," and others too numerous to mention. "The Story of the Eleusine Grain," (p. 121), recalls a Sechwana tradition given by Arbousset and Dumas (*Voyage*, p. 428); and the myth accounting for the origin of death (p. 98) appears to be a much mutilated version of the well-known Chameleon legend, in which the dog (sent by no one) comes to mankind with the announcement, "All people will die like the moon, but unlike the moon you will not return to life again unless you give me some milk to drink out of your gourd and beer to drink through your straw." The people gave him

milk and beer, but poured them out on a stool for him, instead of handing them in the proper vessels, so he was offended, and "this is how it is that when people die they remain away." As milk is poured on a stool during certain ceremonies, it is perhaps possible that the story arose—or took this particular form—through an attempt to explain the usage. A. WERNER.

FOLK-TALES OF HINDUSTAN. By SHAIKH CHILLI. Allahabad: Indian Press, 1908.

IN this little volume ten stories from North India, which have already appeared in the *Modern Review*, are reprinted in a convenient form. The editor, who takes the name of Shaikh Chilli, appears to be a Mohammedan of the United Provinces. The stories are told in good English, albeit too much of the journalistic pattern to be altogether a suitable medium for conveying the spirit of folk-tales. A few slips betray the fact that English is not the native tongue of the translator,—such as the use of the word 'odes' for the songs of a nautch-girl. It may be noted that on p. 120 l. 10 *her* is by a slip printed for *his*. The stories are excellent examples of the tales of wonder, adventure, and enchantment that circulate throughout the Mohammedan world. None of them can be identified with the more familiar tales of this type, but the old themes appear in new kaleidoscopic combinations. The story of the fools, for instance, is diversified by the diverting incident of the competitor for the crown of folly who hid the eggs in his cheek and allowed the surgeon to lance his swollen face rather than tell. The story of the Jat and the Bania is an excellent example of another form of competition,—that of two persons telling preposterous tales with a penalty awaiting the one who does not accept the truth of his companion's inventions. "The Shrew and the Shade" is a good version of the familiar 'termagant wife' theme. The town of Janjal Nagari in the Land of Darkness is a sort of Gotham with features suggesting Laputa, and the combination of extreme folly with philosophical disputa-

tion is very effective. The more elaborate stories are all good of their class, and "The Seven Princes," "Vikram and the Faqir," and "Prince Mahbūb" are well worthy of association with our old favourites from Alif Laila.

It is to be hoped that Shaikh Chilli will continue his collections, and make known to the world some more gems from his treasure-house.

M. Longworth Dames.

Ancient Tales and Folk-lore of Japan. By Richard Gordon Smith. A. & C. Black, 1908. 4to, pp. xv + 361. 62 col. illus.

Although not addressed primarily to the student of folklore, this volume is of considerable interest and importance to him, as there is no reason to doubt that the substance of the tales is faithfully set down as told by fishermen, peasants, priests, and others to Mr. Gordon Smith during his collecting tours in Japan on behalf of the British Museum. Occasional terms, such as "masses" (pp. 43, 62) and "Buddhist Bible" (pp. 132-4, 221), may suggest misleading associations to the reader,—and "What ho, she bumps!" (p. 170), as the cry of a daimio's retainer when his boat drifts on shore, is at least a lapse of taste,—but there seems to be little 'touching up' of the kind which has made so many story collections useless for comparative study. So great is the charm and value of the book that one longs, ungratefully it may be, for a special folklore edition, in which each tale is told in a literal translation, the explanatory notes and descriptions are separated from the tale itself, and full details are given about every narrator. To make a clean breast of it, one wishes also that the illustrations were here, as in Captain O'Connor's *Folk Tales of Tibet*, the unguided work of a native artist, instead of being a native rendering of the English author's sketches. It should be added, however, that sketches by the author must be needed for localities unfamiliar to his native coadjutor, that the loss of quaintness and of utility for the student is possibly a gain in attractiveness for the ordinary reader, and that the general

result is one of the most pleasing volumes of Messrs. Black's "Beautiful Books."

The folk-tales, as distinct from historical traditions and little novels of travel or domestic tragedy, form about two-thirds of the total of sixty tales, and are of surprising freshness and variety. Hardly one of them has a parallel or variant in the numerous other collections of Japanese stories. Chinese influence can be traced in the magician of "The Hermit's Cave," and perhaps also in the spirits which animate *kakemono* pictures in two of the stories. Western and Arabian traditions are brought to mind by "A Carp gives a Lesson in Perseverance" and "A Life saved by a Spider and Two Doves." In the former, the dullest pupil of a famous painter leaves the school in despair, and sees a carp trying, persistently and at last successfully, to force its way through the ice of a pond to a bit of rice biscuit. The pupil resolves to continue his own efforts until he succeeds or dies, and finally becomes one of Japan's greatest painters, taking the leaping carp as his crest. In the other story, the famous twelfth-century founder of the Shōgunate, Yoritomo, when hidden in a hollow tree is saved from his pursuers by two doves flying out from the trunk and by the spider's web which covers the opening, as it did that of the cave which hid the Prophet of Allah. This incident is a favourite in Japanese art, and is told less fully in other collections. (Is the expansion by our author himself? No narrator is named.)

Many of the tales are about ghosts, and throw light on the popular ideas of that shadowy Eastern Afterworld which is in some ways so like and yet so unlike the Greek Hades. Japanese fondness for ghost tales has given birth to the favourite games *Hiyaku Monogatari* and *Kon Dame Shi*, in which, after the telling of each tale, in one case one of 100 lights in the room is extinguished (until the room is at last quite dark and a ghost is expected to appear), and in the other some object must be brought from a cemetery or other ghostly place. A game of this type is the setting of Mr. Gordon Smith's "The Snow Tomb," but there is some confusion in its description. The ghosts in these stories return to the land of the living to seek revenge, to fulfil a task, and to warn survivors. The ghost of a blind shampooer destroys his faithless wife and her lover, the ghost of an old nurse digs up

and takes to the rightful heir a treasured sword, and the ghost of a wife dead in the snow returns in a snowstorm to remonstrate with her husband when he forsakes his father-in-law. Specially interesting are the several accounts of the *shito dama*,—red or smoky-white fireballs either "roundish oblong tadpole shape or square-fronted eyed shape,"—which are taken by the author to be the astral form assumed by a spirit which desires to wander over the earth after death. In one case a red *shito dama*—"The Spider Fire of the Spirit of the Dead Akechi,"—comes in bad weather to wreak vengeance on the fishermen of Lake Biwa, one of whom had betrayed Akechi's castle to besiegers. In the gruesome story of "A Haunted Temple in Inaba Province," a murdered priest appears at one and the same time as both a buzzing *shito dama* and a luminous skeleton with glaring eyes, although the two apparitions seem able to coalesce. The priest who sees this double apparition, and dies of fright, believes in the *shito dama*, but not in ghosts. (In other collections than this the *shito dama* is described as a blue flame.)

The ghosts are often associated with trees. The ghost of the priest Yenoki, who loses the sight of one eye by peering into the shrine he guards, resides in a great cryptomeria; the spirit of the caretaker who disembowels himself because he cannot prevent the cutting down of his beloved camphor-tree enters into the fallen tree, which then cannot be removed and lives on; and the ghost of a retainer who disembowels himself to be free to rebuke his lord appears annually in the cherry-tree growing from his grave. But we meet with the ghosts or spirits of trees and plants as well as of human beings. The author tells us (p. 302) that "the Japanese say that ghosts in inanimate nature generally have more liveliness than ghosts of the dead," and in these stories we meet spirits of the cherry, willow, and plum trees, and of the lotus lily, peony, and chrysanthemum, who avenge injuries, die with or marry their preservers, and serve the families to which they are attached.

Deities and supernatural beings other than ghosts and vegetation spirits appear somewhat rarely. In "The Perpetual Life-Giving Wine," a mountain goddess bestows the saké of perpetual youth, which is also given, in another story, by the scarlet haired

and bodied *shojos* of the sea when they ascend to view the newly-born sacred mountain Fujiyama. In "Yosojo's Camellia Tree" the goddess Fujiyama cures the smallpox.

Other stories tell of miraculous swords, and of transmigration beliefs. The monkey which perishes from over-exertion in foraging for the priest who is copying a holy book is reborn as lord of a province, the pilgrim who is robbed and dies returns in the form of myriads of fireflies to torment and kill the thief, the dead son returns as a white snake to strangle his father's murderer, and the soul of the samurai whose love is rejected by the fisher girl passes into the complaining sea-gulls.

It would take much more space merely to name the other interesting items in this delightful collection, and, to add to our satisfaction, the preface implies that many notes are still unpublished. We may therefore look forward with eagerness to the issue of a second volume as interesting as the present one, which can be highly commended alike to the folklorist and to all who are, or can be, interested in the Land of Reed Plains and Fresh Rice Ears.

A. R. WRIGHT.

THE FIJIANS. A Study of the Decay of Custom. By BASIL THOMSON. Heinemann, 1908. 8vo, pp. xx + 396.

THE many fascinating books of Mr. Basil Thomson about the peoples of the Pacific will lead the readers of this volume to expect a graphic and sympathetic account of native life, and in this they will not be disappointed. Much that the author has already published, either in his lighter works or in the admirable Report on the causes of the decrease of population in Fiji, is here made readily accessible, while nearly every chapter contains some addition to our knowledge. The greatest value of the book, however, lies in the general impression of the people and their lives which is given in this record written by one capable of true sympathy with natives and their point of view.

The account of the Fijian religion is especially valuable. The

many friends of Lady Asenath will here become more fully acquainted with the Path of the Shades, one of the most wonderful and eventful journeys to the next world which has been recorded among any people, and definite additions are made to the knowledge of the Nanga rites which we owe to Fison and Joske. On the other hand we would willingly have heard more of the cult of the *Luve-ni-wai* or Children of the Water which is at the present time so widespread and prominent in Fiji.

In the chapter on Warfare there is given an excellent account of the nature of the intertribal fighting which probably holds good of Melanesian warfare generally, and the chapters on disease are of great interest.

The account of social institutions is less satisfactory. The social organisation of the Fijians shows a great advance from those forms which are believed to be relatively primitive, and a thorough study of the exact nature of those divisions which are called tribes and of their different subdivisions is much needed. We should very much like to have heard more of the "carpenter septs" and "tribes of hereditary fishermen" which are mentioned incidentally, for, though it is probable that they are due to Tongan influence, their exact nature in Fiji would probably be very instructive to those interested in the origin and growth of caste.

The book would have been greatly improved by a map. Places and districts are constantly being mentioned which are not in any atlas, and a good map would have been of great service, not only to the readers of this book, but also to illustrate many articles on Fiji which have appeared in the past. The system of orthography which has been adopted is not very happy. It is a pity to lead people deliberately to mispronounce words in order to avoid a slight uncouthness of appearance, and slips in several places have produced such words as *yangkona* and *tangka* which are even more uncouth than the correct *yanggona* and *tangga* would have been. Further, in several places, especially in the epic of Ndengei, the reader will be puzzled by several slips in which the customary Fijian spelling has remained uncorrected.

From the practical point of view the book should be of great service, and should be read by all those whose work brings them into contact with backward races. The author brings out clearly and in the most unbiassed manner the evil effects of past ignorance, especially on the part of the missionaries, and the picture of the effects of their ill-devised measures is one which should be carefully studied by the leaders of the missionary movement. Mr. Thomson, himself an official, is also able to point out several instances in which mistakes might have been avoided by a more accurate knowledge of native character and institutions on the part of the Government.

To the anthropologist and folklorist the great merits of the book must be qualified by an acknowledgment of a fundamental weakness which the book shares with most accounts of backward races, in that it gives a false notion of the uniformity of Fijian culture. It seems to be a peculiarity of those who live in the midst of alien peoples to notice and record the facts which show uniformity, and to neglect the points which show difference. It is probably so much more interesting to themselves to notice and bring out the uniformity which is undoubtedly present among such people as the Fijians, and, further, it often happens that the uniformity is in things of the surface, while the points of difference may not be obvious and only be found by careful investigation. To the popular reader this demonstration of uniformity is of far greater interest than that of differences which may perhaps only leave him bewildered at the complexity of conditions where preconceived ideas have led him to expect simplicity. If, however, we are to progress in knowledge, this too exclusive interest in uniformity must come to an end, and the differences within the uniformity must be carefully sought out and recorded. A brief experience of a few weeks in only one of the Fijian islands was sufficient to convince the writer of this notice that behind the apparent uniformity of culture there are fundamental differences. One such point of difference has been long known,—viz., the limitation of the Nanga cult to one region of the island of Viti Levu, but we learn nothing from the accounts of Mr. Thomson and others

of other differences which characterise what may be called the Nanga region, and yet such differences undoubtedly exist. Some of the mountain tribes which live in or near this region possess a kinship system of an order wholly different from that of the coastal tribes of which Mr. Thomson gives a full account. Further, the institution of cross-cousin marriage, usually regarded as typically Fijian, is absent in these tribes, and the form of totemism is also different from that of the coast. Such differences are vital; they do not concern the superficialities which pass so easily from tribe to tribe, but they are at the very basis of the social and religious life of the people, and point to the widest differences in origin or environment, and yet from Mr. Thomson we do not even gain a hint of their existence.

It must be acknowledged that in his preface the author disclaims any attempt to give an exhaustive account of the Fijians, and an apology should perhaps be offered for having made this book a means of drawing attention to a frequent defect of anthropological literature. Though, however, the author may only have intended his book to be a study of decay of custom, he has as a matter of fact given so good an account of the people that a word of warning is necessary to indicate that Fiji has not yet made its full contribution to our knowledge. A detailed study of this most important meeting place of the Melanesian and Polynesian cultures will yet reveal much of the utmost importance to the student of human society.

W. H. R. Rivers.

The Origin of Terms of Human Relationship. By A. Lang. From the *Proceedings of the British Academy*, vol. iii. Froude, 1909. Pp. 20.

In a paper published under the above title, Mr. Lang returns to his favourite subject, the social organisation of the Australian tribes. Remarking that the classificatory system of naming relations is still, perhaps, the strongest card in the hand of believers in a period of human promiscuity, he discusses how far the

names of relationships among the Australian blacks lend themselves in support of this theory. He shows, in the first place, that the Australian does discriminate between his actual and his tribal relations; secondly, that, on any theory of the social condition of articulate-speaking man, the terms of relationship cannot have connoted all the present duties and privileges which they now connote, and that these could arise only after the evolution of the tribe with its vast body of customary law; and, thirdly, he urges that "as tribal law developed, regulating all things by grade of age, the old names for the nearest relations were simply extended (sometimes with qualifications, such as 'elder,' 'younger,' 'little') to all persons of the same age-grade, in the same phratry, with the same duties, privileges, and restrictions." His "provisional conclusion is that the classificatory widely inclusive terms of relationship prove nothing, either for or against the theory of primal promiscuity."

It is difficult to summarise a paper which is itself a summary of a very intricate subject. Mr. Lang himself admits that the weakness of the method lies in the philological examination of terms in imperfectly-known Australian languages, and in explaining them in analogy with Aryan linguistic evolution. We are still far from having reached the stage when a comparative dictionary and grammar of the Australian dialects can be prepared. Speculations based on the imperfect material at present available must be accepted with much caution. W. Crooke.

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THE RELIGION OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.[1]

BY A. R. BROWN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(*Read at Meeting, March 17th*, 1909.)

THE only account of the religion of the Andaman Islanders so far published is that of Mr. E. H. Man, in his book on the Andamanese, originally published in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* for the year 1882. Mr. Man's researches were in many ways excellent. I have tested as far as possible every statement in his book, and can speak with ungrudging praise of it. But there are certain matters on which I am compelled to dissent from Mr. Man's opinions, and one of the most important of these is his interpretation of certain religious beliefs of the Andamanese.

[1] The researches on which this paper is based were conducted under the terms of the Anthony Wilkin Studentship in Ethnology of Cambridge University.

The Andamanese believe in a being named Puluga, who at a first glance might seem to resemble the God of more civilised peoples. Such resemblances as there were Mr. Man unfortunately emphasised. The result was that, on the one hand, it was said that the Andamanese beliefs must be the result of missionary influence, while, on the other, Mr. Man's observations were claimed as supporting a theory of a primitive All-Father. Let me say at once that it is quite certain that the beliefs of the Andamanese have not been influenced in the very least by contact with any other people, civilised or uncivilised. The bearing of the Andamanese beliefs on the theory of a primitive All-Father I do not care to discuss, as the whole theory seems to me nothing but a system of elaborate misinterpretation.

The interpretation of the beliefs of savages is always a matter of enormous difficulty. Such interpretations are therefore valueless unless a very strict method is followed. They are indeed worse than valueless, since they falsify observation. I have therefore endeavoured to follow as strict a method as possible both in observing and in interpreting the beliefs and customs of the Andamanese. I cannot here enter into the question of these methods. In interpretation I have relied mainly on the fact that the beliefs vary from one group to another. By comparing the beliefs of different groups we are able to discover what beliefs are essential and what are secondary.

The Andamanese are divided into two main groups differing considerably in language and technical culture, which I shall call the Great Andaman group and the Little Andaman group. I shall deal almost solely with the former. It, that is the Great Andaman group, is further divided into ten linguistic groups, named, from north to south,—Chari, Kora, Bo, Jeru, Kede, Juwoi, Kol, Puchikwar, Bale, and Bea.

Let us begin with the name and sex of this mythical being with whom we are to deal.

Language.	Name.	Meaning.	Sex.
Chari	Biliku	Spider	Female
Kora	,,	,,	,,
Bo	,,	,,	,,
Jeru	,,	,,	,,
Kede	Bilikă	(?)	,,
Juwoi	Bilik	(None)	(Male?)
Kol	,,	,,	,,
Puchikwar	,,	,,	,,
Bale	Puluga	,,	Male
Bea	,,	,,	,,
Little Andaman	Öluga	Monitor lizard	Female

It is clear that these different names are all forms of the same word, the phonetic changes from B to P and K to G, being of common occurrence in Andamanese.

In the Little Andaman the word Öluga, besides being the name of the mythical being in question, is also the name of the Monitor lizard (*Varanus salvator*). In the four northern languages the word Biliku is the name both of the mythical being and of the spider. In all the others (except perhaps Kede, of which I am uncertain), the word given applies only to the mythical being.

As regards sex, Biliku in the five northern languages and Öluga in the Little Andaman are female. In Bea and Bale Puluga is male. In Juwoi, Kol, and Puchikwar there is some uncertainty. I was sometimes told by individuals of these three groups that Bilik was male, and sometimes that there were two Biliks, one male and one female. But, where two were believed in, it seemed that the female was regarded as subordinate. I have therefore entered (Male?) in the column opposite these groups. One Kol man believed that Bilik was female.

Biliku does not stand alone among the persons of Andamanese mythology, but has a counterpart. This counterpart is named, in the north, Tarai. The names of these two beings are used in speaking of the two prevailing winds of the Andamans.

Language.	N.E. Wind.	S.W. Wind.
Chari, Kora, Bo, Jeru	Biliku Boto	Tarai Boto
Kede	(Unknown)	(Unknown)
Juwoi	Bilik Tau	Teria
Kol	,,	,,
Puchikwar	,,	,,
Bale	Puluga Toa	Daria.
Bea	Puluga Ta	Deria.

The relation between Biliku and Tarai is given differently in different parts of the island. Thus, in the north I was often told that Tarai was Biliku's husband.[2] By Bale men I was told that Puluga and Daria (both males) were at one time great friends. They quarrelled as to who was "the bigger man," and they have been quarrelling ever since.

Amongst the Juwoi, Kol, and Puchikwar people, who are now all living together, I obtained three different accounts:—

(1) "Bilik is female and Teria is her husband. Their children are the winds,—Choliatum-bilik, Mètepur-bilik, and Wòicho-lar-pat-bilik."

(2) "There is a male Bilik and a female Bilik, who are husband and wife. Their children are Koichortong-bilik, Koicho-bilik, Jila-bilik, Metepur-bilik, Rartear-bilik, and Teria. These are the winds."

(3) "Bilik is male. His wife is In Charia, and their children are Kao and Morna."

With these we may compare a Bale story. "Puluga (big Puluga) has two brothers called Jila Puluga and Kuacho Puluga (East Puluga and West Puluga). The one sends all the easterly winds, and the other all the westerly ones."

This connection between Biliku and the north-east

[2] This may be compared with the common Andamanese belief that the moon and sun are husband and wife.

monsoon is not an accidental, but an essential, part of the myth.

Throughout the Great Andaman wind, rain, storm, thunder, and lightning are associated with Biliku, or with Biliku and Tarai. Storms and rain are signs of the anger of Biliku. Lightning is often explained as a firebrand flung by Biliku across the sky. In the south they say, when it thunders,—"Puluga is snoring." There is complete unanimity through all the groups, on this point, that bad weather is the result of Biliku's anger.

There is also complete unanimity as to the things which make Biliku angry. There are three of these:—(1) Melting or burning beeswax. (2) Cutting, digging up, or in any way interfering with a certain number of plants, particularly during a certain period of the year. (3) Killing a cicada, or making a noise during the time the cicadæ are singing at morning or evening. Every Andamanese child knows exactly what are the actions which will offend Biliku and cause rain, and there is no variation in these beliefs from one end of the Great Andaman to the other.

If we now turn to the various legends about Biliku, we shall find that amid many differences there are certain important similarities in the legends of different groups. The Andamanese have a number of legends about the "ancestors," that is the people who first inhabited the Andamanese world, and from whom the Andamanese themselves are descended. I do not propose to deal with those legends now, except such as refer to the relations of the ancestors to Biliku.

I will begin with a story told me by the Puchikwar people. I obtained the same story, with hardly any differences of detail, from three different individuals on different occasions.

"The first of the Andamanese was named Ta Pàtie.[3]

[3] Ta=Mr.; Pàtie is the Monitor lizard (*Varanus salvator*). Another legend tells how Pàtie made himself a wife out of wood and by her had children.

When he and the other ancestors were living at Wota Emi, Bilik was living at Tol-loko-tima across the strait. In those days the ancestors had no fire. Bilik took some wood of the tree called *Pàrat*, and broke it, and so made fire for himself. Luratut[4] came to Tol-loko-tima while Bilik was sleeping, and stole some fire. Bilik awoke. He saw Luratut. Bilik took up a lighted brand, and threw it at Luratut. It hit him in the back, and burnt him. Luratut gave the fire to the people at Wota Emi. Bilik was very angry about this, and went away to live in the sky."

There are several points in this tale to which I would draw your attention. Firstly, Bilik is definitely separated from the ancestors, and is not regarded as one of them. Thus, while all the ancestors live together at Wota Emi, Bilik lives on another island across a strait of about a mile wide, and, when he obtains fire, he does not give it to the ancestors, and is very angry when it is stolen. The next point is that Bilik does not seize his bow and arrows and shoot at the offending thief, as one would expect an Andamanese *man* to do, but hurls a firebrand. As regards the hero, the Prometheus of the tale, I may mention that nearly all the ancestors mentioned in the Andamanese legends have names of birds or beasts, and it is often difficult to know whether a native is speaking of the bird, or of a man with the bird's name. The kingfisher called in Puchikwar Luratut has a patch of bright red feathers at the back of his neck.

The next legend was given me by two Bale men.

"In the days of the ancestors Puluga lived at Jila, and the Andamanese lived at Puluga-l'od-baraij. Puluga was always getting angry with the ancestors. He used to destroy their huts and property. So the people sent him out of the world, saying,—"We don't want you here. You are always getting angry with us." Puluga went away to

[4] Kingfisher.

the north-east. Before he went, he warned the people against doing certain things, saying that, if they were done, he would be very angry. He told them not to dig up yams, or cut *barata* (*Caryota sobolifera*) or *chakan* (*Entada scandens*), during the rains, and not to burn beeswax."

Here again we have the ancestors living at one place and Puluga living on a small island near by, to the north-east.

Here is the legend of the origin of fire given me by an old Kede man. "The ancestors had no fire. Bilika had fire. Lirtit (kingfisher) found out. He went one night, while Bilika was asleep, and stole fire. Bilika awoke and saw him. She threw a *Ba* shell at him, which cut off his wings and his tail. Lirtit dived into the water and swam with the fire to Bet-ra-kudu, and gave it to Tape (a bird). Tape gave fire to Mita (the bronze-winged dove, *Chalcophaps indica*). Mita gave it to the others (*i.e.* to the other ancestors)."

Lirtit seems, by the loss of his wings and tail, to have become a man. The *Ba* shell which Bilika threw at him is the mother-of-pearl shell which the Andamanese women use for slicing yams and seeds,—their kitchen knife, in a word. The incident is an important one, as I shall point out. Otherwise the tale is essentially similar to the Puchikwar one already given.

The same Kede man gave me further information about Bilika. She had a husband named Porokul, and they lived together in Kede country at a place called Purum-at-chop. One day Porokul was hunting. He was returning with a pig he had killed, and came to the creek on the other side of which was his home. Laden as he was with the pig, he could not swim across the creek. Bilika was asleep, but her children were playing and saw their father on the other side of the creek. They ran and awakened their mother, and told her that their father could not get across the creek with the pig. Bilika went and lay down on the bank of the creek, and stretched out her leg so that it reached the

other bank. Her husband walked across her leg, and so reached home.

Bilika, the same man told me, made the earth and sky and sea, but it does not seem that she was the creator of men. She made, or at any rate discovered the use of, all the edible roots which are known to the Andamanese, and she is very angry if any one gathers these roots in the rainy season. Her anger shows itself in lightning and thunder, rain and heavy wind. The sun owes its origin to her, though accidentally. One day, being very angry, she started throwing fire about. The fire was Purum-at, that is, fire made from the wood of the Purum tree. One large firebrand she threw into the sky, and there it has remained to this day.

The following is a story told to me in the Jeru language. "In the time of the ancestors Biliku lived with them at Ar Kol. One day the people caught a turtle, and brought it into the village. Biliku was sitting there. They asked her if she would eat some, but she said No! They put the turtle-flesh in the roof of the hut, and went away. When they had gone, Biliku ate the whole turtle, and went to sleep. The people came back, and found the turtle meat gone. They said,—"Biliku has eaten it." So they left the camp, and all went away to Tebi-chiro. They left Biliku behind, asleep.

"Some of the people went to hunt for turtle. Their canoe passed near Ar Kol. Biliku saw the people in the canoe, and called to them, and asked to be taken into the canoe. The people refused, saying,—"You ate up all the turtle." Biliku had a round stone and several pearl shells (*Be*). She threw the shells at the people in the canoe. The first shell did not hit them, but came back and fell at her feet. And so with the second. Then Biliku got very angry, and threw a third time. The shell cut off the heads of the Andamanese and sank their canoe, and so they all died.[5]

[5] There is said to be a reef of rocks at the place, which represents the Andamanese and their canoe.

"The people at Tebi-chiro called across to Biliku, saying,—"Come over here." She answered,—"Very well! I'm coming." She took a stone and put it in the sea, and it floated. She got on to it, to cross over. When she was half-way across, Biliku and her stone sank in the sea, and they became the two big rocks that stand there."

I will close this collection of stories by giving one from the Chari people of the very north of the Great Andaman.

"Biliku took a red stone and a pearl shell (*Be*). She struck them together. Fire came. She collected wood, and made a fire. She went to sleep. Mite (the bronze-winged dove, *Chalcophaps indica*) came and took away (stole) fire. He made a fire for himself. He gave fire to all the people in the village. Afterwards fire was given to all the places. Each man took his own."

In these stories we find several themes continually recurring. (1) Biliku as living on earth but separated from the Andamanese ancestors. (2) Fire as stolen from Biliku. (3) Biliku represented as throwing either a firebrand or a pearl shell (*Be*).

There is one more point to be mentioned before I proceed to the discussion of the material I have put forward. That is the legend of Biliku as the creator of the world, and more particularly of men and women.

I was often told that Biliku was the first human being, and that she made the earth and the first Andamanese. But there was no legend of creation in connection with Biliku. On the contrary, all the different legends which I did obtain attributed the origin of mankind to some other person. The Jeru legend tells how the first man, Jutpu, came out of a joint of a big bamboo, and how he made a wife out of clay, and then other people out of the same material. In the Puchikwar story the first being is Pàtie, the Monitor lizard, who got a wife out of a piece of wood. That is to say, the belief in Biliku as the first being is sporadic and undeveloped. It is

not in my opinion an essential part of the myth, but is an accretion.

In endeavouring to interpret the myth we must keep in mind what are the essential elements. The first is that Biliku is identified with the north-east monsoon, and is paired off with Tarai, the south-west monsoon. Each of these winds blows for nearly half the year. At the change of the monsoon south-easterly winds occur, but such winds are exceptional. Now the Andaman Islander tends to personify natural phenomena. Thus he regards the sun and moon as persons, and sometimes even lightning and thunder. Again, when he wishes to think of two persons as a pair, he thinks of them as husband and wife. Thus the sun is the wife of the moon. So, I would suggest, he originally personified the N.E. and the S.W. monsoon, called them Biliku and Tarai, and made them wife and husband.

On this view Biliku was originally everywhere female, and those groups which represent Puluga as male have changed their belief. There is a good deal of evidence for this. Thus, at the two extremities of the islands, Biliku and Öluga are female. Also, in the Puchikwar, Kol, and Juwoi groups we seem to get an intermediate stage. An argument on the subject was given me by a native. "If Biliku were a man he would take up his bow and arrows, and not throw firebrands or pearl shells at people. Those are women's things."

The next point is the association of the two monsoons with the weather. Biliku and Tarai become the producers of rain, storms, thunder, and lightning. Recall that the Andamanese explain lightning as firebrands thrown by Biliku, and recall also the frequency with which Biliku is represented in the tales as throwing a firebrand. Instead of a brand it is often a pearl shell which she throws. And I would suggest that there was originally an alternative explanation of lightning as a bright mother-of-pearl shell

thrown across the sky. For we must remember that the Andamanese always has several alternative explanations of the same phenomenon, all of which he believes equally.

But at any rate we clearly have Biliku associated with fire, through this explanation of lightning. The step to the legend of fire being stolen from her is a simple one, and we may presume that this was its origin.

Through the fire-legend Biliku is brought into personal contact with the ancestors, who form quite a different class of mythical beings. But Biliku's present abode is in the sky to the north-east. The legends do indeed represent her as living on earth, but they clearly mark the separation between her and the ancestors, and several of the legends tell how she left the earth to go and live in the sky.

This association with and separation from the ancestors explains, I think, how she comes to be sometimes regarded as the first human being. But for this latter position she has to compete with other legendary beings.

There are still two more points on which I must touch. I have many times wondered why, of these two beings Biliku and Tarai, the first should come to occupy so large a place in Andaman mythology compared with the other. What is particularly puzzling is that the S.W. monsoon is the rainy monsoon, and during the N.E. monsoon the weather is generally fine. I have not been able to find an explanation, and can only record the fact. There seem to be no legends whatever about Tarai, and in the south he is generally ignored, all storms being attributed to Puluga whether they come from the N.E. or the S.W.

The other point concerns the strange prohibitions, associated with Biliku, for which I wish to suggest an explanation. The theory I put forward is perhaps somewhat hazardous, and I do not wish to attribute too much importance to it.

Let us take these prohibitions one at a time. Biliku is said to be very angry if anyone burns or melts bees-

wax. The Andamanese reason is a simple one. "She dislikes the smell." The suggestion I would make is little more than a guess. The great honey season, when the finest combs are collected, is just at the end of the dry weather. At this season the Andamanese, men, women, and children, all turn out to collect honey. When the honey has been extracted from the comb, the wax is useless until it has been melted, and, since the natives make considerable use of the wax, this is the great time for melting it down. As the honey season draws to a close the rains begin, often very suddenly and with violent storms. These two things, always associated year after year, the breaking of the monsoon following on the time of the collecting of honey and the melting of wax, may perhaps explain the belief that this last is one of the things that greatly offend Biliku. As pointing, however, to some less simple explanation, there are other superstitions about honey and beeswax,—how the latter, for instance, will keep away the spirits of the jungle.

There may be a somewhat similar explanation concerning the various roots and fruits connected with Biliku. I believe that all these roots and fruits ripen at about the same time, namely at the end of the rainy season, in October. The yams certainly are then just nearing their full growth. The *Entada scandens*, Kurz, in *Burmese Flora*, mentions as seeding in "the cold season." I think I remember having seen the seed pods fully grown as early as September. I much regret that I did not take particular note of these matters. The theory I wish to suggest is that these fruits and seeds begin to be available for human food just at the end of the rainy season, that is in October. Now November is generally the period of the worst storms, of cyclones. The Andamanese may well have come to regard the storms of November as the result of their digging up the yams at about that time. This is to some extent borne

out by the ideas regarding the *Entada*. The seed pods, I was told, must not be cut from the creeper, but it is quite permissible to eat the fallen seeds. Now, though the seed-pods are fully formed in September, the seeds do not fall until well on into the dry season. Similarly, the pith of the *Caryota sobolifera* palm must not be eaten until December, though some plants are ready for food in October. This theory explains what the natives mean when they say that the yams and these other various jungle products may not be eaten in the wet season, but may be so in the dry season. I was at first puzzled over this by the fact that they are not available for food during the greater part of the wet season, and that the prohibition therefore amounted to nothing. But if we understand that they are not to be eaten during or before November, the month of cyclones, not only has the prohibition some meaning, but it suggests that the explanation I offer may be the true one. The explanation did not, unfortunately, occur to me till after I had left the islands, or I might have been able to test it more fully.

There is an explanation of a similar kind for the beliefs concerning the cicada. But, as the cicada occupies an important place in Andamanese mythology and the discussion of the legends and beliefs about it would take up considerable space, I think it better not to enter upon it here.

Mr. Man says that the Andamanese believe of Puluga:—

"I. Though His appearance is like fire, yet He is (nowadays) invisible.

"II. He was never born, and is immortal.

"III. By Him the world and all objects, animate and inanimate, were created, excepting only the powers of evil.

"IV. He is regarded as omniscient while it is day, knowing even the thoughts of their hearts.

"V. He is angered by the commission of certain sins, while to those in pain or distress he is pitiful, and sometimes deigns to afford relief.

"VI. He is the Judge from whom each soul receives its sentence after death, and, to *some* extent, the hope of escape from the torment of Jereg-lar-mugu is said to affect their course of action in the present life."

I will deal briefly with a few of these points:—

I. I found that Puluga or Biliku was generally regarded as being in appearance like an Andamanese. He (or she) was often spoken of as being of great size. One Puchikwar man gave as the height of Bilik the height of the post of my hut (18 feet). He was sometimes described as being white (or red) skinned "like a European." Once I was told that he had a beard. (The Andamanese never have more than a few scanty hairs on the chin.) He was never described to me as looking like fire. But it was clear from the diversity of opinion that there was no fixed belief on the subject.

As to his or her invisibility, I wonder whether Mr. Man's informant meant more than that nobody ever sees him. I do not know of any Andamanese word meaning "invisible."

II. I think this only means that the Andamanese have never conceived of Puluga as having a father or mother. He is immortal in just the sense that all other beings in the Andamanese myths are immortal. No one has ever supposed it possible that they might come to an end.

III. I have pointed out that the belief in Puluga as creator is not universal, and is probably only a secondary element of the myth.

V. I went most carefully into this question and could never find that Puluga was angry against anything except the particular actions (such as burning beeswax) with which I have dealt. I can only say that on this point

my observation does not agree with Mr. Man's. I venture to think that, perhaps unwittingly, Mr. Man suggested to his informant that Puluga was angry if one man wronged another, and the native of course agreed, as a native generally does agree to any suggestion.

VI. With the sixth point, raising as it does the whole question of Andamanese belief in a future life, I cannot now deal.

It will be seen from the above how widely my interpretation of Andamanese religion differs from that of Mr. Man, and yet my observations, except on one or two points, are in entire agreement with his. Our differences are almost entirely differences of interpretation, and as between two different interpretations of one phenomenon there is only one test by which we can choose, and that test is strictness of method.

A. R. BROWN.

THE HISTORY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ROUND TABLE AS TOLD IN HEBREW IN THE YEAR 1279.

BY M. GASTER, PH.D.

AMONGST the manuscripts in the Vatican (Urb. 48) there is a fragment of a Hebrew version of the history of King Arthur which might be called a *Morte d'Arthur*. Unfortunately the translator, or rather perhaps the copyist, has broken off in the middle, and the history itself is very brief. Practically it contains only two episodes of the Arthurian legends,—the history of Uther Pendragon and the birth of Arthur, and the history of Lancelot,—both much shortened. Prof. Berliner published the Hebrew text in his *Otsar Tob*, 1885, pp. 1-11, and refers briefly to it in his *Magazin f. d. Wissenschaft d. Judenthums*, 1885, p. 225. He states that there is no doubt about the date of the manuscript, which is supported by internal evidence. The manuscript mentions only the year –39, which according to Hebrew computation is equivalent to 1279. The full figures in Hebrew would be 5039, the thousands being omitted. The text is published from the copy made by Dr. Berliner from the unique original. There are various mistakes in the spelling of the names, and other orthographical inaccuracies, which may be due to errors either of the modern copyist or made by the former copyist owing to carelessness or difficulty of reading the lost original. It is a pity that the editor has not informed us

as to the character of the writing,—whether it was, as I assume, a second copy from the autograph or original hand, and whether it is in a French or Italian hand,—for it would have been of great importance in settling, not only orthographical difficulties, but the still greater difficulty of ascertaining the origin of this version. In the Introduction the Hebrew translator states merely that he translated it from the "vernacular" without indicating the language from which he made the translation,—whether it was French, or Provençal, or Italian. We shall have therefore to rely on internal evidence in the attempt which will be made, later on, to settle that problem.

Since its publication, Prof. Steinschneider has devoted a chapter to it in his *Hebräische Übersetzungen des Mittelalters* (Berlin, 1893), pp. 967-969, § 578. He considers this book to be one of the greatest curiosities in Hebrew literature. Judging the book from its fragmentary character, Steinschneider maintains that the author has deliberately abbreviated it far beyond the few passages which he owns to have somewhat reduced, and which, according to his statement, did not amount to more than three small pages, so that the brief reference to the "Keste," *i.e.* the Quest of the Grail, as well as that to other books of the Cycle, are not due to the original editor of the book from which the translation has been made, but to the translator. Steinschneider notices also the occurrence of a good number of Romance expressions which resemble Italian, and he therefore concludes that the original must have been an Italian version. But hitherto no such Italian text has been discovered.

Dr. M. Schüler has treated this version more fully in an article published in the *Archiv f. neuere Sprachen u. Literatur*, vol. cxxii. pp. 51-63. After giving briefly the history of this text, Dr. Schüler proceeds to give an analysis of its contents, and, comparing it with the French versions published by P. Paris, he comes to the conclusion

that the principal part, the Lancelot portion, runs parallel with the hitherto unpublished third part of the French Prose Romance of Lancelot in the *Mort d'Arthus*. It agrees in the main much more closely with that version than with Malory, and, according to Dr. Schüler, represents a more archaic phase of the legends than those hitherto known. The immediate original, however, from which the translation has been made, was an Italian version, and probably one hailing from Tuscany.

If we were quite sure of the exact reading of the Romance words found in the Hebrew text, and also that they had not been modified by the copyist, who may have lived in Italy, there would still be great difficulties, on linguistic as well as on literary grounds, in assuming the existence of so old an Italian translation of any of the Arthurian legends as to permit the present version to be based on an Italian original. The text is a combination of at least two or three legends, and reference is moreover made to others, such as a detailed history of the Quest, a history of Merlin, and another history of Lancelot. Out of these legends this "Morte d'Arthur," if I may call it so, has been compiled, and it agrees with the latter in its composition and partly in the contents. It presupposes an entire cycle of Arthurian prose romances, and that some at least had been joined together to form a *corpus* of such legends. The legends used may have been old, and therefore short, although the compiler has reduced them to a smaller compass. I am not aware, however, of any version of these legends so brief and succinct as the Hebrew, but, in spite of this, I do not believe that the translator had of his own accord abbreviated his original beyond the modest proportions mentioned by him and not exceeding more than a few pages in the whole book.

A problem is hereby raised for the students of these legends,—to find out whether such a short compilation already existed in the first half of the thirteenth century,

and, if so, in what language. That it must have existed this Hebrew version is the proof, but where and by whom was it made? There can also be but little doubt that the original was a prose romance, for the Hebrew translator would have mentioned the fact that he had rendered a metrical romance in prose, and the translation itself is so literal that one can see through it the older original. The translator has, in fact, invented new Hebrew words so as to approximate the translation as closely as possible to his original, and from the grammatical constructions and syntax, as well as from the flow of language, not the slightest doubt can be entertained that his original was a prose romance.

This original, in whichever form,—prose or rhyme,—it may have reached the translator, rests ultimately on a French text. But was it French or another Romance language which the translator mentions as the "vernacular"? If we were absolutely sure that the copyist had not tampered involuntarily with the non-Hebrew words found in this text, they would furnish some indication as to the character of that original. In all about fifteen Romance words have been retained in the Hebrew, exclusive of the names of the principal persons. The translator has been very careful in his transliteration, for we find that he evidently distinguishes between V and W; for the latter he uses the double וו (double V), and for the former the letter ב (B). For example, *W*inchester is written with וו, and Vavassor or Valvassor with ב (soft V). He also distinguishes between the sound ç in Lançelot and the *s* in Borz, and he must have found these names spelt accordingly in the Romance original. *S* is represented by a letter which may be read *Sh* and *S* (שׂ), *e.g.* in Winchester and in cosini, and it is therefore not open to doubt that he pronounced the last word with *s* like French, and not with a sound resembling the Italian *gi*, as Dr. Schüler suggests. The translator does not seem to have known the latter sound, for he transcribes the

name of *Gue*never *Zine*vra, (which presupposes a *G*inevra), and similarly I*s*erna for I*g*erna. This can only be explained as a Venetian trait of the Romance language of the original, in which he already found them so spelt, or, what is much more likely, it is due to some South French dialect intermediate between those of Provence and the North of Italy, and not due to any liberty taken by the translator or by the second copyist of the Hebrew. Names like Loto and Bano, for Lot and Ban, and the form Lançolot,[1] may also be of non-Italian origin, and taken over in Italy in this form, for so they occur in the *Reali di Francia* and in other Italian versions of the ancient French romances of chivalry. They in fact show the route through which these romances have come to Italy. "Pennon" is undoubtedly French, and so are the forms "Messer," "scudier," and "Valvassor." The linguistic proof therefore points in the direction of the South of France for the version which served as the basis of the translation. The history of the literary transmission of this Cycle to Italy corroborates the conclusion to which I have come, for it was just about this date that Provençal poems began to penetrate into Italy and there to influence the nascent poetry of Italy. Collections of Provençal poems copied out in Italy are known to exist, and even Dante speaks of Provençal poetry as a school with which he was closely acquainted. Unfortunately the Hebrew version is only a fragment, but it is still full enough to enable us to penetrate through it to a more primitive phase of the Arthurian legends, as Dr. Schüler has rightly pointed out. It contains many an archaic trait, and, though agreeing in the main with Malory, it yet differs so much from the English version that it may fairly be taken to represent another and probably more ancient one.

I have endeavoured to be as faithful as I could in the

[1] The name Lançolot is written in full only a few times in the book, being generally abridged to Lanç.

following translation, and, for the sake of easier comparison, I have subdivided the text into small paragraphs.

Translation.

1. This is the book of the destruction of King Artus' Round Table. I translated it in the year (. . 39) (1279) from the vernacular (*La'az*) into Hebrew. In my translation I have left out some portions contained in the original book from which I translated. I did so because those passages were only dialogues and elegies or other accidents which happened to creep in without belonging to the body of the tale; I therefore passed them over. All together they would not be more than three small leaves. And I have undertaken this translation for two weighty reasons. First, I wished to preserve my bodily health. For through my sins have I met with troubles and sorrows and grief, and I am immersed in the sea of thoughts, marvelling and wondering constantly on the vicissitudes which have passed over me by days and nights; and I was afraid lest I fall a prey to melancholy, which is to lose my reason, than which death is better. Therefore have I translated those tales for my own pastime, and to drive away the thoughts which encompass me, and to soften my grief. Surely no one will take it amiss that I should have done so, for even our great sages, like R. Johannan ben Zakkai, cultivated also the study of the fox tales and the washerwomen's tales and the parables of the trees; for through such occupation men derive some comfort and peace of mind, notably those engrossed in the study of the Law or in pursuits of the world. And the prophet himself asked for one to play on the harp to him, and our sages have explained it as you are aware. One can moreover derive from these tales some moral lessons in manners, and the conduct of man towards himself and towards others. They are therefore not mere idle talk and wasteful occupations, for the best

proof lies in the fact that, if they were so, a man like R. Johannan would not have occupied himself with their pursuit, for of him it is stated that he never uttered an idle word all his life. You see therefrom that they did not consider those tales as mere idle talk. And similarly the stories which I have translated from this book are anything but idle talk, and they do not fall short of the washerwomen's tales; on the contrary, they are far superior to them and more noble. We find also that on the eve of the Day of Atonement they used to tell tales of ancient kings to the High Priest all through the night, in the event that the High Priest happened not to be a scholar. It is therefore right not to eschew them. Another and more important reason for my translation has been, that the sinners might learn from it the way of repentance and think of their end and return to the Lord, as you will see at the end of the story. To the man who admits the truth and has an open mind, who is not obstinate or refuses to learn, I think I have stated sufficiently the reason for my action.

2. This is the history of Messer Lançolot. Know that King Bano of Benook and King Borz of Gaunes were brothers. They married two sisters, descendants of the House of David. King Bano begat a son, and he called him Lançolot del Lac (or dellek). The reason why he has been called del Lac is written in his book, where you can find it also (told) when he got to know his own name. He had a brother who was a bastard, namely the son of King Bano and of a lady of noble birth; the name of the bastard was Estor de Mareis (Mates);[2] he was thus the brother of Messer Lançolot on his father's side.

3. King Borz begat also two sons, one called Borz after his father, and the second Lionel. Borz and Lionel were therefore, as we would call them, "cosini iermani" of Messer Lançolot and Estor.

[2] See footnote, p. 281.

The History of King Artus.

4. In the time of the King Uter Pendragon there was in the Kingdom of Logris a mighty Duke, whose name was Melil Tomeil. He had a very beautiful wife, called Izerna. On a certain day the King Uter ordered a great tourney of all the knights of Logris to be held at the town of Camelot. At the same time he ordered the knights and dukes to bring their womenfolk with them, to encourage the men and to amuse the women. All the knights did so, and the Duke Melil Tomeil brought the Duchess with him. This Duke had four daughters by the Duchess, fair and beautiful as no other damsel was in the whole Kingdom.

5. The tournament was very great and fierce. After that the King prepared a great banquet for all the princes and all who had come. There he beheld fair Izerna, and the fire of love was kindled in his breast, so that he well-nigh became ill. As he could not hide his passion any longer, he sent her a golden cup through one of his servants, and charged him to tell her of his desire and of the burning love he felt for her, and so on. The end of the tale was that the Duchess told her husband the words of the King Uter Pendragon. When he heard of it, he was sore afraid for his wife's sake. He arose early in the morning, ordered his men to have his horses ready, and he rode away together with his knights, his friends, and his wife, without taking leave of the King.

6. It was told to the King that he had secretly gone away, and the King waxed wroth, and sent word to the Duke to return immediately to court with the Duchess, for otherwise he would be outlawed. The Duke laughed at these threats, and returned to his country. There he strengthened his fortresses and erected new towers, for he knew that the King would wage war against him. In three months the King gathered his whole army, and ordered it to march against the Duke. He beleaguered a fortress

into which the Duke had retired, whilst the Duchess was in another fortress together with her daughters and her maid-servants. With her were also valiant knights. The King pressed hard on the town wherein the Duke had taken refuge, and he fought against it for a long time without avail.

7. At last he called Merlin, and said to him,—"Oh brother, help me by thy art only this time, and advise me how to obtain the Duchess Izerna, for I shall certainly die of my love for her, if I get her not." Merlin answered,—"I will do so, for I will give thee the form of the Duke, and his stature, so that the Duchess shall take thee for her husband. I will accompany thee under the form of a certain knight who is his friend. We two will ride to-night and call the porter of the fortress wherein the Duchess liveth. He will open the gate for us, and we shall enter the palace. Thou go afterwards into the inner room and disport thyself with the Duchess as thy heart desireth. Thou shalt afterwards get up, and we will depart and return to our army." The King agreed to do so, and Merlin brought it about through his art. The King came to the Duchess, and she was left with child. He got up from the bed, and they saddled their horses and rode out of the town.

8. They had scarcely left the gate when a courier entered at full speed to tell the Duchess of the death of her husband, that he had been killed that same night. Such had verily been the case. The Duke namely had heard that Uter Pendragon had died in the camp; so he sallied forth from his fortress, to his own ill chance, and was killed in the battle. So, when the King returned, he found the Duke lying dead, and the fortress taken by the army; and he rejoiced very much.

9. The Duchess mourned over her husband, and her heart was exceeding troubled at that miraculous event, for she said to herself,—"How is it possible that the Duke could lie in my bed at precisely the same hour when, as I am told, he was killed in the battle? The courier came in to

my room also not long after he had gone only a bow-shot from the town,—how could he then be killed there? If he hath indeed been killed, then was the man who came to me in my room not the Duke." These thoughts brought her near death, and she wailed and wept, but she could not get to the truth of the occurrence.

10. The King left the other town, and began to besiege this town wherein the Duchess was. The end of the thing was that the knights and the Duchess had to surrender. There were long discussions between him and her, which are too long to recite here. In the end they advised "that the King, for the sake of his honour, and in order to reconcile the Duchess and the princes and the people of the country, should marry the Duchess, and marry her four daughters to four kings or princes." The King, hearing this advice tendered to him by his princes and councillors, rejoiced very much and accepted it. He married the Duchess. The eldest daughter he gave to the King Lot of Orcania, who begat four sons; the eldest Messer Galwan (Galwein);[2] the second Gaharias (Gadriat);[2] the third Agravan (Agraban);[2] and the fourth Gwidon. The second daughter he married to King Urans; he begat Messer Ivain (Ivan).[2] The third daughter he married to the Duke of Clarence (Klarensa).[2] The fourth did not wish to marry. She learned witchcraft (the art of the demons); she is Morgana.[2]

11. One night, when the King was with the Duchess in bed, he placed his hand upon her, and said to her,—"I see thou art with child; dost thou know by whom thou wert left with child?" She answered "I wot not. This time I was not left with child by the Duke; for he did not leave me with child when the castle was besieged; one night a man came to me looking exactly like the Duke, but it was certainly not the Duke: for, at precisely

[2]The Hebrew words in brackets may have been incorrectly read by the transcriber, and can easily be read as amended.

the same hour as that knight lay in my bed, the Duke was killed in battle, and so I do not know through whom it has happened and by whom I am with child." The King refrained from telling her that he was the man who had come to her, and he said,—"As thou dost not know whose child it is, we will give it immediately after its birth to Merlin, who is cunning in witchcraft (or, who knows the art of the demons), and we will call it *Artusen*, viz. "born through *art*." The King said this because he had sworn to Merlin, on that night when he brought him to the Duchess, that, if the Duchess should be left with child, he would deliver the child unto him to do with it what he liked. He kept his oath, as you will see at the end of the book. So he begat Artusen, who is the mighty king called Artus.

In this way the brothers above mentioned, the sons of the eldest daughter of Izerna and King Lot, were the nephews of Artus on the mother's side, as they were the children of his sister. In the same way was Messer Ivain his nephew, and Morgana his sister. Modred (Mordnet)[2] the wicked, however, the traitor, was considered for many years to be a nephew. The King himself said so. But in the end it came out that he was his bastard, as you will see at the end of the history of the Destruction (*i.e.* of the Round Table).

12. When Borz returned to the Court in the town of Camelot, coming from as distant a country as, say, from Jerusalem, he was received at the Royal Court with great honours and with great uproar. When he told of the death of Galahad (Galaz)[2] and of Persival all grew very sad. King Arthur then gave orders to write down in a book for a memorial all the adventures that had befallen the knights who went after the quest of "The Dish" (Graal); and they did so. Such is the tale of the book of "The Dish" (Graal), which is called *Libro di la Kesta del Sangraal.*

[2] See footnote, p. 281.

13. After that event the King said to his ministers,—"Look and see how many of the knights perished in that Quest." They found that forty-two were missing, who had died in the war of the Quest, through the power of arms and knighthood. The king asked his nephew, Messer Galwan, on oath how many he had slain with his sword. Messer Galwan answered upon his oath that he had slain with his hand eighteen good, brave, and noble knights. The king asked him further if among the eighteen there had been also King Bano of Benook (?) (Magos). He answered,—"Yea, he was, but my heart has been grieving over it ever since; I did not recognize him in the battle." The King said,—"I also am mourning for him, and I am very sad, for he was my friend and intimate companion." When the King heard that so many of his knights of the Table had died in the war of "The Dish" (Graal), he ordered others to be elected in their stead, and so to fill up the number of the Table. Forty-two brave and noble knights were thereupon elected; they were all, however, youths who had not yet proved sufficiently their valour and strength. The king gave orders that a tournament be held in the field of Winçestre (Winchester) on a certain day, in order to teach the new knights the manner of warfare and the prowess of knighthood. The day of the battle approached.

14. Now I shall begin to tell about that famous knight, Messer Lançolot del Lac, son of the King Bano of Benook. It is necessary to know that, when the knights of the Table started on their errand in quest of "The Dish" (Graal), Lanç, who was at the head, had gone first to a monk who lived in a retreat, and confessed to him all his sins, and also that he had committed adultery with the Queen Zinevra. Then he went on the Quest, and, when he returned from the Quest, he again repaired to the confessor and confessed the sins of slaughter (murder) he had become guilty of in the battle of the Quest. The confessor gave him a severe penance with

fasting and praying for so many days; and Lanç lived there in that retreat for a long time to fulfil his penance.

15. Nobody wist during all that time what had become of him, for he had hidden his way from his companion knights and his second cousins, Borz and Lionel, and from his brother Estor, and from the King, and all were amazed at his disappearance. When the days of his penance were over, he came forth from the retreat; he put on his armour, mounted his steed, and went to the Royal Court. The day he entered the Court was a day of good tidings to the King; all the knights and the men at the Court, and the inhabitants of Camelot, rejoiced and made it a festival. Above all, however, was Queen Zinevra full of joy at his coming; for all the days of his seclusion in the retreat had been for her days of mourning, secret weeping, and discontent. No wonder, for she loved him with a love as strong as death, from the day she was united to him, persuaded thereto by Messer Galot, as another tale tells. Messer Lanç also loved her still, and even a thousand times more than before. And whereas in former times he used to embrace and to kiss her more under cover, now he openly showed his love to her more than was necessary, and to evil purpose. She did likewise, till all the courtiers in general, and Agravan (Agraban) in particular, noticed it. She dressed and adorned herself most gorgeously out of love for him, so that she became a danger to all who beheld her, so beautiful was she. The people began to speak ill of them and of their being so deeply in love with one another, and of their evil desire. This evil desire was the cause of the destruction of the Table, of the death of King Artus, and of the fall of the whole empire, as you will see further on.

16. When Agravan, brother of Messer Galwan, noticed these things, he rejoiced very much. He hated Messer Lanç, and thought within himself,—"Now is the opportunity come to have my revenge on Messer Lanç." When the

knights came together to the meadow of Winçestre, Lanç concealed his intention of going there, for he did not wish to deter the newcomers, the knights, from entering into the contest out of fear of him, for they dreaded his mighty power. He also wished to decide by himself whose side to espouse. He therefore hid his doings from everybody, and feigned to be ill, and he said to his companions that he was too ill to go to the tournament. He ordered his two cousins, Borz and Lionel, as well as his brother Estor, to join the company and to go to the tournament. They refused to go without him, but he pressed them to go with the King; at last they went.

17. When Agravan saw Borz and Lionel and Estor and all the companions of Lanç preparing themselves to go without him, leaving him behind, he bethought himself to calumniate Lanç before his uncle the King, and to discover to him the whole affair with the Queen. So he went to his uncle the King, and said to him,—"I wish to tell thee an important secret, for the sake of thy honour and thy welfare, and also to remove thy shame (dishonour) if I am allowed to speak." The King answered,—"Is there in the court a man of such importance as to be able to think of bringing shame upon me?" Agravan answered,—"There is indeed, for the Queen and Lançolot are both deeply in love with each other, and have insane desires. As Lançolot cannot sport with the Queen to his heart's content so long as thou art in the palace, he feigns illness, and refuses to go to the tournament, but he sends there all his companions. As soon then as thou departest he and the Queen will come together, and he will hide himself to enjoy her to his contentment." When the King heard this he contradicted him, and did not believe him, but said,—"Nephew, do not speak to me any more about this thing, for I cannot believe thee. I know him for a right trustworthy friend, and it is impossible that he should play traitor to me in this respect. The thought of this desire

may have overpowered him, for the thought of love neither law nor reason can keep out, still less love for the Queen, whose beauty is so marvellous that even the saints (?)[3] wonder at her. But I cannot believe that he has passed from thought to deed."

18. Agravan answered,—"This being so, I pray thee, uncle, do thou now dismiss this thing entirely from thee, and think no more about Lanç." The King said,—"What is it now thy wish that I should do?" Agravan answered,—"I wish that we should try in every way possible to take them by surprise when they shall be in close intimacy, for then thou wilt know the truth, and thou wilt believe me another time." The King said,—"I will do as thou desirest, only to fulfil thy wish, but I know that it will never happen as thou sayest." Agravan answered,—"I am content with what thou hast said." The King was musing the whole night over it, how far it might be true or not, inclining always to think it impossible, so much did he believe in the honour and chivalry of Lanç.

The next morning the King ordered his knights to start for Winçestre. The Queen entreated the King to be allowed to come with him to the tournament, for she wished to see the great gathering of knighthood. But the King did not listen to her, for he wished to prove what Agravan had said. The King and the knights started, and on their way they were speaking of Lanç's illness, and expressing their sorrow that he could not come to the tournament.

19. They had just left the town when Lanç rose from his bed, and got ready to leave privily for the tournament, so that he should not be recognized by anyone there. He went first to the Queen, and said to her,—"Dear lady, if it be agreeable unto thee, I will go to the tournament with thy permission." The Queen answered,

[3] The Hebrew word here is corrupt.

—"My beloved, why didst thou tarry, and didst not go with the King?" Lanç answered,—"I tarried, for I do not wish it to be known by anyone that I am going there or that I am there; and, when I arrive at the tournament, I will choose that side which shall bring me the more honour and better prove my power." The Queen said,—"My dearly beloved, go in peace and in joy, accompanied by my love and pride. Do valiantly as thou art accustomed to do." Lanç answered,—"Where is the knight who, though he have the heart of a hare, would not get that of a lion, and be filled with power and might, were he crowned with the love of my mistress, as I am to-day, the most happy among men, thanks to Heaven and to thee." And he kissed her and embraced her and frolicked with her for an hour.

20. The next morning he started with his armour-bearer very early in the day, in order not to be recognized by anyone; they also turned off from the high-road, so as not to be met by anyone who would know him. The second morning, before dawn, they came to a village where the King had halted, and Lanç decided to enter it very early, so that he should not be recognized by any of the King's knights. The name of that place was Askalot, and it belonged to a prince whose name was Lanval, Vavassor de Askalot.

21. At daybreak the King got up to prepare himself for the journey, and he stood at the window of the palace and looked out, when he beheld the steed of Lanç, and he recognized it, for he had made it a present to Lanç, but he did not recognize Lanç, for he had covered his face with his helmet and with his armour. But, when he passed from place to place, Lanç did not beware of the King and he raised his head; at the same time he lifted his helmet a little from his face, and the King saw him and recognized him. He then showed him to Goflet, and said to him whispering,—"Hast thou seen Lançolot,

who only yesterday was laid up by illness, and now he is here in this place?" Goflet answered,—"I think he did it in order to hide himself so that nobody should recognize him, for such is his way." The King answered,—"So it is indeed; cursed be the tale-bearers who slander faithful knights."

22. Lanç did not know that he had been discovered by the King, but went and accepted hospitality in the house of the baron, who received him with great honour, because it was the custom of the baron of the place to honour every knight, and not because he knew him. The King ordered Goflet not to tell anyone that Lanç was coming to the tournament, as he wished to keep it secret, and he might be vexed.

The book now leaves the King and speaks only of Lanç, the lord of Askalot, his sons, and his daughter.

23. The lord of Askalot had two sons, shortly before knighted by the King. The name of one was Adelfot, and the name of the second Karavoç. Their armour was wholly of one colour, red, for such is the custom of a new knight,—not to wear any other armour during the first year of his knighthood. Such a knight was called the new knight. Lanç saw their armour and shields, and beheld they were red. He then said to the Vavassor,—"My lord, lend me one of these suits of armour and one of these shields, to wear them at the gathering, and also a carapace for my horse." The Vavassor answered,—"Hast thou no shield?" Lanç answered,—"I have not such a shield as I should like to wear at the gathering, for I do not wish to be recognized. If thou, however, wilt agree, I will take one of these suits of armour and shields, and leave instead my armour and shield here till I return." The lord of the palace answered,—"Take then the armour of Karavoç, who is ill and unable to go to the tournament. His brother Adelfot (or Adelfort) will go with thee, and you shall be companions to each other." Lanç was very

pleased with the words of the baron, and he said,—"The company of Adelfot is a pleasure and delight unto me." They both agreed to go together, and Adelfot asked Lanç,—"What is thy name?" He answered,—"I am a knight errant from the kingdom of Logris, going now to the tournament at Winçestre," but his name he did not tell.

24. Lanç stopped there a day longer, to provide himself with everything necessary for a knight. The daughter of the baron was of beauty unrivalled in the whole kingdom, and wise and intelligent. She fell in love with the beauty of Lanç, and she pressed his armour-bearer the whole day to tell her who that knight was, and what was his name. At last he said,—"My lady, that is the most excellent, gallant knight in the world; more I cannot tell about him." She answered,—"Blessed be thou, I am content with what thou hast told me, nor do I desire to know aught more from thee." She immediately guessed from the words of the armour-bearer that he was Messer Lançolot del Lac, as he was universally called "the most gallant knight in the world," and she could no longer repress the love kindled in her heart, so she went and knelt down before Lanç and said,—"Sir knight, I ask from thee one request, wilt thou grant it to me?" Lanç raised her up immediately, and said,—"My lady, I am grieved that thou didst kneel before me, and I grant thee any request, if it be only in my power to fulfil." She said,—"Promise it in the name of her whom thou lovest most." He answered,—"I promise," and she answered,—"I request thee to wear this sleeve on the tuft of thy helmet in this tournament, for my love."

25. When Lanç heard it, his heart grew heavy. But by reason of the oath he had taken, and the solemn promise, he could not refuse it. However he grieved over it, as all his heart and love were for the Queen, and he feared she might hear of it at some time, and scorn him and hate him. The damsel took her sleeve and fastened

it herself on his helmet, and commanded him to do valiantly at the tournament for the sake of her love, so that all those present should say "how favoured and blessed is that sleeve and the mistress of it." "Thou mayest also know, sir, that thou art the first knight with whom I have ever been in love; nor would I love thee were it not for my knowledge of thee and thy valour." Lanç answered that he would do it all for the love of her, "so that none should be able to find fault with him."

26. When the sun went down Lanç took leave of the Vavassor and of his wife, the lady, and recommended them to the protection of God, and he bowed down before the maiden. He left his shield and armour in one room, and buckled on the red armour spoken of above. Both he and Adelfot rode away, and their servants after them. They rode the whole night, till early in the morning, in order not to be recognized by anybody. Coming within a mile from Winçestre before the dawn of the morning, Lanç asked Adelfot, his companion, if there was not any place of rest, for he said,—"I should not like, of my own accord, to enter the town now in daylight, if I can rest here outside somewhere." Adelfot answered, —"Thou art quite right, we will go to a place which will please thee well." So they went to a village near by the town, where an aunt of Adelfot was living. The lady was right pleased and received them with exceeding cordiality. They stopped there for a whole day, eating and feasting royally. The lady asked her nephew concerning his companion,—who he was. He said,—"I do not know anything about him, but he seems to be a very worthy knight, and I therefore chose him for a companion to go together to the tournament in Winçestre."

27. Lanç sent his squire to the town to see how many knights had arrived and where they were lodging, inside and outside the town, and to see what the strength was of those inside and of those outside, and also where

Borz and Lionel his cousins and his brother Estor were placed. The squire went immediately, and saw the number and strength of the knights who were come to the tournament. He stopped in the town till the evening, and returned then, and said to Lanç,—"Sir, there is a large number of knights inside and outside, and thy cousins and thy brother are inside, and so it is meet, inasmuch as they belong to the knights of the Table, and they must always be with king Artus." And Lançolot asked,—"Who are those outside?" The squire answered,—"Many people and plenty of knights, together with four kings,—King of Skoçia (Scotland), King of Erlandi (Ireland), King of Galwes (Wales), and King of Kornwalis.[4] But the knights of the King of Logris, who are with King Artus, seem to be more noble and more powerful, though those outside are greater in number."

28. The next morning Lanç and his companions armed themselves, and went to the gathering. The squire remained in the village, for fear Lanç should be recognized through him. Coming to the field of Winçestre they found it full of tents (companies?) and arrays. King Artus did not allow the two brothers Messer Galwan and Gaherit (or Gaderit[5]) to arm themselves on that day, as he knew that Lanç was there and he dreaded their encounter, as some hatred might arise between them. The King ascended a tower to survey the tournament, and with him were Galwan and Gaherit and other knights. The tournament began to develop, and Lanç asked Adelfot whom they should join,—those inside or those outside. Adelfot answered,—"Whomsoever thou choosest." Lanç said,—"It seems to me that those inside are more powerful and greater knights than those outside. It would therefore bring us scant honour if we should join the stronger party. Far greater honour on the other hand would it bring us if we were to join the weaker

[4] Misspelt in Hebrew Truwalis.

[5] In the Hebrew Gdrit.

party, those outside, and thus show our might and our valour."

29. Lanç thereupon strengthened himself in his saddle, and turned on a knight with his spear, and sent him rolling on the ground, horse and rider together, at one stroke, and his spear remained unbroken. He then turned on another knight, and did the same to him. He then entered the inner camp and attacked a third, whom he smote in the side and hurt him sore, so that he nearly died. When King Artus' knights beheld the mighty deeds of this knight they wondered at him, and praised him very highly, saying,—"how bravely the new knight had begun the fight." For all thought the two were the brothers from Askalot, knighted only that year, for both wore the red armour mentioned above.

30. Then one party of knights held together out of fear of the blows which the red knight dealt. Adelfot, the companion of Lanç, encountered Estor de Mareis, brother of Messer Lanç, and smote him with his spear. Estor turned upon him with his whole strength, and smote him so mightily with his spear that he rolled on the ground, together with his horse. The King's knights exclaimed joyously that one of the red knights was now felled to the ground. Lanç, seeing his companion on the ground, was very wroth and angry, and he turned against Estor, and he dealt him such a fearful blow with his spear that he felled him down to the ground before Gallaorin of Galwes,[6] so that he nearly brake in pieces. Lanç did not know that he was his brother Estor, as his face was covered by the helmet and visor(?), and he said to Adelfot his companion,—"Now I have avenged thee." He then lifted him upon his horse, and brought him out of the place where the knights were jousting.

31. Galwan said to the King,—"I do not believe that the mighty blow which felled Estor to the ground came

[6] Misspelt in Hebrew Galaodin of Gavlis.

from the arm of one of the new knights of Askalot, and I think that it is a foreign knight." Borz entered the battle and began to smite knights, and to throw them down right and left, as if they were all sheep; he went round cleaving heads and helmets with one stroke, and when his spear broke he drew his sword and did mighty deeds. At last he saw Lanç, and singled him out for his victim, for he did not recognize him. So he turned his heavy thick spear on Lanç, and struck him with great force, so that he split his shield and his coat of mail and pierced his side, inflicting on him a very grievous wound. And he pressed him so hard with the spear that he bore down the horse and its rider. The blood was flowing profusely, reddening his armour. The spear of Borz broke. Lanç as a valiant knight did not remain on the ground, nor did he care for his wound, but mounted his horse again, and, full of wrath and anger at his wound and fall, he exclaimed with a loud voice,—"The knight who has felled me to the ground is, by my head, no young man, for amongst thousands I have not yet found one man who has put me to shame, but this one has surely never done in his life anything for which he was so quickly punished as he will be now."

32. He immediately snatched a strong spear from a *scudier*, and turned his steed to Borz. When the knights saw that the princes of knights were going to fight, they withdrew and left them a large space, the better to fight, and they said,—"We shall now behold the fight of the two greatest knights in the world, for both are doing mighty deeds, and the one who will win now will surely carry off the honour of being the first at this tournament." Lanç sat himself firmly on his horse, and struck Borz with great force and with great anger and wrath; so powerful was the blow that he broke the saddle-straps, and Borz fell to the ground, whilst his horse ran into the field. Galwan said to the King,—"What dost thou

say to this?" The King answered,—"What dost thou say?" Galwan said,—"I do not consider Borz vanquished or as a knight felled to the ground, for the straps of his saddle broke and he fell down, for he had nothing to hold on. But the other knight is indeed powerful and mighty. Were it not that we have left Lanç ill in Camelot, I certainly would have thought it was Lanç." The King laughed, and said,—"That knight began well, and I trust he will finish even better. It may be that, if the saddle-straps had not been broken till now, he would have brought him to the ground together with his horse, or he might have pierced him through and his armour would not have helped him." As the spear was broken, Lanç drew his sword, and began to play about him right and left and to kill knights like lambs, and to cut the heads (necks) of the horses like pumpkins and to achieve acts of miraculous bravery in the field, so that all were astounded . . .

M. GASTER.



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ROUMANIAN EASTER EGGS.

To face p. 294.

ROUMANIAN EASTER EGGS.

BY AGNES MURGOEI, BUCHAREST.

IF it be to the advantage of a people to boast a mixture of origins, the Roumanians possess here a legitimate source of pride, for few nations are compounded of more diverse elements than the Roumanian nation. There is a substratum that may be termed "Dacian," but with this is mingled a Latin element, the preponderance of which is attested by the Neo-Latin character of the existing Roumanian language. There is also a considerable Sclavonic admixture in the nation, and in the language one-third of the words are derived from this source. Moreover, there is political as well as ethnological complication, for the Roumanians at the present time are not confined to the kingdom of Roumania, but also inhabit neighbouring provinces, —Transylvania (belonging to Hungary), Bukowina (belonging to Austria), and Bessarabia (belonging to Russia), —as well as some regions in Macedonia and Servia and sundry villages in Bulgaria.

The social conditions in all these districts are, however, similar, the population consisting, speaking broadly, of two classes,—a very large peasant class and a small class of landowners. The town population and landowning class together do not amount to 18 per cent. of the total, so that it is clear that the peasant is the typical Roumanian. In spite of the fact that education has long been nominally compulsory, few of the peasants can read or write, and

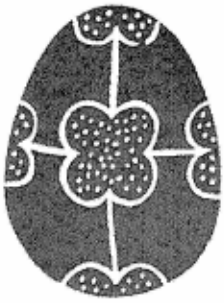
fewer still have been in any way affected by the spread of Western thought and civilisation. The peasant is therefore, intellectually speaking, very much what he has been at any time during the last few hundred years. He lives in a little two-roomed cottage with a verandah. Together with his wife he attends to the cattle and cultivates Indian corn, and his wife also spins, weaves, and embroiders in red and black the beautiful garments worn by the peasantry and now so much admired in Western Europe. The life is monotonous and simple, as, besides the alternations of summer and winter and seedtime and harvest, it is only varied by the rigidly-kept fasts and feasts of the Orthodox Greek Church. The most important of the fasts are one of six weeks before Christmas and one of seven weeks before Easter.

An Orthodox fast is a much more severe thing than a Roman Catholic or Anglican one. During the entire duration of the fast, no animal food of any kind,—not even milk, cheese, or curd,—is allowed, and life is supported, as best may be, on a diet consisting chiefly of Indian corn and beans.

But, if Lent is a fast, Easter is a feast indeed. Even the poorest Roumanian peasant contrives then to have new clothes. Cakes are baked, and Easter eggs with characteristic designs on them are prepared in large quantities. "Red eggs at Easter time" is a Roumanian expression for inevitableness, as Easter without red eggs is unthinkable.

There are many customs in connection with the exchange or the breaking of the eggs. If two friends or relations wish to break eggs together, the younger one holds out an egg with the pointed end up and says "*Cristos a înviat*" (Christ has risen). The older one then strikes the younger one's egg with the pointed end of his own egg, saying "*Adevărat că a înviat*" (He has risen indeed). Sometimes the owner of the unbroken egg takes possession of the broken egg, and in fact of all the eggs he breaks. Eggs are



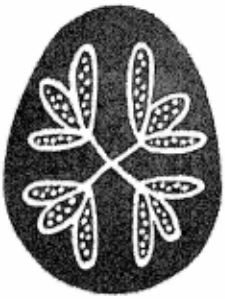




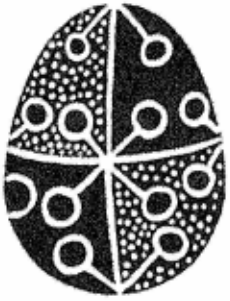
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ROUMANIAN EASTER EGGS.

To face p. 296.

kept and the greeting *Cristos a înviat* is used until Ascension. In Macedonia one egg is put on the *icoana* or saint's image, and kept there till St. Maria's Day. The *icoana* is supposed to keep it from going bad.

A special ceremony in connection with red eggs is described by T. Stratilesco in her book *From Carpathian, to Pindus*, p. 180:—

"On the Monday after Easter Monday comes the Blajini (a feast of Slav origin) particularly respected by women in some parts. The Blajini are supposed to be, as their name indicates, meek, goodnatured men, very good and agreeable to God, living in some distant fairyland by the "Sunday water." They also seem to be out of touch with what is passing in the world, and do not know when Easter is. Therefore, women ought to throw the red eggshells on running water to be carried down to the Blajini, so that they may see that Easter has come and celebrate it."

The supposed origins of *red* eggs are related in eight legends contained in Marian's *Serbătorile la Români* (The Festivals among the Roumanians). According to one of them, the red eggs were made for the first time by the Virgin Mary just after the birth of Christ, and were thrown at the Jews to enable Mother and Son to escape. According to a second legend, the stones thrown at Jesus turned to red eggs, and, according to a third, the stones to be used as missiles by the guardians of the Sepulchre turned to red eggs. The fourth legend, given at length below, ascribes the red to the blood of Christ, and the remaining four legends agree that the eggs became red as a miracle in testimony to the resurrection of Christ. One of the last group runs as follows:—

After Christ was buried, several Jews, glad to have escaped from Him, met together to have a feast, to eat, drink, and make merry. Among the dishes was a cock which had been boiled whole, and also several plates of boiled eggs. While they were all at table and the merriment was at its height, one of them remembered the words of Jesus which He had spoken before He was taken and crucified, namely that on the third day He would rise again from the dead. This Jew reminded the rest of the guests of this saying, whereupon the principal man of the company, who sat at the head of the table, began to laugh, and said,—"When this cock which we are now eating rises from the dead, and when all these clean white eggs turn red, then Christ also will rise from the

dead." Scarcely had he uttered these words when, by the power of The Lord, all the eggs at once turned red, and the cock rose up and, flapping its wings, began to crow, and sprinkled the Jews with the sauce. When the Jews saw this, they were seized with a great fear, and, springing up from the table, took to flight. The sprinkling with sauce gave rise to the skin diseases which the Jews often have on their faces, and, ever after this miracle, the Roumanians have always made red eggs at Easter time.[1]

The legend which explains the redness of the eggs as due to the blood of Christ runs as follows:—

It is said that, when Our Lord Jesus Christ was on the Cross, and when His bitter enemies were mocking and persecuting Him, the Virgin Mary, His Mother, was filled with a great pity for Him, and, wishing to do something, however little, to alleviate His sufferings, she took a basket of eggs, went to the Jews, bowed herself down before them, and pleaded with them to cease their persecution. But the wicked Jews, instead of listening and having pity on Jesus, began to mock Him even more, and, when Jesus asked for water to drink, they gave Him in mockery vinegar and nettles. When Mary saw this, she put the basket of eggs beside the Cross, and began to sob as though her heart would break. As streams of blood from Jesus' wounded hands and feet fell on the eggs, some of them were completely stained by the blood as though they had been dyed, while others were stained in part only. Then Our Lord Jesus Christ, seeing how the eggs were coloured by His blood, cast His eyes on those around Him and said,—"From now on, you also must make red eggs, or eggs stained in part with red, in remembrance of My Crucifixion, for thus have I done today." After Our Lord rose again, Mary was the first to make red eggs, and, full of joy at seeing her Son again, she greeted everyone she met with "Christ is risen," and with the greeting she offered a red egg.

Though plain red eggs are common both in the kingdom and elsewhere, eggs with a red ground and a design in white upon it are more characteristic.

The method of making the designs upon the eggs is essentially the same for all Roumanians except those from Macedonia. It consists in protecting certain lines and points by wax, colouring the egg by boiling it in a red solution, and finally removing the wax, leaving white lines and points. The eggs are in the first place well washed, sometimes with sour whey, so that they may take the

[1] For variants of the legend of the roasted cock which crew, and its attribution to its earliest known source in a Greek MS. of the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, see Child, *Ballads* (4to edit.), vol. i. No. 22, p. 241. Prof. Child does not give this version of the story.



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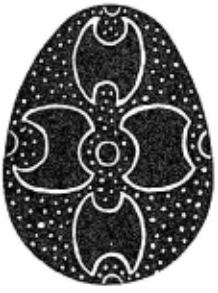
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colours and the wax more easily, and then they are wrapped in a cloth and put near the opening of the stove to keep warm. Beeswax is melted by putting it into a dish over glowing charcoal, and, by means of a small metal tube fixed into a wooden handle, is then applied to the egg either in lines or points, the little tube acting as a pen nib for the liquid wax. The designs are made on the eggs from memory, and, although many eggs may be decorated at one time, the operator may make no two designs alike. After the application of the wax, the eggs are boiled in a red dye, generally logwood. After this, the wax is wiped off with a hot cloth. The eggs are now finished, and show their designs in white on a red ground. The designs are in the main traditional and characteristic of the locality from which the operator comes, but modifications, and even new designs, are by no means unknown.

In Bukowina and Transylvania, more frequently than in the kingdom of Roumania, the eggs may be ornamented with designs in two or more colours. To effect this, the process described above is repeated again and again, starting with the lightest colours, and ending with the darkest. For example, supposing that yellow, red, and black are the colours chosen, the first operation is to cover with wax the parts to be left white. The eggs are then boiled in a yellow dye, and the parts to be left yellow are covered with wax. The egg is next boiled in a red dye, and the parts to be left red are covered with wax. Lastly, the egg is boiled in a black dye, and all the accumulations of wax are wiped off.[2] The results with several colours are most successful and artistic, the colours being harmoniously blended, but the primitive character of the designs is to some extent obscured in these more elaborate decorations. The colours used are all vegetable colours, and, with the exception of

[2] Compare the account in vol. xvi., pp. 53-4 (Plate IV.), of the Easter eggs prepared by the Ruthenian Huculs, who live in Pokutia, near the borders of Hungary and Bukowina.

logwood, are all prepared by the peasants themselves. In one recipe, for yellow dye, alum is added to an infusion of the bark or leaves of *Pyrus sylvestris*. Black dye is prepared from walnuts, and so on.

The Roumanians of Macedonia use only the white and red colours, like their kinsmen in the kingdom of Roumania, but usually both the colouring and the process are reversed, *i.e.* they produce a red design on a white ground instead of a white design on a red ground. To get this result the eggs are boiled in logwood, and then the lines of the design are put on in wax, not by means of an instrument, but by applying threads of wax prepared by hand, the designs and method reminding one of the well-known Macedonian filagree work. The eggs are then boiled in sour whey (the *iaurt* of the Balkan Peninsula), or in citric acid, which bleaches the red ground, leaving it white, and the design appearing in red when the wax is removed. A simpler process, which is now becoming more popular, is to draw the design on a red egg with a pen dipped in a moderately strong acid, thus getting white lines on a red ground.

The designs are of immense variety, but in Roumanian eggs differ in general character from those employed by neighbouring peoples. For example, Hungarian eggs have usually geometrical decorations, and less commonly patterns derived from the animal and vegetable worlds, although it may be remarked that the crocus is frequently to be seen on the eggs of the Szekler Hungarians. Ruthenian eggs are also in general geometrical in decoration, while Servian eggs are decorated in many colours, and have usually animal or vegetable subjects, which are, however, often so conventionalized that their origin is not easily recognizable. The same greater brilliance in colour, combined with less artistic value, distinguishes the Servian from the Roumanian national costume.

A selection of forty Roumanian designs, (a number which it would have been easy to multiply several times), is shown





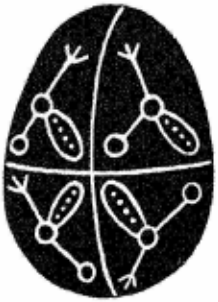












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in Plates XIV. to XVIII. Nos. 25-32 and 36-40 have been chosen from *Colecţie de Ouă Incondeiate* by Madame Panaitescu, and Nos. 1 to 8 and 33 from an article by A. Tzigara-Samurcaş in *Convorbiri Literare* for April, 1907. The remaining illustrations are from eggs in my own collection. Amongst the Roumanians of the kingdom, flowers, and, still more, leaves, are everywhere the most common designs, but this is not indicated proportionately in the Plates. A great affection for leaves is a very marked characteristic of the peasant. Nearly all his songs begin *Frunză verde de stejar* or *de salcâm* (Oh! green leaf of the oak-tree, or of the acacia), or *Foaie verde merişor* (Oh! green leaf of the little apple), etc., as the case may be. Nos. 1 and 2 show different representations of fir needles (*brăduleţ*, a diminutive form of *brad*, the Roumanian name for the fir). The fir is much used by the Macedonian Roumanians also. The oak-leaf (*frunză de stejar*, No. 11), is much beloved, and other leaves often seen are the strawberry (*frunză căpşunii*, Nos. 15, 16, and 38), lime, beech, walnut, clover (*trifoi*, No. 13), lilac, acacia (*salcâm*, No. 12). Apple and strawberry blossoms, violets, campanulas, and snowdrops are common floral designs. Those illustrated are No. 3, a flower without a name (*floarea fără nume*), No. 27, little flowers (*floricele*), and No. 24, Easter flowers (*floarea paştilor*). The last of these designs is not Roumanian in character, but is typical of the tea-tray style of flowery pattern which, especially in embroidery, is ousting the old national patterns.

Fruits, such as cherries (No. 14), bramble berries, etc., are also common subjects. Designs from the animal kingdom are perhaps less important, although few are commoner and have more variations than the cock's comb (*creasta de cocoş*, No. 9), which, however, is also known as the turkey's tail (*coada curcei*). The spider (*păiangenul*, No. 21), mole cricket (*coropişniţa*, Gryllus gryllotalpa, No. 4), staghorn beetle (*rudaşcă*, Lucanus cervus, Nos. 18 and 19), butterfly,

bee, snail, frog, serpent's skin (*pielea şarpelui*, No. 5), ram's horn, boar's tusks (*colţu porcului*, No. 17), serpent (*şarpele*, No. 20), octopus (*caracatiţa*, No. 22), hen and chickens (*cloşca cu pui*, No. 31), little storks (*pui de barză*, No. 32), hare's ear (*urechea epurelui*, No. 37), eye teeth of a pig (*colţu porcului*, No. 39), and peacock's tail, may also be mentioned. Among the Roumanians of Macedonia both the dove and the serpent are common. Anthropomorphic designs are not known among the Roumanians of the kingdom, but among the Roumanians of Macedonia Adam and Eve form a common design. Among the latter also eggs are decorated with the patterns used for embroidering the national costume, but this is not the case with the Roumanians of the kingdom, who have, however, a whole series of inanimate subjects, such as the ploughshare (*fierul plugului*, No. 7), the hoe (*grebla*, No. 26), the wheel of the plough (*roata plugului*, No. 29), the shepherd's crook (*cârligu ciobanului*, No. 30), holy bread, such as is given to dying persons (*prescură*, No. 8), a window (*fereastra*, No. 10), and pieces of bread (*codricei*, No. 34). Other miscellaneous designs illustrated are Nos. 25 (*mănăstire*, a monastery), 28 (*iarba mielului*, the grass that the lamb eats), 35 (*mănăstire*, a monastery), 36 (*palma*, the palm), 33 (*calea incurcată sau drumul robilor*, the devious way or the path of the slaves, a sort of labyrinth),[3] and 40 (*mâna milogului*, the hand of the beggar).

The designs are arranged on the eggs in various ways. The "path of the slaves" (No. 33) takes up the whole surface, and some other large designs take up half the egg, *e.g.* the mole cricket (No. 4), so that the figure appears only twice on the egg,—but it is more usual to repeat the design four or eight times. The fir appears twice in No. 2, but eight times in No. 1. The goose's feet on an egg from the district of Buzău (No. 23), and another from the district of Curtea de Argeş (No. 6), and the ploughshare (No. 7), are

[3] This is the Roumanian name for the Milky Way.



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characteristic examples of division into eight. The serpent's skin (No. 5) is an example of the more unusual division into sixteen, and the strawberry leaf (No. 16) of the still more unusual division into twelve. The serpent (No. 20) shows a continuous pattern covering the whole surface of the egg, and No. 26 a discontinuous pattern consisting of a number of little hoes dotted over the surface of the egg.

It is not surprising to find that in different villages, or even at times in the same village, the same subject is treated in different ways. For example, Nos. 1 and 2 both represent fir needles, Nos. 18, 19, and perhaps 21, the stag-horn beetle, Nos. 25 and 35 a monastery, Nos. 6 and 23 a goose's foot, Nos. 17 and 39 the canines of a pig, and Nos. 15, 16, and 38 strawberry leaves.

It is perhaps less to be expected that the same design should bear a variety of different names, but in practice the names of the designs are somewhat loosely attached. On talking with a girl highly skilled in the preparation of eggs, I found her to be quite vague as to the names of quite twenty per cent. at least of her own eggs. She said, for instance, that No. 9 might equally well be a cock's comb or the tail of a turkey. No. 21, called by her a spider, is called by Madame Panaitescu a staghorn beetle. No. 34 is called by Tzigara Samurcaş pieces of bread, and by Madame Panaitescu a cock; with the apices of the triangles rounded off a little, the design becomes fish in a (basket-work) net (*peştele in cotet*). No. 35, the monastery, could with the most insignificant changes stand for a violet (*micşunele*), the nest of the ortolan (*cuibul crângului*, Emberyza hortulana), or the leaf of Acer campestre (*frunză jugastrului*). It might have been thought that No. 33, the labyrinth, was a design to which the imaginative might have been able to affix a variety of names, but I have found the design in many parts of Roumania, and always with the same name.

AGNES MURGOEI.

NOTES ON SOME CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CONGO PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. WEEKS, 27 YEARS BAPTIST MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

(*Continued from p.* 201.)

CIRCUMCISION.

There are two modes of circumcision pursued—that in vogue around San Salvador, and that followed by the people in and around Wathen (Ngombe Lutete). Probably there are others in other districts. I will describe the San Salvador system first.

A large house, called "vela," is built in the centre of the group of towns from which the boys are to come upon whom the rite is to be performed. It is built by the males of the district on some exposed hill not far from water. When all is ready, the lads are received by the nganga, who is either "ngang' eseka," or "ngang' a lubwiku." If the former, the house is called "eseka," and, if the latter, it is called "lubwiku." Both establishments may be running in the same neighbourhood at the same time, and the number of lads who go to either place depends on the fame and popularity of the nganga practising there. The time for performing the rite is the cold season,—May to October. The boys are supplied with food by their mothers and relatives, and the nganga and his assistants are maintained out of the food taken to the boys, the nganga and his

people having thus free quarters for five months. The fee paid to the nganga is five strings of blue pipe beads for each boy, costing in London 2d., but worth about 6d. in San Salvador.

Lads unwilling to go are taken by force by the relatives and carried to the "eseka," but force is rarely necessary, as most of the lads go very willingly. Every boy has a new name given to him on being circumcised, and this name they can retain after they leave the "eseka" if they so desire. Some so admire their new names that they keep them, while others, who receive what they consider to be ugly names, relinquish them directly they leave the "eseka." One boy is told off to look after the fire, and to take care that it never goes out. The foreskins are simply buried, and the wounds are washed every day. There are certain restrictions. The lads are not allowed to see their mothers or any women or girls during the months they are in the "eseka." The fire must never go out. There must not be any fighting or rows or quarrels between the boys. No gun or knife is permitted in the house, and all charms and fetishes must be left outside.

If the fire goes out, the mother of the boy who had the care of it has to pay a fine of a fowl. Any one who takes a knife, gun, or charm into the "eseka" has to pay a fowl. If the fowl is not forthcoming at once, the nganga and the lads living in the "eseka" go at about 10 or 11 o'clock one night and sit outside the mother's or relative's house, and drum and sing until the fine is paid. If after four or five hours of drumming and chanting the fine is not brought to the nganga, he threatens to break up the "eseka," and leave all the lads on the culprit's hands, to attend to their wounds, etc. This threat is always effective.

If the boys in the "eseka" fight among themselves, they are punished by being made to sit in a stream of water during a part of the night. The nganga, assistants, and the lads sit on the bank singing and drumming, and

the shivering lads in the water have to take up the chorus. Sometimes the quarrelsome boys are led to the top of a bleak hill, and made to strip and lie naked on the cold, damp ground. The nights during the cold season are extremely chilly, and there is no doubt that many boys have suffered all their lives through these stupid punishments.

Boys are circumcised at different times during the season, but all leave together. When the "eseka" is broken up, quite a fair is held. Parents and friends come from all the surrounding towns, decked in their best to welcome back their sons to home and town. Guns are fired, trumpets blown, and drums beaten.

With the "ngang' eseka" there is no fetish, but with "kumbi elongo" and "kumbi lubwiku" there are supposed to be powerful fetishes. For example, when the circumcision house of "kumbi lubwiku" is burnt down at the end of the season, the "ngang' a lubwiku" is tied to the centre post of the house, yet by means of his powerful fetish he escapes from the burning house unhurt.

The only reason ever given for this custom of circumcision is that the women prefer the circumcised, and will not marry those who are uncircumcised. In some districts an uncircumcised man is not allowed to sit down with other men, and hence the practice is universal in those districts.

Around the Wathen district the practice is by no means universal. The operation is performed sometimes two or three weeks after birth, sometimes at the age of 10 or 12, and sometimes even at 20. The "nganga kumbi" performs the operation, and charges each boy two brass rods. While the lad is undergoing it, he must not be seen by the women, and, when circumcised, he must not, for a certain time, go into the kitchen or place where the women do their cooking, *i.e.*, he must not associate with women and girls. When operated upon, the boy digs a hole about 18 inches diameter, and about the same depth. He then

gets some large hard-skin beans, and makes them very hot in the fire; these are put into the hole, and the boy lies across the hole above the hot beans; there he is steamed for some time, and then goes off to wash in a stream. Next some grass stems are burnt, and the ashes rubbed on the wound, and he thereupon goes to his house and waits until he is well, when he puts on a new cloth, and the affair is finished.

I find that some operation is also performed on girls, but my informants cannot tell me what it is, as it is a secret between the "nganga kumbi" and the girls. All they can tell me is that a house is built on a platform (the girls not being permitted to touch the ground), and in this house the girls live, sing, and dance for some three or four months. The "nganga kumbi" visits them occasionally to instruct them in marital matters. The girls think, and are taught by the town women and their mothers to believe, that unless they go through this operation or ceremony they will have no children.

In the books of old travellers on the lower Congo one comes very often upon the phrase "Casa de tinta" or "nzo a tinta," *i.e.*, house of paint, and they refer to the vile customs and immoralities practised in these "paint houses." It is probable that these writers refer either to the "ndembo," the gateway to which is very gaudily painted, or to the "kumbi" house where the girls go, and where they used to powder themselves with the red powder of the camwood. Their description of the vile practices pursued in the "nzo a tinta" would well fit either the "ndembo" or the "kumbi" house. I am rather inclined to think, for several reasons, that the latter place was in the minds of the writers.

Tabus.

The tabus I would divide into two classes,—the "mpangu," or inherited tabu, and the "nlongo," or

medicine and poison, and "konko," or law of prohibition. These last two are really one and interchangeable in their usage.

The "mpangu" is a tabu that passes from father to sons. So long as the daughters are in their father's house they observe it, but, when they marry, they generally follow their husband's mpangu and drop their father's. Sometimes the father would tell his child of this mpangu, and at other times, when the woman is near her confinement, a nganga is called and orders a feast, which is eaten by the same clan only as the woman. The nganga, knowing the mpangu of the child's father, says that the child is not to eat certain things, mentioning the father's mpangu. In one family, the inherited tabu was not to eat any wild animal or fish with spots on it, such as the striped antelope, certain gazelles, civet cats, leopards, shrimps, etc., and the penalty for breaking this tabu was a very bad skin disease,—a form of leprosy. The idea here was simply to avoid any flesh food that had a spotted skin. The mpangu of another lad was not to eat hippopotamus flesh or yams, the penalty being elephantiasis; not to eat crayfish, the penalty being a skin disease on the hand; not to eat *raw* palm nuts, the penalty being an outbreak of scald head; not to eat a spotted fish called "nlumbu," the penalty being ophthalmia and loss of eyelashes; not to eat the "ezunda" or great bull frog, the penalty being that the eyes will bulge out like the frog's. Here the penalties are in accord with the broken prohibitions;—eating hippopotamus will cause elephantiasis or a leg like the legs of a hippopotamus; eating the nlumbu, a fish with opal eyes, causes ophthalmia, and eating the frog causes bulging eyes. These mpangu did not act as omens, neither did they regard them with respect, but they would help to kill them. They only had "not to eat them" for fear of the penalties.

Around Wathen they do not use the word "mpangu,"

but the phrase "konko kia 'se," or prohibition of the father. I have just been speaking to a young man who tells me that there are no such prohibitions in his family. Another well-informed man has told me that anyone could eat the mpangu without evil consequences if he ate fearlessly, and did not boast about what he had done.

The individual or personal tabu is called "nlongo," *i.e.*, medicine, poison, or tabu. When a person is ill, the nganga who is called says that the patient is not to eat a certain kind of food, and for ever after the prohibited thing is tabu to them. To eat it is to break the protective spell and have a return of the complaint. The article prohibited is quite arbitrary, there being no relation whatever between the forbidden thing and the disease. Sometimes the nlongo is only for, say, six months, and then the nganga removes it and receives his fee. Sometimes it is put on an unborn baby, and is to remain on it until its hair is cut and nails trimmed, and, when that time comes, the nganga is sent for to cut the hair and nails and remove the tabu. Sometimes the tabu is put on the child until it marries, or until it has its first child, or until it gives birth to both a *boy* and a *girl*. The tabu may be the snout of a pig or all pig-meat, the head of a goat or all goat-meat, certain kinds of fish, or one or two kinds of vegetables. In one or two cases I know, the men are not to eat any form of cassava for life, which is like prohibiting an Englishman from eating flour in any form, whether bread or pastry, etc. In the case of persons troubled with fits, they are prohibited from looking in a looking-glass, or seeing their reflection in water.

In some parts "nlongo" and "konko" are equivalents, while in other districts "konko" carries with it the idea of prohibition, command, or regulation made by a chief or a nganga, and can thus be, on the one hand, a tabu for the benefit of the whole town over which the chief rules, when it is equal to a command or law, and on the other

hand a tabu put by a nganga on a person for his benefit. Sometimes, through much sickness in a town, or on account of bad luck in trading experienced by the inhabitants of the town, or on account of drought, or on account of many pigs or goats dying, the whole town is put under certain restrictions, such as "that nothing tied up" is to be carried into or through the town, and consequently all bundles and parcels must be undone outside the town and carried loosely into it; or the restriction may be that no water is to be carried into the town on the head of the carrier, and thus every woman as she draws near to the town must take her water bottle off her head and carry it in her arms. Such restrictions are removed when they are supposed to have served their purpose. In the case of the short-time tabus the nganga does not receive his fee until he goes to remove them.

Men are not allowed to speak to their mothers-in-law. If it is necessary for a man to hold communication with them a messenger must be employed. If a man meets his mother-in-law in the road by accident no fine is inflicted, but, if he sees her coming and does not attempt to evade her by going into the bush or round the houses, then public opinion will so strongly condemn him that he will be compelled to send her a goat and beg her pardon. A man must respect his mother-in-law, and the natives say that the only way he can do that is never to speak to her, look at her, or be in her company. I have asked several intelligent men the reason for this custom, and the invariable answer has been "my wife came from her womb." My own opinion is that the custom was made, and is enforced, to avoid incest.

Women out of respect for their husbands must never mention their names. There is no punishment if they do beyond the fact that other women regard them with surprise, talk about them, and consider they are very disrespectful.

The native forge of a blacksmith was considered sacred by the people, and they never stole from it. If any one did so he would be punished by contracting "mpiki" or scrotal hernia. Any person who so far forgot himself as to sit on the anvil would get swollen legs. A blacksmith must not charge for mending a hoe, nor for putting a new handle to a hoe. The usual gift for this was one string of common blue pipe beads.

First-fruits and Planting.

Of the first farm produce of the season of maize, peanuts, and beans, one of each is thrown towards the rising sun. The practice is to eat one and throw one, and say,—"Tudianga zo (or mo) yamu mvu ya mvu" (We are eating them for ever, or from year to year). (See also vol. xix., p. 422, § 5.) Women must remain chaste while planting pumpkin and calabash seeds, they are not allowed to touch any pig-meat, and they must wash their hands before touching the seeds. If a woman does not observe all these rules, she must not plant the seeds, or the crop will be bad; she may make the holes, and her baby girl, or another who has obeyed the restrictions, can drop in the seeds and cover them over. They never cook pumpkin leaves with palm oil, as they believe that their mouths and noses will rot away (from *lupus*) after eating the mixture. The leaves are cooked and eaten by themselves without any ill effect.

John H. Weeks.

B.M.S. Wathen, Thysville, Congo Belge.

(*To be continued.*)

COLLECTANEA.

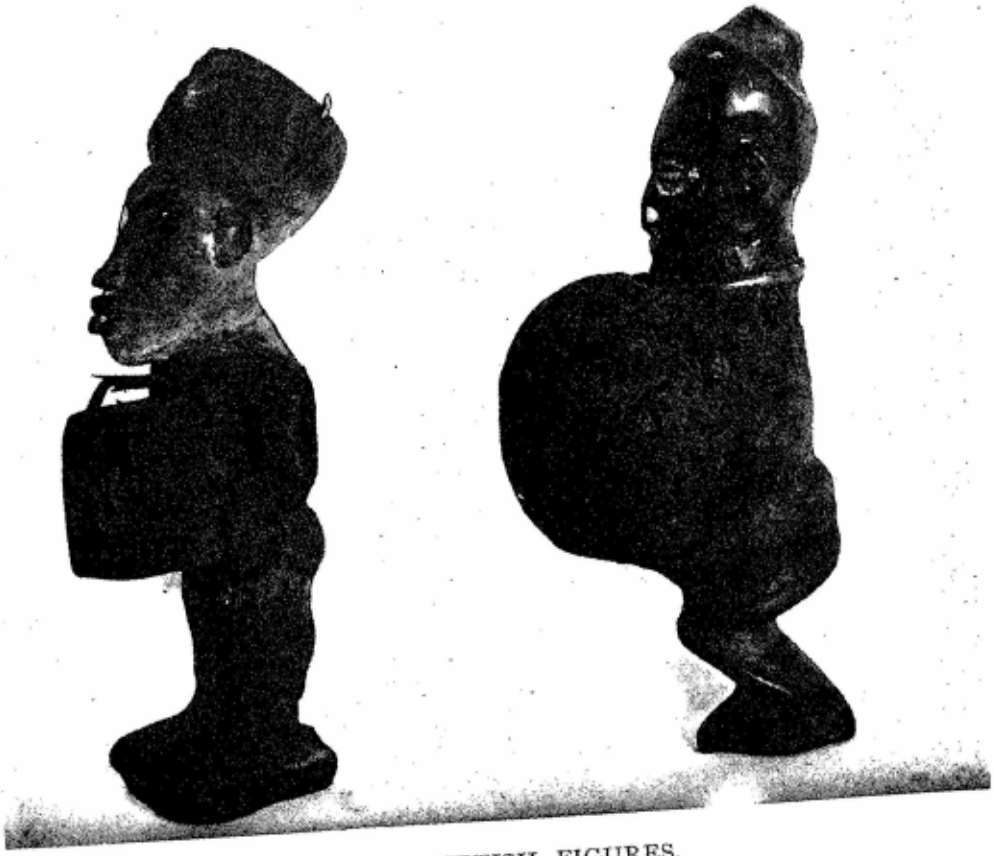
Fetish Figure from Bolobo, Upper Congo.

(With Plate XIX.)

(*Exhibited at Meeting, December 16th*, 1908.)

The fetish figure on the right hand of Pl. XIX., 8⅓ inches in height and 11⅛ inches in its central circumference, was brought by a Christian convert to an evangelist in charge of a sub-station near Bolobo, in order that it might be destroyed. The convert had inherited it from his father, and the great central reddish mass is a result of its invocation, during many years, by its two owners in the manner described below. The evangelist has now removed, and I cannot get in touch with him at present, but the following particulars are, I believe, correct.

The wooden figure which forms the basis of the fetish originated amongst the Bateke people living somewhat south of Bolobo on the left bank of the Congo. The scoring on the cheeks shows the Bateke tribal mark. Whenever such wooden images are seen in the possession of the Bobangi, Moye, or other tribes in this neighbourhood, they have almost invariably been bought from the Batende, who obtain them in turn from the more distant Bateke. A little socket has probably been cut in the abdomen of the figure, and in this recess some "medicine"—such as a mixture of leaves or a compound of chalk and pigments—has been placed, and covered by a little piece of mirror. For the purpose of comparison, another Congo fetish figure has been photographed, at the side of that from Bolobo, in which the medicine is enclosed in a separate box attached to the front of the figure by bent-over nails.



CONGO FETISH FIGURES.

The front of the box consists of a piece of looking-glass, now starred by an accident, and the eyes of the figure are also made from bits of silvered glass. Two animal teeth are fixed, one at each side of the headdress.

The Bolobo fetish was regarded by its owner as a protection from evil spirits who brought ill-health or bad luck in trade or hunting, or caused bad dreams or any other sort of evil. It might be hung up in the hut, or placed in the corner in a little arrangement of sticks and clay resembling a small shrine. If the owner was very superstitious or under the impression that he was likely to be the victim of the evil designs of someone possessed of occult powers, he would probably every morning bring the figure out into the open air, and walk up and down in front of his hut, or round about it, waving the fetish and at the same time chewing a piece of kola nut. When the nut was reduced to pulp he would squirt it from his mouth on the front, or all round the middle, of the image, special care being taken to cover the part occupied by the "medicine." This anointing with chewed kola nut is thought to arouse the powers of the fetish. I once heard a man address some remarks to his fetish while performing this operation, but I had an idea that he did so for my benefit, as I had had some conversation with him on the subject. I do not think it is customary to regard the fetish as subject to any other influence than that of the kola nut or camwood powder which is rubbed or spat upon the fetish. The right leg of the figure is missing, but this would in no way diminish its powers. The defect would indicate age, which in some cases is supposed to mean increased power. Or the fetish may have been regarded as of great influence, and, although injured by the loss of its leg, still venerated.

A. E. Scrivener.

Bolobo, Haut Congo, Congo Belge.

Old-Time Survivals in Remote Norwegian Dales.

(With Plate XX.)

The following notes of old-time Norwegian customs and stories are translated from *Sundalen og Öksendalens Beskrivelse* ("Sundal

and Öxendal Records"), written by Pastor Chr. Glükstad. This little volume of 122 pages was published by P. T. Mallings Boghandel, Kristiania, about twenty years ago, and Pastor Glükstad died some years ago. It consists chiefly of a topographical account, and list and history of the homesteads, of the valley of the river Driva, which rises in the Dovrefjeld mountains and enters the sea a little to the north of Molde, but on pp. 91-101 there is a chapter on *gamle skikke* or old customs, followed on pp. 103-22 by *sagn om huldrefolket, gjengangere og desl.* or sagas of the *huldre*-folk, ghosts, etc. As the book, which contains many local dialect words, is mainly of parochial interest, it seems to be unknown to most Scandinavian folklorists, and not to have been previously translated. Some of the customs and incidents are unfamiliar, or at least localized variants of items already recorded from other districts, and are sufficiently interesting, I hope, to justify this translation. The dalesfolk regard the book as a full account of their local practices and stories, as, when I have asked them about such matters, they have generally referred me to it, saying that "the best there is to tell is written in it." With the exception of a few English people who visit the valley for its fishing, the dalesfolk seldom see any strangers, and I am told that their dialect shows signs of the isolation of the valley.

The river Driva rushes first through Opdal, the upper valley, and then through Sundal to the fjord. Öxendal is a valley to the north of the Sundal fjord, and forming with Sundal a single parish. Sundal is about 25 miles long, and very narrow, with a precipitous wall of mountain on each side. Plate XX. gives a view from above Upper Nesja farm, looking down the valley towards the fjord. The high land on the north, or right hand, is known as *Troldheim*, or the home of the trolls, and a cave is shown in it into which the *huldre* are said to have entered, coming out afterwards in Opdal. In some places the river nearly fills the valley, but generally there is a narrow strip of fertile soil on each side on which are placed the homesteads. There are 26 homesteads in all (as well as four or five mountain farmsteads), built of logs, and usually with grass roofs. The homestead of *Övre Nesja*, in the foreground of the illustration, is that mentioned in the story of *The Birkestöl Bob*, and also in Nos. 9 and 13 in the section



SUNDAL.

"Superstitions." Avalanches and landslips often occur. In his account of the farms the Pastor mentions a landslip, the traces of which can be seen in the distance to the right in the Plate, and which, about 100 years ago, buried the oldest houses in the valley, He says that the only inmate of the houses who was saved was a woman. She was returning home after milking the cows when she met a *huldre*-woman who warned her not to go home, but to escape at once, as the farm was about to be destroyed. The oldest farm existing in the present year has the date 1692 on its beams, and the logs of which it is made are the largest in the neighbourhood. It has painted over the doors various inscriptions bidding welcome to visitors, and contains two immense chests, each hollowed out roughly from a single log. The Pastor mentions this farm as "hardly rebuilt since heathen times."

There are interesting heirlooms in most of the homesteads,—such as silver jewellery, bridal crowns, and especially beer cups and bowls for health drinking at wedding and other festivities, shaped out of single pieces of wood, and painted with inscriptions and dates. The largest bowl I know is dated 1700. The grandson of the old man mentioned in No. 13 of the "Superstitions" below is still alive, and possesses a large iron key said to have been smithied by the dwarfs, and used as described in No. 16. At the farm of Gjöra (which name, the Pastor says, means "giant woman"), there is a four-sided calendar staff, and an axe dated 16— and inscribed "*Jeg er god for en Daler*" ("I am good for one dollar").

In the course of his description of the farms the Pastor mentions that at Tanger, near the fjord, the last wizard was burnt at the end of the sixteenth century, and that at Arödal, near an ancient burying ground, there was found a copper urn containing a pot of ashes and part of a shield. He tells also how the site of the church was chosen. The original old "Stavkirke" was destroyed by an avalanche in 1660. It was decided to rebuild it on the other side of the river, but each night the work done on the previous day was pulled down. So the peasants took a staff and cast it into the water, and, at the place where it touched the bank, an untamed foal was harnessed, and on the spot where the foal first stood still the church was built.

Most of the peasants have never journeyed outside the valley, and they make at home nearly all that they require. In nearly every house there is a loom, and every woman has a spinning wheel. They live almost entirely on oatmeal, coffee, dried fish, and salt meat (generally pork, but sometimes mutton and reindeer). Very few even grow potatoes. They still keep up many of the old customs, even with strangers, and particularly the shaking of hands on receiving a present and after meals. They behave with much ceremony at table, and, whenever one visits them, they say, "*Tak for sidst*" ("Thanks for your last visit"), the correct reply being "*Jeg skal takke*" ("It is for me to thank"). They lead a newcomer indoors, and generally offer coffee and milk. He is addressed at once by his Christian name, as the "surname" is not understood, the only second name of a peasant being that of the farm at which, if a man, he was born, or into which, if a woman, she has been married.

The simple religious faith of the country has probably destroyed many of the old fears and superstitions, but it has also often become mixed up with them. One of the peasants told me that he had once seen the "Evil One" and hidden himself in great terror, and that it is wise to learn to say the Lord's Prayer backwards as a spell against evil.[1] However, he also told me that our party would be safe from all evil and ill luck, as we were living on the lands of a good man who read the Bible to his household and "talks to the Man above." He said that his father was present at the ringing of the church bells mentioned in the story of *The Stolen Daughter of the Pastor*. Most of the old folk refuse to say whether they have seen *huldre* or not, but nearly always say that their grandmothers saw them. One of the old women said that her grandmother had seen a little girl with a big white cap sitting on a stone, who suddenly disappeared, and that a mysterious horse had galloped round her house at night.

I have to thank Dr. Feilberg for his kindness in reading the proof and assisting me in difficult passages. The notes initialled F. were made by him.

[1] Compare No. 5 of the stories below.

TRANSLATION.

Ancient Customs.

1. On entering a room it was always considered good manners to hold one's hat in one's hand and say,—"Bless you," "Bless your work," and "Bless your meal," the answer to this being,—"God bless you," or also "God's peace be upon you," with the answer, "God's blessing." Then one asked,—"How is it with you?" and then, without troubling oneself to say more,—"It is well."

2. If anyone brought a greeting from someone else, it was the custom in the sixteenth century to say,—"I am to wish you good-night so many times."

3. If anyone came into the room and complained of the severe weather, he was answered as follows,—"Yes, it is not pleasant to be out in unpleasant weather."

4. When people met on the road one always said,—"Well met," whereupon the other greeted him by saying,—"Well met again." If the pastor was met on the high road (to Romfo), he received the following friendly greeting,—"God dwell with thee."

5. He who first came into the farm in the New Year and saw the housewife at her spinning wheel, always received a hank of thread, which was called *Juletraad* ("Yule thread"), and he was greeted as her *Rokkemand* ("spinning wheel-man"). If he happened to be the pastor, great were the rejoicings.

6. If anyone came into the room where there was a new-born, unbaptized baby, his hat was hidden, and could only be regained by means of a silver coin as godfather's gift.

7. If the pastor had not been a parish priest before, on entering each[2] church he received an offering which was called *Kjoleoffer* ("the gown gift").

8. The first time the pastor visited a farm he received a present as *Nyböling* ("new dweller's gift"), consisting of a ham, a tub of butter, a pair of new stockings, and a four-mark piece. This was never forgotten, even when many years passed before the visit was paid.

[2] There are two churches in the parish, which the pastor visits on alternate Sundays.

9. In the olden times, directly after New Year's Day, the pastor and his family travelled from one farm to another in Romfo district, and he got a large quantity of "Yule-thread" given to him.

Bridal Customs.

Wedding celebrations generally lasted for a whole week, and were called "skaal" bridals, from the custom of putting money for the bride and bridegroom in the bowls which were used for drinking healths. Some time before the wedding the bridegroom was wont to go round himself and invite the folk, great and small alike, to come to the wedding. He bade all come who dwelt within a certain radius from the farm where the wedding was to be held. This circle was called *Bölag* ("neighbour-circle").[3] All who dwelt within the "neighbour-circle" were not obliged to go to the wedding; everyone was free to do as he wished. Those who intended to be present had to give their hand to the bridegroom as a sign that they accepted his invitation, so that he would know how many guests to provide for. During the days which preceded the wedding, two *Kjeldermænd* ("cellar-men"),—two men who presided over the distribution of beer at the wedding,—went round to every house in the "neighbour-circle," greeted the folk, and said,—"We are to greet you from the bride and bridegroom, and bid you a welcome to the wedding,—

bojen taa kua,	"(Leg of cattle,
aa skinka taa sun,	Ham of sow,
jöse aa skeia.	Candles and spoons)."

When this was said, the folk knew what was expected of them. They went to the larder for meat and pork, which they gave to the "cellar-men," and the servant folk, who had not got such good things to give, gave candles and spoons. All this the "cellar-men" took to the bridegroom. So as to enable the "cellar-men" to carry everything, it was customary for a man to drive round with a cart towards the close of the day, and fetch the "cellar-men" and the gifts. These gifts were presented by all the folk within the "neighbour-circle," whether they went to the

[3] Cf. parish "biddings" in Westmoreland, *ante*, p. 222.

wedding or not. The well-to-do folk brought large slabs of butter and cakes with them to the wedding, as well as a gift of money The chief man at the wedding was named as the *kjögemester* ("governor of the feast"); he had to read grace to all the folk before and after meals; he superintended the presents, and, when the bridal pair returned from the church, he stood out in the yard to welcome them. Besides the "governor of the feast" and the two "cellar-men," there were two *leiesvende* (unmarried men who *lead* the bride), who were usually chosen from the bride's nearest of kin. They escorted the bride to and from the church, led her to the altar, and looked after her thoroughly in every way. The health-drinking was a most solemn rite, and at big weddings it lasted for several days. The bridal pair sat on the "high-seat," and the master of the feast sat beside them. The bridal pair's parents came and presented gifts, then followed the other relations, and then the remaining guests. Well-to-do parents would give 10 to 12 dollars, other relations 1 to 2 dollars, and the other guests 4 orts. The master of the feast called out the name of the giver and the amount of the gift; this was carefully noted down by a chosen scribe, so that, if any of the givers should be married, the young couple would know how much to give them. Finally, "the cellar-men's party" was held. The "cellar-men" could invite whom they pleased; they were generally girls. There was nearly always dancing at the wedding. The musicians drove in front of the bridal pair on the way to the church, playing as they went along. In the oldest times it was customary for two men to steal home whilst the folk were at church; they crept into the farm secretly, so that the folk should not see them on their return from church. Their object was to reach the "high-seat" without being seen. Generally they tried to get in through the window; they would take it out[4] noiselessly and get upon the seat. If anyone spied them out the master of the feast was at once informed, whereupon he fired a shot, and they were obliged to surrender. If they reached the seat successfully, and the master of the feast was thus unable to capture them, it was considered a disgrace to him, and his office was taken from him, but he was able to recover it by giving beer to all the guests.

[4] Loose wooden shutters were used before glass.

Burial Customs.

When the corpse was washed and clothed, it was borne into another house and laid on straw, with a wisp of straw under the head and a psalm-book on the breast. This was called *at ligge paa Ligstraa* ("lying on the corpse-straw").

When the funeral procession went forth, the straw was burnt[5] in an open field in the direction in which the procession went. When the relations and friends had assembled, the coffin was borne into the *Sörgestue* ("sorrowing room"); a cloth with a white cross on it was laid over it, whilst a psalm-book and two lighted candles were placed upon it. After a psalm had been sung, one who had been chosen to do so stepped forward and delivered a funeral oration, after which a relation went up and embraced the coffin and said, "Farewell, and thanks from me." The nearest relation then answered, "Farewell, and thanks shalt thou have."

Superstitions and Superstitious Practices.

1. If a child were ill, and all remedies failed, someone who took part in the Holy Communion had to take the Consecrated Bread out of his mouth quickly and secretly, and give it to the child on his return.

2. If the child suffered from an unusual illness, earth had to be taken from the churchyard and given to the child, but those who did so had to be sure to bury some silver coins in the place.

3. A piece of bread was laid in a new-born baby's cradle, and a piece of steel was bound in its swaddling clothes. When the child or its clothing was washed, a live coal was cast into the water before it was thrown away.

4. If the baby were deformed, or weak-minded, it was called a *Bytting* (changeling), by which it was meant that the underground folk had taken the parents' child and put theirs in its place.

5. Once a Finn woman, who was about to give birth to a child, was staying at a farm in the upper valley. So as to avoid pain,

[5] Cf. Atkinson, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, p. 218, quoting "Hylten-Cavallius's book on the ethnology of a certain district in the south of Sweden," which mentions "the custom of consuming with fire the mattress on which a man has breathed his last."

she wound her belt round an axe. When the time came and she was delivered, the axe danced about, but she was quite free from pain.[6]

6. In the old times it was the custom, when anyone was very ill and death was awaited in vain, for a man to go up on the roof, take the cover of the smoke hole off, and call down,—"Come out! come out!" for they believed that the Evil Spirit withheld death from the sufferer. It is related how a sick man, who did not consider that the time had come for him to die, answered, "I will not come out."

7. If anyone had strained their hand at work, it was called *ræna*, and the way to cure it was to fetch a strong man, who would chop the door sill with an axe, whilst the other asked what he did; whereupon he would answer,—"I chop the *ræna*."[7]

8. When anyone was going hunting or fishing, it was unfortunate to be seen by a woman, for then they had no luck. One also must not wish them good luck, for that always proved unfortunate. The best thing to do was to throw a mop at the hunter or fisherman when he set out, or to kick at him.

9. Once Thor Nesja went to hunt reindeer on the mountains, and just above the farm he shot seven reindeer in one shot as they stood and drank at a lake. "Ah, that is an unlucky shot," said he, which soon proved true, for when he had gone so far down the mountain that he could see into the valley he beheld the houses of his farm all ablaze, and he lost all his possessions in the fire.

10. When two men were salmon fishing with lines, and one was

[6] The possibility of transferring pain to another person or object is quite generally believed in Sweden and Denmark. For example, Fru Eva Wigström writes in *Folkediktning* (1880), p. 103,—"Folk believed that many midwives understood the art of driving an axe firmly into the chopping-block so that the husband should share his wife's sufferings. Yet no woman ought to do it, for pain was laid upon women at the Fall of man. If she did it, however, the child which she brought forth would be a werwolf or nightmare." Hylten-Cavallius informs us, *Wärend*, I. p. 437, that severe internal pain was often believed to be childbirth pain which had been laid upon the sufferer by witchcraft. (F.)

[7] *Ræna* is really the sudden cramp which would come upon a strained hand, and the slight creaking sound which came if it were moved or rubbed perhaps gave rise to the idea that some spell was at work.

fortunate whilst the other caught nothing, folk believed that *det onde Öie* ("the evil eye") misdirected his line. They therefore tried by various ways to persuade the pastor to go with him to the river and look upon the line, as his eye would thus chase away the "evil eye."

11. When Yule-ale is being brewed, the quality depends as much on the good luck of those who brew as on the quality of the malt. Folk were afraid of strangers coming into the brewery, and, to prevent them from bringing "evil" with them, a knife or other piece of steel was put in the brewing vat. It was also good to put a cross at the bottom of it.

12. If no butter were produced in the churning, it was because the cows were bewitched by a wicked woman, and the safest thing to do was to cast old silver into the churn.

13. Not very long since an old man,[8] who was very superstitious, lived at the farm of Övre Nesja. He set salmon traps in the river, and caught many fish both in spring and autumn. When his fishing went wrong, he kindled *naueld* ("needfire"),—*gnideild*, which means rubbing or friction fire—whereupon the fishing prospered again, for probably there was witchcraft afoot. This *naueld* was produced in the following manner:—Folk used, and still do so, here and there, the simple, but clumsy *bordstole* ("plank stool")[9] to spread their meals upon. These *bordstole* are made of a single fir-trunk, 27 tommer[10] in diameter. [Pieces of the trunk] of a suitable height were cut off and set up; about half an ell from the ground, a single wide plank from the tree was placed upon these stumps; this plank, which was planed, formed the board or table top. The Nesja man (farmer) took two such plank stools and set them up at a suitable distance from each other, with the smaller ends of the boards towards each other. In these he made a hole, in which he set a pointed rod, and round the rod he

[8] The old man of Övre Nesja was Endre Nesja, grandfather of the present owner of the farm.

[9] The boards or tops of these tables were loose, and, when in use, rested on two or three large stumps, made of bottom sections of fir-trees. The top of this particular table is still in existence, and is made of one solid piece of wood 3 metres long and 1 metre wide. I have seen it.

[10] One tomme = 1·029 inches.

twisted a long cord. Then he pulled the cord, and the rod turned quickly round and round, and twisted the cord round itself from the other end. By steadily pulling at the cord, the revolving became more rapid, and the friction on the rod so strong that fire came, and then the old man was content. He believed that the witchery was thus rendered powerless, and that good luck in his fishing was now ensured. His useful plank stool is still at the farm. The old man also believed that it was very unlucky to be seen by anyone when he came home with the salmon. He therefore rose at 4 o'clock in the morning to go fishing; he never passed through the farmyard, but made himself a way round below the farm buildings, so as not to meet anyone, and brought the fish round into a side room.

14. Folk believed that certain sicknesses of animals were brought on in one way or another by something *utrygt* ("uncanny") and there were diverse ways of healing them. This applied also to cows or any other animals that did not thrive on the farm. Thus, one could get a dog to thrive by taking a piece of bread and placing it under the arm so that it should be saturated with perspiration. On eating it, the dog would thrive.

15. When a calf was useless, and could hardly walk, they took it to a crossway, and there they cut out a clump of earth, with a knife, from under each of its feet. These clumps were placed on four hedge stakes. From thenceforward the beast soon got better.

16. If a cow were idle and lay about a great deal, folk thought that it was *dvergslagen* ("dwarf-struck"). A singular kind of big, old key[11] was used against this sickness. These keys are still to be found here and there at the farms, and are said to be smithied by dwarfs. One of these keys was hung up over the cow's stall, and thenceforward it was healed.

Stories about Huldre-folk, Ghosts, etc.

Old superstitions and the customs in connection with them are gradually disappearing in these more enlightened times; neverthe-

[11] Such an old key was very large and heavy, made of iron, with a handle twisted in a rough design. I have seen one at Övre Nesja.

less, the belief in "underground" folk, *huldre*,[12] *jutuler* (giants), or, as they are also called in Sundalen, *Boðber*, as well as the belief in ghosts, remain to the present day.

Aged dairywomen have a great deal to relate of what has been seen and heard in the remote sæter[13] valleys, concerning horses, oxen, and cows, belonging to the *huldre*-folk. If one caught sight of such animals when one had steel in one's possession, one might capture some of them, but it was a difficult matter to come near enough to the *huldre*-folk, for, however much one strove to approach them, they always seemed as far off as ever.

When the peasants in the autumn returned from the sæters to their dwellings in the valley, the *huldre*-folk would flock in again with their animals, and many maintain that they have seen such a fairy procession approaching the sæters.

The following tales are told about the *huldre*-folk:

1. A man of the name of Hans, called Skindfeldhans, for he was a *Skindfeld*[14] maker, was once in the autumn fishing in a distant lake. The fish were biting exceptionally well that day, but, as he stood there, his eye fell on a number of animals that came down to the lake on the same side as himself followed by a man and a woman. On the other side of the lake there lay a sæter which had just been left by the farm people. Hans understood at once that these might be *huldre*-folk em-

[12] The *huldre*-folk, who, I was told, are about four feet high and very ugly, were supposed to take up their abode in the sæter huts directly the peasants left them, and it was very unlucky to return to a hut, after leaving it in September, before the following June. (Compare stories 1, 18, and 20.) The dairy girls, during the three months up at the sæters, often saw the *huldre*-folk and their animals. (Compare stories 4, 9, and 16.) Dr. Feilberg adds that the same beliefs are found in other mountainous regions, and refers to *Archiv f. Volkskunde*, I. p. 239 (Switzerland); W. Herz, *Deutsche Sagen in Elsass* (1872), p. 68; *Deutsche Volkssagen* (1878), p. 196; Rochholz, *Schweitzersagen aus Aargau* (1856), p. 384; H. N. Tvedten, *Sagn fra Telemarken* (1891), p. 61; O. Sande, *Fraa Sogn* (1887), I. pp. 14, 96; Asbjörnsen, *Huldreeventyr og Folkesagen* (1870), p. 167; Wigström, *Folkdiktning* (1880), pp. 135, 167; and Hofberg, *Nerikes gamla Minnen*, p. 239.

[13] The sæters are the pastures and dairies up in the mountains to which the peasants take their animals during the months of June, July, and August. All the cheese and butter-making is done there.

[14] *Skinfelds* are sheep skins cured and lined with a home-spun cloth, and used as bed coverings in the winter.

ployed in moving into the sæter, and he thought to himself that now he would make a good catch when they came nearer, for he had steel about him. But in this Hans made a great mistake, for the whole herd swam over the lake far from the place where he stood and fished. Only the woman who followed the animals came towards him and begged for a string of fish, and that he gave her. When Hans had got his bag full of fish and was thinking of going home, he saw smoke rising from the sæter huts on the other side of the lake, and the woman came out of one of them and shrieked with laughter at him. And that was all the thanks Hans got for his fish.

2. *The Stolen Daughter of the Pastor.*—One Yule Eve, as they were about to sit down to table in the Pastor's house at Hov, his daughter Amalie[15] was missing. Search was made for her round the whole farm, but nowhere was she to be found. Then they understood where she was, namely, that she had been hidden by the *Jutul*[16] in the Hov mountain. The Pastor therefore put on his cassock, and with the altar book in his hand he went into the church, where two men tolled the bells, while the assembled people stood and waited in the yard outside the Pastor's farm.

A girl from the neighbouring farm, Skjölland, called three times loudly "Amalie," and immediately she came springing in the midst of them. Naturally enough she looked faint, and she was also somewhat strange in her manner. Her mother wanted at once to know where she had been, but Amalie said that she was very tired and would gladly lie down. The next day she related how, on the previous evening, as she came out from the servants' room, there stood two youths by a rowan tree close to the door stone. They took her between them and led her to the east side of the barn, where they carried her deep down into the earth with them, till at last they reached a *Rögovnstue.*[17] As she was shaking all over, they bade her sit herself down on the hearth-stone and take

[15] Amalie is supposed to have died only a few years ago, never to have married, and to have been of an evil disposition.

[16] *Jutul* or giant, called *Boð* in the local dialect.

[17] *Rögovnstue* is literally a smoke hearth-room, a room with a central hearth and a smoke hole above it. All dwellings in Scandinavia (and elsewhere) were built on this plan, before the days of chimneys.

food on the hearth, and this she did. As she sat there she heard music in the room at the side. One of the youths went into this room, and came back with a blue gown, which he wished her to put on that they might go and dance, but to this proposal she answered a determined "Nay." Thereupon the other youth went into the room, and came back with a blue-edged plate on which was *Jönbröd*[18] and bade her eat it, but that she would not do. So they guided her into a beautiful room, the like of which she had never seen. On the table there stood a quantity of silver things and many portions of fine food. Then it seemed to her that her father came and bade her eat, but she dared not do so.

Then came her mother and carried her into another room, which was even more delightful than the first. On the table stood the finest *Römmegröd.*[19] Her parents and the other people of the household sat at table. She seated herself, and she was just directing a spoonful of *Gröd* to her mouth when she heard the far-off ringing of the church bells. Then she knew nothing more till the *Gröd* and everything else had vanished, and she was standing in the midst of all the folk at the Pastor's farm. From that time forward she was always a little odd in her ways.

3. *The Girls at Aaker.*—At one of the farms of Aaker there once lived two sisters. The one was exceedingly industrious, working both late and early, only now and then for long hours she went off to sit in a cow-stall, whilst her sister worked in the cow-shed. When her sister wondered at what she did there, she answered that she had business to talk over in that place as her sister might have elsewhere. A day came when she disappeared entirely, and was not to be found in spite of all possible search. At last, one evening she came back again, and told them how she was soon going to be married. On a certain day they would get a sight of her bridal procession up on Hov mountain. It happened as she said,—the bridal folk appeared in the usual procession. They knew her again quite well, and they saw the bridegroom by her side. There seemed nothing strange in the

[18] *Jönbröd* ("iron-bread") are thin flat cakes, only made for special occasions and baked in waffle-irons.

[19] *Römmegröd* is the word used in the Sundal for *flödegröd*, literally cream groats, a kind of white porridge, eaten with cream and melted butter.

fact that his nose was so long that it nearly reached the saddle pommel. Later on the bride came to her home for a short visit; she told them continually that she was pleased with the food and drink, but she did not look happy. The last time they saw her at home she only stretched her hands in through the door, —they looked as though they were dipped in blood,—and said:

"Look ye, beware the ban,
With these I every Thursday[20] evening span."

4. *The Huldre-youth and the Girl in Grasdalen.*[21]—A girl of the name of Marit the year before her Confirmation was already[22] sæter-girl in Grasdalen. There came a young and beautiful youth and courted her. But, as she feared that he was a *huldre*-youth, she would not let herself be persuaded to accept his offer, though he enticed her with fair words, and by offering her a quantity of pretty things both of silver and gold. She was no longer safe, for he intended to take her by force. But, as she constantly bore her Catechism[23] in her bosom, he had no power over her. Thus all went well the first year. Next summer she was again sæter-girl in Grasdalen, and now she had been confirmed. The wooer came forward again, and he was much more pressing than the year before. As soon as she lay herself down in the evening, the boy came and stood at the head of the bed, playing on a mouth harp, enticing and begging her, but the girl was firm. At last he came one night with a whole following of *huldre*-folk, and let her know that now all was ready for her bridal, and she must go with them. But Marit had the book under her pillow; she grabbed it and threw it at the boy, so that he had to flee. As the wooer and his following ran away, she heard someone say, "Thou shouldst have taken her before the Black Man (pastor) laid his hands on her, then thou wouldst have

[20] Up to the time of the last generation, Thursday and Saturday after 5 p.m., as well as all day on Sunday, were considered holy, and all who worked at those times were always pursued by ill luck.

[21] Grasdal is a small side valley of Sundal.

[22] Directly after Confirmation a girl is considered a woman, but before that she is a child. Girls are not generally sent up to the mountain dairies before their Confirmation, as they are not supposed to be able to look after themselves so well.

[23] The Catechism is used when preparing for Confirmation.

owned her this year." These words were spoken by a woman, the boy's mother, and she foretold misfortune in marriage for Marit. From that time she was left in peace by the *huldre*, but she became cross-eyed from that night, that is to say she squinted back over her shoulder as she threw the book after the boy.

The *huldre's* prophecy about her marriage was fulfilled. She was wedded into the farm of Sanden, but her first husband was overwhelmed by the sea in quite calm weather; her other husband cut himself to death with a scythe whilst he was mowing grass in a flat field, and her third and last husband also met with an accidental death. Another account tells that she was born at Hol, and married into the farm of Töfte with a man who was called "Raging" Ola, who cut himself to death whilst chopping down branches in the spring. His name fitted him well, and it is said that every morning before going out "he kept a sinful house," and that he promised to "give the cow-bell a yet stronger ring" on his return. By this husband she had a child, who was also named Marit, and who afterwards married into the farm of Upper Löken. Then the widow was wedded into the farm of Sanden, and lost her husband in the way related above. Finally, she was wedded to Kristen Valset at Ulvundeidet, who was overwhelmed by the sea. Thereupon she is supposed to have become very poor, and in her old days she had to remove to her daughter's at Löken, where she was cared for.

5. *The Millers and the Millstone Nixies.*—In the long murky winter nights, especially just before Yule, when Yule malt and Yule rye must be ground, the millers at the mills at Trædal[24] were often hideously plagued by Watertrolls and Millstone Nixies, who in the midst of the work got angry and took hold of the water-wheel, so that the millstone stopped. The millers pushed, struck with the poles, and with sticks searched into all possible and impossible causes, but without profiting a grain. At last they thought of reading the three Religious Articles (the Creed), or the last part of Our Father, backwards, and, behold! the mill wheel turned itself round as though it were greased.

6. *The Bob*[25] *of Yulevolds.*—On the southern side of the river,

[24] Trædal is the same as Lilledal.

[25] *Bob* is the local name for a *Jutul* or giant.

opposite Hov church, is a place called Julevoldene. Here, according to old sayings, the underground folk dwell. A *Bob* who lived there often went down to the farm of Mæle, where he lodged in the threshing barn, and, as they were glad to be friendly with him, he was often treated with *Römmegröd*.[19] Once, as a girl was bringing the *Gröd* up to the barn, she thought it but her due to eat it herself. This breach of hospitality cost her dear, for the *Jutul* took hold of her and danced her nearly to death, whilst he sang,

"Ah! thou shalt dance, and thou shalt twirl,
For thou ate'st my groats, unhappy girl."

At last the folk became so weary of the *Jutul* that they thought they would gladly get rid of him. A Finn came travelling through the valley, and, as this youth had a reputation for being able, as folk said, "to do more than stuff himself," they asked whether he would imprison the Bob "for ever" for a good reward. After thinking it over for some time, he said that he would take on the job if he got a good reward, and a shaggy calfskin to help him to carry out [his plans].

To Ole Mæle's great surprise, the Finn bored a great hole in the foot of Fjeld Kalken, and put the Bob in the hole, and cast the calfskin after him with these words,—"Thou shalt henceforward take one hair [from this] every Yule-Eve until the skin is bare, then canst thou be free again." Before the opening the Finn set a door of a much lighter coloured kind of stone than those on the mountain side, which shows clearly to this day.[26]

7. Over Yulevolden the high Fjeld Kalken rises. There is an underground passage going through this mountain, straight from Hovedalen to Lilledalen.[27] There is supposed to be an iron gate in the passage, with a dog tied to it. Many folk have tried to penetrate [the passage], but few have dared to go so far [as the gate]. It is told how a red-haired dog once went in at Lilledalen, and, after a long time, came out by Mæle in Sundalen, but it was hairless on one side.

[26] It shows now as one large white stone on the dark grey mountain. Dr. Feilberg adds that stories of this type are characteristically Scandinavian, and compares Överland, *Fra en Svunden Tid* (1888), p. 9; Alden, *I Getapulien* (1883), p. 95; Dybeck, *Runa* (1849), p. 31.

[27] Lilledal is a small valley running into the Sundal fjord from the south, close to the bottom of Sundal.

8. The "Mill *Bob*" lived up in the hill above Mæle, between the two streams big and little Haremsaa. Every Yule-Eve he visited Mæle, and he was so tall that he knelt on the door-sill and laid his hands on the beam, which, in the old houses that have a central hearth,[17] was placed along the building by the uppermost woodwork. He took up this position when he visited Mæle on Yule-Eve. Old Ola Mæle did not like that visit, because he ate so much *Römmegröd*.[19] Ola threatened to shoot the *Bob*, but the latter believed himself shot-proof, and said,—"I am not afraid of thy 'hemlock-pipe,' Ola Mæle." Meanwhile Ola had thought of loading his gun with a silver button, which would be sure to make an end of the *Bob*. After the shot had been fired, folk heard the *Bob* call out mournfully, three times,—"Ah me, he, Ola Mæle, has shot me with his 'hemlock-pipe,'"—and from thenceforward the folk were free of the "Mill *Bob*."

9. *Marit Löken and the Jutul-youth.*—A long time ago there lived at Löken a fair girl named Marit. Even before she was confirmed[22] she was bothered by a *huldre*-youth, who had fallen in love with her. He paid his attentions to her more especially when she was in the sæter.[18] Once, whilst she was washing the milk tubs in the stream, some brooches, belts, and necklaces, all of silver, came floating over to her; but she was too wise to let herself be moved by them, and thus give the youth power over her. She often had personal visits from him, but she kept him from her by carrying the "Catechism" (Pontoppidan's explanations)[23] in her bosom. The next summer she was sæter-girl again, but she had been confirmed. She now had visits from her old suitor again, who said to her,—"Thou shouldst not have allowed the Black Man (pastor) to lay his hands on thee, for then all would have been well and good now." It appears that from that hour he gave up hope of getting her, for she saw him no more.

10. *The Nesja Bob.*—It happened once at Lower Nesja that the daughter was stolen by the *huldre*-folk. She was bidden to take food to her father, who was at the mill, but she went neither thither nor home again. One day, however, she came to her mother when she was herding the cows, and bade her not sorrow about her, as all was well with her and she did not wish to come back. Yet she desired that, on three Thursday evenings one after the other, the

things which she was to inherit might be set out in the way, behind the outer door of her home, and she herself would then fetch them. Finally, she bade her mother come on to the hill below the house, the next Wednesday, so that she might get a sight of her bridal procession. The mother did accordingly, and never before had she seen such a fair-looking procession. It consisted of a long row of blue men, riding on blue, fiery horses and adorned in every way with silver belts and chains. At the head rode the bridegroom and bride, and, besides many silver ornaments, they had crowns on their heads. She greeted her mother as she went by, and that was the last time folk saw or heard anything of the "hidden one."

11. One evening, when the owner of Lillefale went out at the door, he saw that the whole farmyard was filled with blue-clothed folk, and he heard all kinds of music being played in the barn. At that time a sickly brother dwelt with him, who leased some land at Faleöien, but when he changed his dwelling the music went with him, and he was at the last attacked with epilepsy.

12. The farm Snöva, which lies above the river, was haunted a great deal by *huldre*-folk. Once a three-year-old boy, named John, was taken by the underground folk. One day he was playing with some other children in the farmyard, when all of a sudden he was gone. Folk understood that the child must have been taken away to the mountains, and they tried to exorcise it forth by reading from the Gospels, singing psalms, and ringing the church bells—but all in vain. When all this proved of no avail, they tried to call upon the "Evil One" to help them, by oaths and evil speaking. This way was the most effectual, for straightway the child appeared, in the same place and position as when it vanished. Rain had now come, and it was muddy in the farmyard, but the child was absolutely clean and dry. He told how he had been to the abode of the underground folk, and that there he was treated with herring bones and eyes. John grew up afterwards, and he became an influential man.

13. On the same farm there lay, close to the house, a big stone slide, probably formed by a landslip. Inside this mound there was said to be a secret cavern called *Julgjelthaale*, which opened out down by the river. Formerly it had belonged to the underground folk, and no one had been able

to bring themselves to enter it. A foolhardy man, who believed that he could do anything, wagered that he would enter the cave, but, when he tried to do so, he came upon an iron gate, which was placed across the hole. He was obliged to turn round, and after much toil he came forth again, but from that time he was mad.

14. A man at the same farm, named John, was captured by *huldre*-folk at Snövaörene. He disappeared for three days, and then returned to the place [from whence he had vanished], but no one could get to know where he had been. His son Ingebret was reputed, when he was at home, to be a wizard—afterwards he was married at Dönheim on the Batten Fjord. Once Thor Opdöl, the overseer, visited him there, and begged him to show him some of his tricks. "Yea, an thou desirest to see, I will gladly show thee something," answered Ingebret, and forthwith the whole room was filled with small folk clothed in blue.

15. Not translated. A variant of Nos. 4 and 9.

16. *The Birkestöl Bob.*—A *Bob* once dwelt for a long time on the farm of Övre Nesja. He took up his abode at the stöl (sæter) Birkestöl, and was therefore called the Birkestöl *Bob*. Although he was a heathen, he wished to keep Yule Eve; but, as he was not good at reckoning time, he was wont, towards Yuletide, to go to Nesja, where he would clamber up on to the roof and peep down the smoke hole[14] to see whether the Nesja men had put out the red beer in bowls. If they had done so, then he would go home and steal the best that he could for Yule. Once, when he was on this errand, he was sadly deceived. As usual he went to the farm to look for the beer, and he got a sight of something that looked like beer, but was unluckily *myse*, that is, sour cheese dissolved in water, which is used instead of a milk mixture, as at that time of year milk is scarce. The *Jutul* took it for beer, and went home and celebrated Yule, in spite of its being too soon. Although this *Jutul* did no harm, the farmers must have been somewhat troubled by his visits, for they took him and squeezed him into Klinghammer,—a high mountain between Gjöra and Gravem. The only thing that they put with him was a raw oxhide, from which he was allowed to take one hair on each Yule Eve. When the hide had thus become bare, he might regain his freedom.

17. There dwelt once, at the farm of Vollan, an ancient shepherd, who boasted that he was not afraid of spectres, and did not believe in underground folk. But he got to learn otherwise, for one day, when he began to dig out a fir-tree root up on the hill, he suddenly saw a blue man quite close to him. The man had on big gloves, and they were fastened to a blue band[18] which went round his neck, and he was blue all over from top to toe. He said nought and then quickly vanished,—but the man had proof enough now that the underground folk existed, and he came down the path from the hill in the greatest fright.

18. There was once a youth who late in autumn was sent up to Grasdalen to fetch home a mare that had been left behind when the folk had returned to the farms from the sæter with their animals. When he got to the hut he lay himself down on the bed to rest awhile. Whilst he lay there a girl, very like unto his loved one down in the valley, came into the room. "Nay, wherefore in all the world camest thou hither?" asked the youth. "Ah, never before have I been here, but when I heard tell that thou hadst come up, I also wished to come hither, for what better chance could hap than this for me to be with thee?" said the maiden. Yea, now did the youth begin to believe that she was in truth his own beloved, for so like unto her was she. She now began to cook some *Römmegröd*[19] for him, and, when she was ready, she bade him to the board. But then he saw that she had a long horse tail beneath her skirt, and he knew straightway that something evil was afoot. He therefore bade her begone at once, whereupon she neighed like a horse, and, sweeping the long horse-tail behind her, she fled from the hut like lightning.

19. On Yule Eve it was the custom to set steel over the barn doors, to prevent anything *utrygt* ("uncanny," *i.e.* the underground folk) from abiding in the barn at night. Moreover, the farm-girl had to take care that she fed all the cows, for misfortune might come if it so happened that she forgot any. Once a farm-girl, who overlooked a cow, had to smart sorely for it; thinking that she had given food to all, she seated herself upon the gate, so as

[18] Norwegians, especially the children, have a string tied round their necks, to each end of which a glove is fastened, and thus, whether their hands are in the gloves or not, the latter cannot be lost.

to hear if any of them should low for food. Whilst she sat there she heard a voice away in the barn crying,—

"I would, I would, that blind she were,
Who sitteth on the gate out there."

It was the cow, to whom she had forgotten to give corn, and the farm-girl was blind from thenceforward all her life's days.

20. *The Reindeer-hunters.*—Once, two reindeer-hunters went up into the mountains to search for reindeer. They had roamed about all day and found none, and in the evening they came down to Grödalen[29] to pass the night, in the sæters, which were already empty. When they had settled in, and eaten, each went to lie down in his own hut; they were close together. After one of them had lain an hour, he heard one shriek after another. At first he did not think that it was anything to trouble about, so he lay still; an hour later, however, on hearing a yet louder shriek, he could not help feeling that something evil was happening; so he got up, clothed himself, examined his rifle, so as to see if it was properly loaded, and opened the door to go to the aid of his troubled friend. He met him, with only his shirt on, just outside the door, and, on questioning him as to what the matter was, and wherefore he had shrieked so, he told him that the underground folk had been out. They were vexed to find their beds "taken up," and started striking the milk tubs that were set out upon the shelves, with a whip, which made a most horrid hubbub. As that was no good, they began to shake him about in the bed, until they became so rough that he yelled out. But as he would not go they took hold of him again, whipping him so severely that he could not help shrieking a second time, and was thankful to slip away from that "unfriendly" place, with almost a "whole skin."

21. In olden days it was very dangerous to roam about in the mountains, as the villages and the whole countryside were overrun by wanderers and gypsies. Once a man from Röimoen[30] was attacked by two men, up in the mountains. He bade them

[29] Grödal is a high-lying mountain valley branching from the south of Sundal.

[30] Röimoen is a high mountain farm near Grödal, celebrated for its reindeer hunters.

be gone, several times, or else he would be obliged to shoot. "Ah that would be no good," said they, "for thy gun is not loaded with silver bullets"; but, as they threatened to take his life, he fired. One of them fell, but the other fled, and now the hunter started to pursue him, but he got away. A year later the man from Röimoen went to the market at Trondhjem. Some one came up to him and said,—"Thou didst shoot a fine buck in the mountains, but thou didst not flay it!" (The same story is told at the mountain farms between Orkedalen and Hevne.)

22. *Staale.*—A robber, murderer, and troll man, named "Staale," dwelt at one time under Hohammer in "Graaora" on the old road near to where it crosses the boundary between Sundal and Opdal. He had dug himself out a cave in the earth, whereto he carried the folk who wandered by. He wore a *styrkebelte* ("strength belt") or *livgjord* ("waist girdle"), in which were eleven men's hearts. This "waist girdle" preserved him from being captured. Once he slew a little child, but afterwards it lay heavily on his conscience, and he declared that it was the worst deed he had done. He understood the speech of the birds, and gave great heed to their cries. Naturally he was very distrustful, and feared a surprise attack from the dalesfolk. Once he went to Vollan, and they managed to persuade him to stay over night, and to take off the "waist girdle," from which his weapons hung. In the mean time, a message was sent to the farmers down the valley, to make use of this chance. Whereupon twelve of the strongest and "quickest" men in the valley came together. Their leader was a farmer named Frederick, a tall, heavy man from Musgjerd. In the night the folk collected, and set a "man guard" round the house. The house-wife told them that Staale lay upon the big "board" (table), as was the custom and use when "great folk" lodged [at the farms], and that, when he had gone to rest, he had taken the "waist girdle" off and laid it behind the bed's head. "Strong Frederick" went in first, and by good luck he managed to fling the "waist girdle" away and seize hold of him; the others then came in, seeing that this was the nick of time in which to capture Staale. He was now overmastered, and the "waist girdle" was burnt. Then Staale spoke,—"If only I had had a whole dozen [hearts] in the belt, Strong Frederick

and his followers would have been too weak."[81] He likewise explained to them that, for the last days, he had not paid enough heed to the cry of a young crow, which had warned him. Staale was then bound hand and foot, and taken to the magistrate and put to death. On the way down, he begged to be allowed to look back over the valley, but they would not let him do so, and this was well, for, if his wish had been granted, no green leaf or corn would have grown in Sundal for three years.

23. When anyone had passed away by death, and the corpse had to lie in the house, folk were afraid to go near it at night. Folk tell how they have often heard knocking and planing, especially in the place where the boards of the coffin had lain. One often hears tell how many have shown themselves after death, and such is told of a housewife at Opdal. As she was being taken to the grave, they came to a place where the horse was unable to move at all, however much it strained. At last, three new ropes, with which the coffin was bound, sprang asunder, and then they got forward. Her son often met her coming from the store room with a steelyard in her hand. He asked her once why she had not got peace in the grave, and received for an answer,—"I have measured too little and weighed too nicely." So he saw how it was, and, so that she might get rest hereafter, he gave a cow and several bushels of barley to the poor folk, and then he saw her no more.

24. There was once a girl at Övre Nesja, named Gjertrud. She was "deadly" in love with a youth, who did not care in the least for her. She sorrowed so over it that it caused her to die. Some time after, a friend of hers was out fishing in the river, and, as he wended his way homewards in the evening, whom should he meet but Gjertrud, who was clothed, as daily was her wont, in a red bodice, short skirt, and low shoes. They passed close by one another without speaking, but, as he went homewards, he looked back and saw her with her arms round an aspen tree,—and thus she disappeared.

MARGARET CROOKSHANK.

[81] Compare Överland, *op. cit.*, pp. 34, 65; I Daae, *Bygdesagn* (1881), 1. p. 171. (F.)

Omens and Folk-Etymologies from Jaunsār.

The following items from Jaunsār Pargana, in the District of Dera Dun, N.W. Provinces of India, are derived from a Jaunsārī vocabulary compiled by Col. Thornhill.

Cuckoo, *kūphū*. After the Bishu Jātrā festival, the bird becomes ill of fever, and is silent.

Dove, *ghūghūtī*. If a dove sits on a house and coos, it is a very bad omen. The bird is killed or hunted away.

Dwarf, *bāwaṇā*. The popular explanation is that he is only "fifty-two" (*bāwan*) fingers high. The word is really a corruption of the Sanskrit *vāmana*.

Goat, *bākrā*, (fem.) *bākrī*. A goat sitting upon its hind legs is a very bad omen, and the animal is killed and sold at once.

Hair (of human head), *mũḍāo*; (of human body), *bāo*, *bāl*. Hair on the breast denotes truthfulness. A man without hair is suspected of being unreliable.

Nightmare, *kachlō swīṇō*. A nightmare portends disaster or a tumble soon. A person gnashing his teeth in sleep portends death to his parents. If he sobs or weeps in his dreams it is a very good sign. To see water or a corpse in a dream is bad. So also to see a buffalo. To see a snake in a dream means that the god is angry, and a Brāhman (*bāman*) must be consulted (*deo dekhāuṇā*).

One-eyed, *kāṇā*. Such persons are considered to be deceitful. Squint-eyed, *paṭērō*. Such persons are said to be untrustworthy.

Owl, *hū*. The owl is not permitted to utter his ill-omened notes near a village, and if he does so is hunted away. If he calls from the roof of a house, some one in the family is sure to die.

G. A. Grierson.

Two Hindu Singing Games.

A Grown-up Hindu Girl's Game.

1. Guja Guja raikooloo zemtolloo?
2. Gujja raikooloo zemtolloo?

3. Swami dunda zemtolloo?
4. Saka râjuloo machhina zemtolloo?
5. Kolu Kulu teiza Kollârbunde damaraikullo.
6. Sri Gujja raikullo.

Translation.

1. O great multitude of people what (caste) are you?
2. O multitude of people what (caste) are you?
3. In the name of God's necklace what (caste) are you?
4. As approved by the world what (caste) are you?
5. Unyoke the oxen from the carts, good people.
6. O auspicious multitude of people!

7. Guja Guja raikooloo Komtollam.
8. Gujja raikooloo Komtollam.
9. Swami dunda Komtollam.
10. Saka lokama machhina Komtollam.
11. Kolu Kulu tusta (m) Kollârbunde damaraikullo.
12. Sri Gujja raikullo.

Translation.

7. O great multitude of people we are Komtis.
8. O multitude of people we are Komtis.
9. In the name of God's necklace we are Komtis.
10. As approved by the world we are Komtis.
11. We unyoke the oxen from the carts, good people.
12. O auspicious multitude of people!

Four or five girls with arms akimbo and repeating lines 1-6 advance, say sixteen paces, towards another group of girls of equal number, also standing with arms akimbo about twenty yards distance from the first, and then retire to their place, facing the group; then the second group advances some sixteen paces towards the first, repeating the reply lines 7-12, and retire to their place, still facing the other group. In like manner till the end, the first group advances towards the second, putting the question (lines 1-6), and the second group advancing in return giving the reply (lines 7-12), changing the caste-name on each occasion, *e.g.* "Bapenollam, Buljollam, etc.," "We are Brahmins, Bulgees," etc. Thus the game goes on, played spiritedly for a

considerable time, and only ends when the parties, who never sit, but stand or advance during the whole game, are tired out or exhausted. The silver anklets or the jingling bells of the girls keep time with their rapid spirited movements. The age of the players ranges from 12 to 16 or 20 and upwards.

A Hindu Nursery Game.

Ai kiskā ghoṛā?
Rājārāmkā.
Kāhē ko āyā.
Pānī pīnē ko.
Achchā! Jānē deo, jānē deo!

Translation.

Whose horse is this?
Râjârâm's.
Why did it come?
To drink water.
All right. Let it go. Let it go.

In India, of an evening, half a dozen or sometimes more children of six or seven years of age may be seen gathered round a Hindu female of 20 or 22 years of age, with the tips of the fingers of the right hand touching the ground as if in the standing attitude of horses. The position is semi-horizontal, the fingers standing representing horses belonging to a certain privileged Râjârâm, "some one great," said to come to have a drink, and on this encroachment on another man's tank the female playing the part of the owner of the tank puts the question to one of the children, pointing to the fingers openly resting on the ground, taking the place, so to speak, of Râjârâm's horses:

"Whose horse is this?"

"Râjârâm's," answers the child?"

"Why did it come?" asks she again, (to find out the *bona fides* of the horse).

"To drink water," is the reply received.

"Very well, very well," says she in conclusion, excusing the animal which the fingers represent, and the fingers retire or are taken off. In like manner she puts the question to the other

children, one after the other, pointing to the fingers, and receives the stereotyped replies, and the fingers retire; finally the boys catch hold of each other's ears, and those of the matronly girl, and form a round group, sitting and exclaiming "*Kia mia, Kia mia*" (a favourite expression of children, devoid of meaning), accompanied with giggling laughter and movements of the bodies backwards and forwards; and thus the game ends.

M. N. Venkatasvami.

Folklore Notes from Western Australia.

The following are some superstitions and legendary stories current among the natives around Albany, Blackwood River, Mount Barker, and thence to Esperance Bay, which have been collected at my request by Mr. Thomas Muir, J.P., of Deeside Station. He has known the country between Perth and Esperance Bay since 1844, and has constantly employed some of the aborigines to work for him during that period.

Evil Spirits.—The natives believed that it was evil spirits who struck forest trees and splintered them during a thunderstorm. When they saw a small tree which had been shattered by lightning, they would laugh and say to each other that the spirit who had done that was only a slender fellow, because a powerful spirit would have practised his skill on a larger tree.

If an evil spirit, or *wein*, came to a man in the bush and he attempted to strike at it, he would only hit himself on whatever part of the body he tried to hit the spirit upon. His only means of escape from the attack of a *wein* was to run and get on top of the nearest white-ant hill; then he was just as safe as Tam o' Shanter when he had passed the keystone of the bridge.

Bird Myth.—A little bird known as the Flycatcher, or Fantail, was formerly a wicked man with a bushy beard, always going about doing mischief and carrying tales. When the blacks see one of these birds they kill it if they can. It still has whiskers as in times of yore, which are represented by a little bunch of greyish feathers on each jaw.

How Fresh Water was first Obtained.—In ancient times all

the coast tribes drank salt water. The eagle-hawk, *wallitch*, never drank with the rest, but always went back into the interior. One day the fish-hawk, *molar*, watched him going to a forked tree, from which he removed a piece of bark and had a drink. After the eagle-hawk went away back to his camp, the fish-hawk approached the tree for the purpose of making investigations. As soon as *molar* lifted up the piece of bark, the water flowed out in torrents, and filled all the hollow places, making creeks, rivers, and lakes as they now appear.

The White-topped Rocks, near Cape Chatham.—In those olden days there was a large plain extending from the main land out to the White-topped Rocks, about nine miles out from Cape Chatham. On one occasion two women went far out on the plain, digging roots. One of the women was heavy with child, and the other woman had a dog with her. After a while they looked up, and saw the sea rushing towards them over the great plain. They both started running towards the high land about Cape Chatham, but the sea soon overtook them and was up to their knees. The woman who had the dog picked it up out of the water and carried it on her shoulders. The woman who was far advanced in pregnancy could not make much headway, and the other was heavily handicapped with the weight of the dog. The sea, getting deeper and deeper, soon overwhelmed them both, and they were transformed into the White-topped Rocks, in which the stout woman and the woman carrying the dog can still be seen.

The Making of Mount Johnston and other Hills.—On another occasion, there was a party of natives cooking a big heap of roots which they had gathered. A dispute arose about the partition of the food, and one of the men, who was a *mulgar* or wizard, drew his foot and kicked the heap of roots in all directions. Some of them became Mount Johnston, whilst some more were turned into other rocky hills in that locality, upon which large root-shaped rocks can still be distinguished.

The Origin of Fire.—In olden times the bandicoot had the monopoly of fire. It was shut up in a nut, which he always carried about with him, secreted. The other people noticed that his meat was always tender and different from theirs, and they asked him the reason of it. He told them that he laid it on a rock, and

let it cook by the heat of the mid-day sun. They also observed that the barbs were neatly fastened on to his spears with gum, and that all his weapons were better finished than those of other people. Repeated inquiries as to how he managed all these things elicited nothing definite, and consequently the pigeon, *watt*, and the sparrowhawk, *kurringar*, were appointed to watch him when out hunting. About the middle of the day they saw smoke rising from where he was camping, and, as they could not make out what it was, they stole upon him unawares. As soon as the bandicoot saw them he commenced putting the fire into the usual receptacle; but the sparrowhawk, who was always very quick in his movements, made a sudden rush and secured some of it, with which he set fire to the surrounding bush. Every tree, from the hardest to the softest, got a share of the fire, and from them the blacks have obtained it ever since.

Why Lakes are Salt.—The natives of the Kimberley district of Western Australia believe that a supernatural monster, in serpent form, made all the rivers as he travelled inland from the sea. The big waterholes which occur along the courses of the rivers are places where he rested at night. Once he camped for a long time at the shallow lake into which the Sturt Creek empties, and it is owing to his urine that the water there is saline. The saltness of other lakes in that part of the country is ascribed to the same cause. This creature is known as *Ranbal* in some localities, and as *Wonnaira* in others.

R. H. Mathews.

Parramatta, N.S. Wales.

Scraps of English Folklore, III.

Worcestershire.

The following items were collected from servants, old residents, school children, etc., in the neighbourhood of Hartlebury during the years 1900-1, except when another date is affixed.

"Crop your hair in the moon's wax,
Ne'er cut it in her wane,
And then of a bald head
You never shall complain."

You should turn the money in your pocket when you see the new moon, and it is good luck if you also have a knife in your pocket.

At the first new moon in the New Year, you should hold up a new silk handkerchief by the two corners, and, as many moons as you see through the handkerchief, so many years will pass before you are married.

For divination of your future lover, say,—"New moon, new moon, in the bright firmament, if—is my true love to be, let, the next time I see him, his face be turned towards me."

If you find a leaf of the common ash with the terminating leaflets *even*, it will bring "luck or a lover."

It is most unlucky to transplant parsley.

Never kick fungi with your foot, or you will have bad luck for seven years.

It is unlucky to bring the following into the house:—snowdrops before the first chickens are hatched; broom in blossom in the month of May[1]; hawthorn before May; and mistletoe before Christmas.

All children who either gather or eat blackberries on or after the 11th of October will fall into great trouble. It is said that "the Devil puts his paw on them" on that day.[2]

It is unlucky to keep Christmas holly about the house after Candlemas Day, as the Evil One will then come himself and pull it down.

If a sprig of Christmas holly is thrown on the fire and burns with a crackling noise, it is a sign of good luck; but, if it burns with a dull flame and does not crackle, it is a sign of a death in the family within the year.

It is unlucky to burn elder wood. An old inhabitant of Hartlebury will not allow a piece to be put on the fire.[3]

At Hartlebury it is believed that, if a gooseberry or currant bush dies or shrivels up when covered with fruit, there will be a death in the family of the owner before the year is out (1891).

[1] Cf. *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 52 (West Sussex).

[2] October 10th is Old Michaelmas Day. Cf. *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 14 (West Sussex).

[3] Cf. vol. vii., p. 380 (Staffordshire).]

A rose of which the flower has any green sepals mixed with the red petals is called a "death rose," and is an omen of death to one of the family. The same omen is derived from a tree bearing ripe apples and blossoms at the same time.

The following are other death omens:—A white bird flying against or in front of a window; a cat dying in the house (1897); a bat flying against a window; a mole coming near a house; and rats nibbling furniture.

It is an extremely bad omen if a ringer "throws" a bell when ringing a wedding peal, or if a bell rope breaks.

If a bell is rung while the clock is striking you will shortly hear of a death.

A clock falling is a sign that the death of some one belonging to the family has taken place at the same moment.

If you drop a pair of scissors and they stand up on their double point, you will hear of a wedding, but, if only on one point, it is a sign of a death.

A humble bee flying towards the house is a sign of a stranger coming, or of a death.

A robin looking into a room causes good luck.

A cat scratching the leg of a table is a sign of rain, and, if she washes her face with her left paw over her left ear, it is a certain sign of snow.

A toad crossing the road is a sign of rain.

To kill a beetle will cause rain.[4]

If the crust of a boiled apple pudding breaks when being turned out of the basin, it is a sign of a wet week. (I think this applies especially to a Sunday pudding.)

> "If the cock goes crowing to bed,
> It's a sign he will rise with a watery head,"

i.e. that the next morning will be wet.

If the moon is either new or full on a Saturday it always brings bad weather, and often a flood.

> "Saturday's new and Sunday's full,
> Always brought rain and always wull."

[4] Cf. "Folk Lore in Hull," *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. (1852), p. 311.

The snow won't stay after Candlemas Day.

In the quarter from which the wind blows on Candlemas Day it will remain until May.

If the wind is in the east at noon on St. Benedict's Day (March 21st), it will neither chop nor change till the end of May.

The first person of the opposite sex you meet on New Year's Day will *rule* you throughout the year.

It is customary in some parts to make up the fire both on Christmas Eve and on New Year's Eve, and keep it burning through the night.

It is bad luck to throw soap suds out of the house on Holy Thursday.

If you hang clothes out to dry on Holy Thursday there will be a death in the family, and the corpse will be laid out in some of the clothes.[5]

If you open an umbrella in the house and hold it over your head, there will be a death in the house before the year is out.

If you drop your umbrella you must not pick it up yourself, but ask some other person to do so, or you will meet with a disappointment.

To drop a spoon means disappointment.

It is lucky to tread on any piece of iron with your right foot.

It is good luck for a stranger to poke the house fire.[6]

If a fire burns hollow or burns brightly on only one side of the grate, there will be a wedding in the family.

A bride should never see her reflection in a looking-glass after being fully dressed for her wedding.

If you have a pin out of a bride's veil you will soon be a bride yourself.[7]

It is good luck to give a crooked pin.

The gift of a brooch breaks love between friends.

It is very unlucky for *two* people to pour out tea from the same teapot at one meal; to look in the oven when anything is baking; or to get over a stile at the same time (1887).

[5] Cf. *Yorkshire, infra.*

[6] Cf. Burne, *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 217.

[7] Cf. *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 33 (West Sussex).

Two persons washing their hands in the same water should make the sign of the cross on the water, or they will quarrel.[8]

Quarrels will be caused by sitting in a room with three candles burning, or with the poker and tongs on the same side of the fire-place.

To say goodbye at a gate foretells that you will be parted from your friend (1895).

To go back over your doorstep for anything forgotten is unlucky; you should sit down to break the spell.

Red worsted wound nine times around the wrist is in constant use for the cure of sprains.

If you have the hiccough, drink nine times round a cup and it will leave you.

Cut all your nails before twelve o'clock on Good Friday, but never cut them on any other Friday in the year, and you will not have toothache.

If you put your left stocking on before your right, every morning, you will not have toothache.

If you find a left-hand glove, leave it lying where it is, or it will bring sorrow.

If you have clothes mended on your back, you will have lies told about you.[9]

The clothes of the dead will not wear long.

There is a common saying in this part of Worcestershire, if any garment is hopelessly dirty, that "it is as black as the Devil's nutting bag."[10]

If an infant is christened with the same name as that borne by an elder brother or sister, the child will die.

If several children are brought to the christening font together, care must be taken that the boys are baptized first, as otherwise, when they grow up, the boys will have smooth faces and the girls will have beards.[11]

If an eyelash falls out, put it on the back of the hand, and wish, and the wish will come true.

[8] Cf. "Folk Lore in Hull," *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. (1852), p. 311.

[9] Cf. *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 12 (West Sussex).

[10] Cf. *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i., p. 14 (West Sussex).

[11] Cf. *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., vol. i. (1850), p. 197 (north of England).

There is a "wishing well" at Abberley, near Kidderminster. The mode of "wishing" is to walk three times round the well, dropping a little pebble into its basin at each turn, and at the same time whispering your wish.

A newt is much disliked. It is called a *hasgill*, and supposed to possess some poisonous property. In Hartlebury, in 1890, a workman positively refused to whitewash a portion of a cellar in which he had discovered some very small newts, saying that he would not do it, as there were hasgills on the floor. When asked what harm they could do him, he exclaimed with horror,—"Why, they'm pison," and nothing would induce him to finish the work.

Dobe's Barn, situated in Dobe's Lane, Chaddesley Corbett, has always had an evil reputation as haunted, many people objecting to pass it after dark.[12]

The belief in fairies has not yet died out in Worcestershire. An intelligent working-man, just past middle age, told me in 1897 many anecdotes about them. When a lad he lived with his father, a small farmer, on the edge of the Forest of Wyre, and went out with the horses. His bedroom was over the pantry, and near the stable. He declared that at night things were thrown about in the pantry, crockery rattled violently, etc., but that in the morning everything was in its proper place. He scorned the suggestion of rats. The horses used to rush wildly about in the stable, and one night, when he went down to look at them, he found them with tails plaited up and "all of a lather" as if they had been ridden at a great pace. The stable door was fastened, and nothing was to be seen but some "short straws" on the floor into which, he was convinced, the fairies had "turned themselves" on the sound of a mortal footstep.

Very small clay pipes are sometimes found when digging in fields or gardens, and are called "fairy pipes." One was found in a garden at Torton, Hartlebury, in 1900. It was small, and the bowl very thick. An old labourer who saw it called it a "fairy pipe," and said that, when found with the stem complete,

[12] Cf. "Dobie" in Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, and "Dobbies" in Allies' *Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire*, pp. 414-5 (which gives Dobies as a place name in Chaddesley Corbett).

"they were thought a lot of." In this case the stem was missing.[13]

Hartlebury. (*The late*) E. J. LADBURY.

"I know ——'s soul isn't at rest because I saw a black cat sitting on his grave." This was said in Worcestershire to the late Rev. E. J. Wrottesley, 1892. CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Yorkshire.

When a storm sweeps over Ringinglow, near Sheffield, people say that Michael and his dogs are passing over.

At Bridlington they say that if a German band plays it will rain.[14]

They say in the East Riding that if the moon changes on Saturday bad weather will follow.

If you count seven stars for seven nights successively, you will marry the first person you kiss after the seventh night.

If you pull a tooth out in the dark, it will not hurt you.

It is unlucky to keep human hair.[15]

If bacon or ham is salted by a menstruous woman it will go bad.[16]

It is unlucky to leave a white table cloth on the table all night.

Horse-shoes nailed behind the doors of houses are called "lucky shoes" in East Yorkshire.

To prevent cramp people make a bracelet of bits of cork and attach it to the waist.

A retired silversmith in Sheffield told me that every night, before getting into bed, he crossed his shoes in the shape of a T to keep the cramp off.

[13] *Cf.* Brockett, *Glossary of North Country Words*, *s.v.* "Fairy-pipes"; Hartshorne, *Salopia Antiqua*, *s.v.* "Fairishes Pipes."

[14] A Fifeshire boy of sixteen, a candidate in a Civil Service examination, in 1902, in an essay on "Street Music," gave as a reason for the decreasing number of German bands in this country that people will not give them money because they bring rain. (F. A. Milne.) Also heard in London. (C. S. Burne.) Also in Dorset and Somerset, *Notes and Queries*, 7th S., vol. iii. (1887), pp. 306, 432.

[15] Also at Tutbury, Staffordshire. (C. S. Burne.)

[16] Universal in England, and applies to *all* meat.

In Sheffield, "burying cakes" at funerals were big, round things about a foot wide, and weighing two or three pounds. The richer people had each two biscuits given to them instead of a "burying cake."

If you wash sheets on Holy Thursday you will be laid out in those sheets as a corpse before the next Holy Thursday comes.[17]

At Bolsterstone, a quiet hamlet about nine miles from Sheffield, it was the custom on Holy Thursday to eat custards under a tree on the green. This tree, which was known as "the custard tree," is now dead, and another tree, called "the jubilee tree," has been planted in its place. Holy Thursday is the date of Bolsterstone Feast.

S. O. Addy.

[17] Cf. *Worcestershire, supra.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Exhibits at Meetings of the Society.

A glazed table case for containing objects of folklore interest has been purchased, and will be on view at every meeting of the Society. A programme of exhibits for each meeting will be arranged and circulated as part of the programme for the session, the exhibits having relation, as far as possible, to the subjects of the papers.

Members are invited to send objects of folklore interest for exhibition, preferably in accordance with the programme, although interesting articles may be sent for exhibition at any meeting. Intending exhibitors should communicate with Mr. A. A. Gomme, 12 Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W., who will supply them with appropriate labels, and arrange for the safe return of their exhibits, particulars of which will appear in *Folk-Lore.*

F. A. Milne, *Secretary.*

Beliefs and Customs of the Australian Aborigines.

In May of last year (1908) I had the good fortune to meet the Bishop of North Queensland (Dr. Frodsham) at Liverpool, and he gave me in conversation some valuable information as to the native Australian beliefs and customs based on his personal knowledge of the aborigines. He told me that he had travelled among the Arunta as well as among various North Queensland

tribes, and he asked me whether I was aware that the Australian aborigines do not believe children to be the fruit of the intercourse of the sexes. His Lordship informed me that this incredulity is not limited to the Arunta, but is shared by all the North Queensland tribes with which he is acquainted, and he added that it forms a fact which has to be reckoned with in the introduction of a higher standard of sexual morality among the aborigines, for they do not naturally accept the true explanation of conception and childbirth even after their admission into mission stations. The Bishop also referred to a form of communal or group marriage which he believes to be practised among aboriginal tribes he has visited on the western side of the Gulf of Carpentaria; but unfortunately I had not time to obtain particulars from him on this subject. I pointed out to his Lordship the high scientific importance of the information which he had volunteered to me, and I requested that he would publish it in his own name. He assented, but as some time has passed without his finding leisure to draw up a full account, he has kindly authorized me to publish this brief statement, which has been submitted to him and approved by him as correct. I need not indicate to anthropologists the great interest and value of the Bishop's testimony as independently confirming and extending the observations of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen on the tribes of Central Australia. In the interest of science it is much to be desired that the Bishop or those of his clergy who know the natives would publish fuller information on these topics.

In authorizing me to publish the foregoing statement the Bishop of North Queensland wrote me a letter (dated Bishop's Lodge, Townsville, Queensland, July 9th, 1909) in which he gives some interesting additional information and makes certain valuable observations, the fruit of his personal experience, which deserve to be laid to heart by anthropologists, especially by such as have no first-hand knowledge of the Australian aborigines. As he has kindly allowed me to make what use I please of his letter, I shall avail myself of his permission to quote some passages from it. He writes,—"The result of thirteen years' observation has led me to conclude that, while anthropologists may be right in placing the social organization of the blacks at one end of the ladder of

development and Western democracy at the other, they are absurdly wrong in thinking that they can carry the analogy into respective intelligence or even physical development. Speaking from observation I can say deliberately that the Australian blacks, when they are rationally treated, are capable of intellectual development—in one case also to my personal knowledge—of no mean order. As example of my use of the word rational let me instance the fact that the aborigines find it very difficult to understand any modern conception of individuality. The tribe is the norm of their social life, and they regard social offences in much the same way that the Israelites did when the law of the Goel was in force. You can readily see how the existence of such a misconception affects all the relationships between the blacks and whites in North Queensland. At Yarrubah we have frankly accepted the communistic principle, and the blacks find it not only possible but comparatively easy to pass to our modern conception of individual responsibility.

"With further reference to the subject of my conversation with you in Liverpool last year. We often have girls who are sent to the mission enceinte, and we never dwell upon any wrongfulness of their condition. We have no trouble afterward, neither have we found, at any rate for many years, that the girls persist in the belief, practically universal among the Northern tribes, that copulation is not the cause of conception.

"I was speaking this week to the Rev. C. W. Morrison (M.A. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge), who is Acting Head of the Yarrubah Mission. He told me that among the tribes around the Cairns district in North Queensland the acceptance of food from a man by a woman was not merely regarded as a marriage ceremony but as the actual cause of conception. Mr. Morrison also added that monogamy was the custom in these tribes, except in the case of sisters. This latter fact is borne out by my own observation. One aboriginal whom I know well married four sisters and stayed at that, but whether from principle or prudence I am unable to say."

J. G. Frazer.

THE BURNING OF THE PROPERTY OF A GYPSY AT DEATH.

The custom of burning the caravan and other property of a dead gypsy is attested by numerous instances in Great Britain. In 1894, at Withernsea in Yorkshire, the waggon, clothes, bedding, and even a set of china and a fiddle belonging to a gypsy named Young were publicly burned in the camp; it was reported that his horse would also be shot and burned, but this was not done (*Notes and Queries*, 8th S., vol. vi., p. 286). In the previous year all the goods, of considerable value, belonging to the Queen of the Boswell tribe were destroyed in the same way (*Ib.*, 9th S., vol. xii., p. 428). The common explanation of such customs is, of course, that the survivors intend to placate the ghost of the dead man by providing for his use, in an etherealized form, the necessaries which it requires in the spirit world (see Prof. Frazer, *Journal Anthropological Institute*, vol. xv., pp. 74 *et seq.*). Mr. Crawley, (*Mystic Rose*, p. 98), believes that this idea is later in origin than the desire to avoid the tabu of the corpse. In an interesting pamphlet recently issued by Mr. Bob Scot, (who calls himself on the second title-page "Tringurushi Juvalmursh"), entitled "The Romanichels, a Lucubration", we find, (p. 52),—"Among the Gypsies of eastern Europe the soul is supposed to be firmly attached not only to the body, which it cannot leave until after complete putrefaction, but also to the possessions of the dead man. In consequence, they remove all furniture from the neighbourhood of the dying in case the soul should cling to it; and, to hasten the process of disintegration, dig up the corpse and remove the head after the lapse of a certain period." I should like to ask if this belief prevails among the gypsies of Great Britain; if any instance of disinterment of the dead has been recorded among them; and, if so, what explanation do they give of either or both of the customs to which I have referred?

W. CROOKE.

CROSSING STRAWS AS A CHARM.

(*Ante*, p. 217.)

The following rain charm was often practised in Lanarkshire by the writer and his friends, when boys. Two straws were placed on

the ground cross-wise with a stone at each end of the straws and one in the middle to keep the wind from blowing them away. The cross had to be laid in the open, and not under cover, presumably for a reason similar to that which led the irate farmer to take his barometer, pointing to "Set Fair," out into the rain to "look for itself." I had a firm belief, based on experience, that the charm would put a stop to the rain, sooner or later.

DAN. M'KENZIE.

PRE-ANIMISTIC STAGES IN RELIGION.

(*Ante*, pp. 238-9.)

Dr. Jevons's interesting and suggestive review of Mr. Marett's *Threshold of Religion* includes kindly reference to my paper on "Pre-Animistic Stages in Religion," read at the Oxford Congress and published in full in the *Fortnightly Review* of June, but, presumably, after Dr. Jevons's review was written. His recognition that the subject of the existence of stages of spiritual evolution prior to what is commonly understood by the term "Animistic" is "likely to engage an increasing amount of attention from students of early religion" is welcome as admission that we have hitherto taken for granted a sharp division between man as religious and as non-religious. Had Dr. Jevons been able to read my paper in full, instead of in meagre extract, there would have been no modification of his remark as to the non-production of "evidence to show the actual existence of pre-animistic religion." For, from the nature of the case, such evidence is non-producible. But, as I said in my paper, "the argument is not without force that, in the necessary absence of examples from the remote period in which their presence may be predicated, the higher is the value of examples" from the lowest plane of extant religions in which elements of primitiveness may be detected. For the doctrine of continuity involves the perpetuation of germinal ideas, however modified these may have become. In brief, one is following the scientific method of adopting a working hypothesis as explicable of certain phenomena. If there be no break in the chain which connects animal and

human psychology, then whatever has become explicit in the latter was potential in the former. What terminology may best express this is matter for future agreement.

EDWARD CLODD.

STAFFORDSHIRE FOLKLORE.

(*Ante*, p. 220.)

When I was a boy, at Dudley, it was generally known that it would be dangerous to pass in the vicinity of the church at Darlaston and to pretend to throw down corn to entice the cock down from the steeple, as this would be very violently resented by the inhabitants. I do not think the taunt is now so well known, nor, if remembered, would it be so dangerous, as fighting is much less prevalent in the district. The tale told in explanation I do not now remember, and I have only been able to recover it recently in an incomplete form from a narrator who derived it from his grandfather, who died at a great age in the fifties of last century. I should be glad to obtain a full version of it. As given to me, it runs:—"It is said that a man was going through Darlaston with corn in bags on a cart. The string round the mouth of one of the bags became untied, and a quantity of corn fell into the roadway. If the cock on the steeple had been alive, he would probably have seen the corn." . . .

The charge of "putting a pig on the wall to see the band go by" is still bandied about between the towns of the district.

The story about raking for the moon is still told against Tipton and, I believe, some other places in the locality.

T. E. LONES.

OBITUARY.

Whitley Stokes.

There are some persons whose vitality and enthusiasm seem actually to increase with years; at however ripe an age death may step in and claim them, we should still feel that they had died young. Such a figure was that of Dr. Whitley Stokes, the great scholar whose death on April 13th of this year, at the age of 79, deprived Celtic learning of its chief and head.

His very presence seemed to infuse intellectual energy into the atmosphere around him. In his neighbourhood the most unlearned began to feel that there must reside some secret, unsuspected magic even in such recondite studies as mediaeval Irish or Breton glosses. For, prodigious worker as he was, and abstruse as were the matters which had most attraction to his mind, his manner of attack upon them was as far removed as is possible from that of the pedant. He combined to a quite exceptional degree the laborious erudition of the trained philologist with the cultivated instinct of the man of letters. The same enthusiasm which led him, in younger days, to turn for relief and refreshment to the editing of Cornish plays and Irish tales and glossaries when immersed in the dry details of compiling commentaries on Hindu Law Books and old Indian statutes, or in what he himself liked to point to as the greatest undertaking of his life, the codifying of the Anglo-Indian Statutes, made him in later years an editor whose instinct was almost infallible for the best and most important specimens of Irish literature, whether from a philological or a literary point of view. It is curious to remember that Dr. Stokes' Celtic studies, which are those with which his name will always be

most closely connected in the minds of European scholars, were pursued during many years while he was living in Madras, far from libraries and manuscripts, and farther still from any fellow-sympathy in such subjects. His *Goidelica* appeared first in Calcutta in 1866, and his *Old-Welsh Glosses on Martianus Capella* are dated from the "Screw Steamer 'Surat' between Aden and Bombay, 1872." Born in Dublin in 1830, he qualified as a barrister in 1855, and went out to India in 1862, occupying there a succession of important posts in the High Court and Legislative Council, and becoming law-member of the Council of the Governor-General in 1877. During this period, besides his great legal undertakings, he framed a scheme for collecting and cataloguing the Sanscrit manuscripts of India. But, during all this period, he was devoting large portions of his leisure to the prosecution of works of Celtic scholarship. He turned his attention particularly to those old Irish glosses, on the foundation of which the scientific study of Celtic grammar and philology must rest. The work of his life in this department was fitly crowned by the publication of two monumental works,—in 1894 of the *Urkeltischer Sprachschatz* in conjunction with Prof. Bezzenberger (being the second volume of Prof. Fick's *Comparative Dictionary of the Indo-Germanic Language*), and in 1901-3 of the *Thesaurus Palæohibernicus* (containing a complete collection both of the Biblical and non-Biblical glosses and scholia extant on the continent), in conjunction with Prof. Strachan, whose early death Celtic scholarship has been so recently called upon to lament.

But philology was only one of the branches of Celtic research which occupied Dr. Stokes' attention. There is, indeed, hardly any side of the wide field of Celtic studies which has not been illumined and opened up by his labours. Through him, more than through any other single worker, the whole mediaeval literature of Ireland, historical, hagiological, and romantic, has been laid open to the student, and, through his admirable translations, simple, lucid, and idiomatic, to the general reader also. Some of these works appeared separately, while others were contributed to *Irische Texte*, of which he was joint-editor with Prof. Windisch; to the *Revue Celtique*, in which his contributions have for many

years formed one of the main features; to *Ériu*, and to the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, or were brought out in *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, and elsewhere. All we can here attempt is to indicate a few of the more important of these publications, under the various heads into which they may be grouped. In history, he edited the oldest Irish annals which can be assigned to a special date and author, viz. the eleventh-century *Annals of Tighernach*, written partly in Irish and partly in Latin, of which several fragmentary copies remain. In hagiology, *Three Middle-Irish Homilies*, or the Lives of Ss. Patrick, Brigit, and Columba (1871), and the Corpus of material relating to St. Patrick, which was published in the Rolls Series, and named, from the fullest of these lives of the saint, *The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick* (1887). Equally important from the point of view of early social history and folklore, was the publication of the collection of Irish saints' lives from the Book of Lismore. Connected with these are the martyrologies of Œngus the Culdee, and of Gorman, the former of which, in particular, sheds invaluable light upon the ecclesiastical and social conditions of the ancient Celtic church. In romance, there is no cycle to which his prolific pen has not made valuable contributions. The Battle of Moytura belongs to the most ancient legendary cycle of the early gods; such tales as the Tragical Death of the sons of Usnech, the Destruction of the Hostal of Da Derga, and of the Hostal of Da Choga, the Siege of Howth, and the Death of Cuchulainn, illustrate the heroic period of Ireland; the Battles of Crinna, of Allen, and of Carn Conaill, the destruction of Dind Righ, and the tale of Boromha, the legendary-historic period.

He had a special affection for those tales of oversea voyages which connect themselves with visions of the unseen world both in Irish Pagan and Christian literature, and which furnish us with some of the most radiant dreams of the ancient Celts: Cormac's Adventure in the Land of Promise and the Voyage of Maelduin illustrate the pagan ideal, and those of Snedgus and Mac Riagla, the Sons of O'Corra, of Columcille's Clerics, and pieces like the First and Second Visions of Adamnan, the Vision of Fursa, the Two Sorrows of Heaven's Kingdom, the Ever-new Tongue,

and Tidings of Doomsday reveal the ancient Christian fancy reflecting upon the same problems, and show how insensibly the pagan conception passed over into the Christian scheme of things. He also made additions to our knowledge of the mediaeval Irish student's acquaintance with classical and contemporary literature by his editions of the Irish Tale of Troy, the Gaelic Maundeville, and the Gaelic Marco Polo, etc.

We may truly say that by means of this one scholar's editions alone there might be constructed a very ample and correct picture of social life in ancient Ireland; while by his works alone, and especially, perhaps, by means of those most unpromising to the general student, such as the various topographical poems and prose pieces known as *Dindshenchus*, the old collection of proper names with their explanations known as *Coir Anmann*, the ancient glossary ascribed to Cormac, the Abbot-King of Cashel, who died in 908, or the metrical eulogy of St. Columba or *Amra Coluimcille*, and the poem-book called *Saltair na Rann*, and the Dialogue of the Sages, there is to be found a mass of material relating to the folklore traditions of Ireland such as cannot be equalled elsewhere.

The folklore side of his subject was one that had a special attraction for Dr. Stokes. He was a member of the Folk-Lore Society from 1882 until his death. His own editions are uniformly accompanied by the most voluminous notes illustrating the ancient customs and beliefs, and the mythology and folklore of Ireland by comparison with that of other countries.

Among the ancient Irish traditions and customs to which he drew attention may be mentioned, (*a*) the existence of heathen baptism, (*b*) compulsory fasting of cattle, (*c*) the belief that human souls assume the form of birds in paradise, (*d*) the tradition that Our Lord was born through the head of the Virgin, and (*e*) the appeal of Adam and Eve to the River Jordan to call upon its beasts and fishes to "fast" with them upon God, in order to procure from Him forgiveness for their transgression.

To his Irish studies Dr. Stokes added a knowledge of Breton and of the now extinct Cornish tongue, and in early life he published a middle-Cornish poem on *The Passion*, a Cornish Mystery

on *The Creation of the World*, and a Cornish drama on the *Life of St. Meriasek*, besides *Middle-Breton Hours*, a middle-English *Play of the Sacrament*, etc.

Dr. Stokes' magnificent physique made him a striking figure in any company, while his large courtesy, his kindness to students, whose efforts he was never too busy to read and criticise and to further by suggestions from his vast stores of knowledge, and his sense of humour and varied interests made him a host whose hospitalities can never be forgotten. If, among the Celtic specialists, blows that resounded like the smiting of the hammer of Thor were sometimes dealt out, the more obscure learner was safe from such terrors; he always found in Dr. Stokes a patient and kind adviser. Among the interests of his later years the School of Irish Learning in Dublin, designed to give sound grammatical and paleographical training to students of the Celtic languages, held a foremost place, and he aided and encouraged the undertaking in every way.

On his seventieth birthday, several of the leading Celtists of Europe paid honour to Dr. Whitley Stokes by combining to present him with a "Festschrift" to which each contributed a part, and which is preceded by a graceful and glowing expression of homage to the work and genius of the great Irish scholar whose labours it was designed to commemorate. Among the contributors are the names of Kuno Meyer, L. Chr. Stern, R. Thurneysen, F. Sommer, K. Brugmann, and E. Windisch. In the preface, in commenting on words printed by Hermann Ebel, in his second edition of the *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss, published in 1871,—"Post ipsum conditorem ac parentem grammaticae celticae haud facile quisquam invenietur, qui melius meritus sit de omnibus huius doctrinae partibus quam Whitleius Stokes,"—the writer, Dr. Windisch, adds, "Das müssen wir heute, dreissig Jahre später, erst recht bekennen!"

ELEANOR HULL.

REVIEWS.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY, VOL. X.—THE STORY OF THE CROP-EARED DOG. THE STORY OF EAGLE-BOY. TWO IRISH ARTHURIAN ROMANCES. Edited and translated by R. A. STEWART MACALISTER. Nutt, 1908. 8vo., pp. ix + 207.

THE publication of a volume of the Irish Texts Society bearing such a title as the above is of extreme interest, in view of the increasing body of evidence in favour of the essentially Celtic, and traditional, character of much of the material underlying the extant Arthurian literature. The existence of a genuine Irish Arthurian tradition, could such be proved, would be of the highest importance.

Regarded purely from the point of view of an Arthurian student, these stories must, however, be pronounced profoundly disappointing.

Have they any real claim to be called Arthurian? I doubt it. It seems quite evident that the writer knew little, or nothing, of the genuine "Arthur" tradition, and that it was only familiar to him in its latest and most literary form. The only knight of the court who takes any part in the action is Sir Galahad, who is here provided with the title of "*de Cordibus*"; the writer does not appear to be aware that he is the son of Lancelot, and the whole presentment differs widely from that familiar to us through the *Queste*. This, however, suggests an interesting possibility; it is now generally recognized that there are three extant forms of the *Queste*,—that found in close connection with the *Lancelot* and familiar to us in Malory's translation, that incorporated in the *Tristan*, and the version originally connected with the *Merlin*

of the Huth MS.,—(the last only preserved in certain French fragments, and in the Spanish and Portuguese translations). In the two latter, the adventures of Galahad are of a far more chivalric and conventional character than are those attributed to him in the better known version. Was it this more secular form with which the writer of these tales was acquainted? If this were the case, it would be interesting, as so far we have no trace of an insular survival of this version.

In any case Arthur and his knights are here names, and nothing more, and the setting is of no critical interest.

But was it the original setting? Taking the stories as a whole, they impress me as being either a somewhat unintelligent adaptation of an older and better version, or imitations of such older stories by a writer of inferior talent. For example, the story of the transformation of the Crop-Eared Dog recalls the tales of *The Children of Llyr*, and *Morraha*, but it is immeasurably inferior to both. The title of the hero of the second story, and certain of his feats, suggests the possibility that we are here dealing with a rationalized form of such a tale as that of *Yonec*,—did Eagle-boy really leap to the window of the prison tower by aid of "the staves of his spears, and the poles of his javelins"? (*N.B.*—Does not the javelin here represent the gaverlot, *i.e.* a *small* hand-thrown dart?) Or did he not originally enter the maiden's prison chamber in the form of a bird whose name he bears? An opinion based on a translation in absence of any knowledge of the original language can only be tentative, but the tales do not impress me as original, either in incident or in character. Certainly they must have been redacted, if not composed, at a period when the Arthurian story was in its final stage of development. There are certainly earlier features to be detected,—*e.g.* the general incapacity which overtakes Arthur's warriors in the presence of the enemy in the first story, and the fact of Arthur's refusal to eat, at any high feast, previous to the occurrence of some startling adventure, in the second; but in the first instance Irish tradition preserves the same feature, and in the second it is most unskilfully employed. Arthur always awaits events in his banqueting hall, in the presence of his feasting knights,—(the tabu does not apply to them),—and not on the moorland. Again, Arthur's

dwelling is the Red Hall, unknown to genuine Arthurian tradition. It seems probable that in both these tales Arthur and Sir Galahad have replaced earlier Irish heroes.

On the merits of the translation as representing the original text I am not qualified to pronounce an opinion. The stories read awkwardly, and the translator seems to possess little feeling for style, the version being that of a "crib" rather than of a series making claim to be literature. More information of a philological character might also well have been given. It would have been interesting to know the exact form in which the Arthurian proper names are preserved in the Irish; do they testify to direct use of the French, or to a Celtic, (Welsh?), original? This, at least, is a point which should have been made clear. Altogether, this is a disappointing book.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY TODD LECTURE SERIES, VOL. XV. The Instructions of King Cormac Mac Airt. K. MEYER. Dublin, 1909. 8vo, pp. xii + 64.

THIS is a specimen of a literary *genre*—the Mirror of Princes—which is, as the editor points out, well represented in mediaeval Irish literature. As is so largely the case with that literature, much of its interest depends upon its early date, the text being assigned by the editor to the ninth century. In common with similar texts, *e.g.* the *Tecosc Morainn* which Professor Meyer would date a hundred years earlier, and the *Briathartecosc Conculaind*, it thus forms the oldest body of gnomic wisdom in any European vernacular, its sole possible rivals being the old Norse *Havá-mal*, and the early English gnomic matter preserved in the Exeter Book. These Teutonic examples are, in point of record, probably later than the Irish ones, but it is a question well worth investigation whether, essentially, they are not more archaic. It is a suggestive fact that, in two MSS. to which Professor Meyer assigns the first place, a share in the production of this literature is attributed to Aldfrid, son of Oswry, the seventh-century Northum-

brian prince who passed several years of his life in Ireland and became an accomplished Irish scholar and poet.

Professor Meyer has based his edition upon a survey of all existing MSS. As frequently happens, the oldest MS., the twelfth-century book of Leinster, by no means yields the best text; indeed, the archaic nature of the language is best exemplified in MSS. written several centuries later. But I confess I could have wished for a clear indication of which, among the 800 odd lines of the tract, are actually vouched for by the twelfth-century codex. No kind of composition lends itself so easily to interpolation and *pastiche* as the gnomic, and *Tecosca Cormaic* in particular gives the impression of being made up of matter differing greatly in age and *provenance*.

If we compare our text with the only other accessible Irish example—Cuchulainn's instructions to Lugaid (Hull, *Cuchullin Saga*, pp. 231 *et seq.*),—we find that the latter is far more truly and definitely a Mirror of Princes, the precepts being of a straightforward and practical character, and such as might well be addressed to a youthful prince. In *Tecosca Cormaic*, on the other hand, we have lengthy strings of sayings arranged under headings: the king; his rights; the mutual rights of princes and subjects; the chief and the alehouse-keeper; the qualities of the chief; princely habits; characteristics and qualities according to age, sex, rank, and temperament; examples of good and ill behaviour; what to avoid and to ensue; weather lore; etc., etc. There is little attempt at logical or artistic arrangement; there is much overlapping, and no little inconsistency. So widely is the net cast that no such impression of a definite society with its special rules of behaviour and morality is left on the mind as, for instance, by the Norse *Havá-mal*. The compiler seems to have aimed at putting down everything he could think of, and he makes his Cormac, the great traditional wise king of early Ireland, to the full as discursive and rambling as the traditional wise king of the Hebrews. But, although I cannot doubt that the Irish compiler had the son of David before his eyes, and would even urge that the parallelism of the Hebrew sentence has left its mark on his style, yet there is practically nothing in common between his work and the Book of Proverbs. If the sources of his wisdom are to

be sought for outside Ireland, it must be elsewhere than in the Hebrew Scriptures.

It is interesting to compare Section 6,—"The proper qualities of a chief,"—with the *Praises* of Finn and of Goll in Ossianic poetry. Substantially all the elements of the brilliant and captivating picture drawn by the later poets are to be found in the earlier text, a fact which effectually disposes of Mr. Smart's surmise, in his *James Macpherson*, that the *Praises* are of late mediaeval origin and represent the reflex in Ireland of the chivalric-feudal ideal. On the contrary, it will be found that, in form as well as in substance, they are closely connected with the ninth-century text. The standard of chiefhood is extraordinarily high and noble, and, even if the accumulation of every kind of virtue seems altogether to remove the ideal from the world of reality, still high praise must be accorded to the writer who conceived and set it down. A lengthy section, No. 16 (122 lines), is given to that Dispraise of Woman which is to be found in nearly all early gnomic literature, and to which it is seldom that, as in the Proverbs of Solomon, there is a countervailing Eulogy. I can only commend this section to anti-suffrage speakers; they will find therein a wealth of depreciatory criticism, an exuberance of vituperation, unsurpassed even in the rich literature of mediaeval misogyny. And it must be confessed that the Irish writer has a shrewd eye. In the midst of the too familiar *Kyrielle* of evil qualities, one is startled by such touches as that women are "stiff when paying a visit," "tearful during music," that they "set themselves against comfort," are "sulky on a journey," and finally "exceed all bounds in keeping others waiting." There is a modern ring about some of these reproaches which is indeed to be noted elsewhere in the collection: *Anbul cech ruchach*, every person with vested interests is shameless; *bdeth cech trén*, every athlete is dull-witted; these seem echoes from controversies of to-day. It may be remarked that a thousand years ago there was by no means unanimity as to the value of physical exercise. Among the things which are worst for the body of man are reckoned,—running and leaping too much, and exertion beyond one's strength.

I trust these few remarks may lead many readers to this interesting text, for the publication of which our hearty thanks are due

to Professor Meyer. It propounds many problems, and opens up many and suggestive lines of enquiry, some of which can best be tracked by students of folk literature. It deserves close and exhaustive study. ALFRED NUTT.

VÖLUSPA: done into English out of the Icelandic of the Elder Edda. By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. Nutt, 1909. 8vo, pp. 29.

THIS issue of Mr. Coomaraswamy's translation of *Völuspá* constitutes the second edition, limited to one hundred copies, a first edition of forty copies having been printed in Kandy, Ceylon, in 1905. It seems a pity thus to limit the circulation of a work which many readers would be glad to possess. *Völuspá* has been rightly styled the grandest of all the Eddaic poems, and is essential to the study of the ancient faith of our Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian forefathers. Yet it has hitherto been locked away from English readers in rare and costly works, though Miss Bray's translation of the Elder Edda, recently issued by the Viking Club,[1] has done something to make it more accessible. Mr. Coomaraswamy's rendering of *Völuspá* is perhaps closer to the spirit of the original than Miss Bray's, and will appeal more to scholars. It is terser and avoids rendering the Icelandic proper names by English translations, though this, and the somewhat too frequent use of obsolete words or forms, would stand in its way with the general reader. Both versions appear to follow almost identical texts, and from the standpoint of accuracy there is little to choose between them, while in neither is there any attempt to throw light on the problem of what was the original form of a poem which has reached us in a sadly mutilated shape. We note one or two misprints in the version before us. In line 4 on page 13, "Eikniskialdi" is found for "Eikinskialdi," which appears in its correct form lower down on the same page. In line 5 of the third stanza on page 27, "there" should read "their." Also, in the account of the sun and moon on page 10, the

[1] Reviewed in vol. xix., pp. 493-6.

translator has forgotten that, among the Teuto-Gothic races, the sun was female and the moon male, in contradistinction to the classical conventions. Lastly, in stanza 2 on page 24, "Kjóll" is rendered by "Kioll," as though it were a proper name. This may be intended, though we know of nothing to support such a theory, and it seems obvious that "Kjóll" means a keel or ship, and, in accordance with the usual interpretation, refers to Naglfar mentioned in the preceding stanza. These are only slight blemishes, but I think it well to point them out, with a view to their removal if, as I trust, a reprint of this translation should be called for.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

THE ZONAL-BELT HYPOTHESIS. A New Explanation of the Cause of the Ice Ages. By JOSEPH T. WHEELER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1908. 8vo, pp. 401.

THE title of this book is somewhat misleading. The book offers much more than is promised, for, in connection with an attempted explanation of the Ice Age and its disappearance, there is given a collection and new explanation of many myths and legends from all over the world, and notably of the creation myths of Asia and Europe. The author summarizes his views very pithily (p. 3) as follows:—"It is proposed in this work to show that a vast amount of evidence exists which proves that throughout the geological ages up to recent time our earth was girt with belts of planetesimal or gaseous matter. . . . They were the cause of the Ice Ages. Primitive man saw the last remnants of these strange sights in the sky, and the echo of his thought in the form of mythology has sounded down through the lapse of centuries." It is of course true that in ancient geological times the northern part of the earth was warm, with a tropical fauna and flora which has since disappeared, and that subsequently the whole of the northern hemisphere was covered with an ice sheet. The cause of this remarkable change of climate Mr. Wheeler, following some eminent geologists, finds in a theory first mooted by Tyndall and now further expanded by the author,—

that the earth had been girt by certain belts similar to the rings of Saturn and Jupiter, preventing the radiation of heat, and thereby causing a second canopy of vapours or clouds to gather under the first and to create upon the earth a climate akin to that of a hot-house. Through the rotation of the earth and other causes the belts finally broke up into strips or narrow belts starting from the equator, and through these intervals clouds, which had hid the sight of the sun, rolled away or dropped in the form of snow, and the warm temperature was changed into one of great cold. According to the theory primitive man saw the breaking up of the canopy into the form of belts, which were regarded as huge serpents, and hence arose the legend of the serpent encircling the world, and the worship of that serpent, which is found in every ancient mythology. Asiatic systems of religion tell us that originally man lived in a warm garden. Then suddenly came the change. The serpent, the spirit of evil, drove man out of that paradise, and sent him to a place of cold and snow and long winter and frost. The last Ice Age came upon the world, and drove the nations southward. "The flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life" is suggested to be "the first revelation of the sun through the equatorial slit or opening between the northern and the southern halves of the canopy" (p. 163). "These two halves are the pillars of Hercules." In ten chapters the author leads us through the mythology of the Hindus, Assyrians, and Egyptians, of Greece and Rome, Hercules, Plato, myths of the Amerinds, Russian myths (found, of course, mostly in Russian fairy tales and ballads), and, lastly, Scandinavian myths, and two copious indexes are furnished. This, the latest theory on mythmaking, is just as convincing, or unconvincing, as many other ingenious theories which rest on "airy" hypotheses, and it goes a long way to show how easily the ancient myths lend themselves to plausible interpretations. Nevertheless, there are some extremely interesting chapters in this book dealing with the great influence which geological and atmospheric conditions have had upon human thought and human civilisation. The migrations of the peoples and the incursions of the northern nations are brought into connection with the spread of the Ice Age, and the

fact is brought out very clearly that the nations of Egypt and Assyria may have reached a high state of development when the northern shores of the Mediterranean may have witnessed the advance of the ice sheet, depopulating Europe and preparing a new era on its disappearance. In its way it is an interesting and suggestive book.

M. GASTER.

THE PRIMARY CAUSES OF SOCIAL INEQUALITY. By GUNNAR LANDTMAN, Ph.D. Helsingfors, Finland, 1909. 8vo, pp. 159.

DR. LANDTMAN, a member of the Finnish School of Anthropology, which owes its origin to Professor Westermarck, has followed up his useful monograph on the Origin of the Priesthood[1] by a similar treatise on the Primary Causes of Social Inequality.

In most primitive tribes differences of social rank are non-existent, but their beginnings may be traced in the political and social inferiority of women, which, however, is not so fully recognized as is generally believed, women often exercising considerable authority in the household, and even becoming chiefs. Aged persons are also respected, but often only so long as bodily vigour exists, and in some cases the old and infirm are killed. In such tribes, again, gradations of rank are established in rites of initiation, which the writer connects closely with marriage, and they are defined by the grants of new names and by customs of tattooing or incision.

In its preliminary stages social inequality often results from the subjection of a lower by a higher race, but perhaps more generally from the recognition of personal superiority. This may be based on the supposed possession of supernatural gifts, the power of eloquence, courage and skill in hunting, renown in war, or submission to ordeals intended as a test of endurance. It carries with it the right to the possession of trophies gained by head-hunting or scalping, the victim being supposed to become in another world the slave of his conqueror; by the conferment of certain weapons or ornaments, such as horns, feathers, etc.; by

[1] See review, vol. xvii., p. 375.

painting the body, preference being giving to colouring in red, which arouses vigour by direct psychological as well as associative action, or because it disguises the flow of blood; by tattoo marks simulating actual wounds; and by badges, honorary names, and titles. Such distinctions confer the right to possess a wife or wives. On the other hand, cowardice or inefficiency involves degradation and contempt on the part of women.

The next step is the recognition of the power of wealth, or rather, among the most primitive races, of the influence derived from liberality and hospitality. This leads to polygamy, which adds to the importance of the husband by the possession of additional workers in the household, gain from dowries, and connections with powerful alien families or tribes. When this stage is reached, the richer and more influential families begin to intermarry only among themselves.

Such a condition of things results in division of labour and the gradation of industries, some being regarded as creditable, and others as disgraceful. In the latter class fall occupations such as that of the executioner with its attendant taboos, or those connected with dead bodies, such as the work of the butcher or tanner. Cookery and agriculture become discredited because they are primarily the duty of women, and considerations of the same kind may have led to the contempt exhibited towards the potter, weaver, minstrel, and singer. The causes of the low position assigned to the blacksmith are considered in more detail, with the result that his association with iron, a magical substance, suggests his possession of uncanny powers which sometimes causes him to be despised, and sometimes feared or esteemed.

The problem of caste is only casually examined, the suggestion being that it is usually due to the clash of different ethnical groups.

From this summary of his conclusions it will be seen that in his short pamphlet Dr. Landtman covers a vast field of enquiry. There is nothing specially novel in his treatment of the subject; but his remarks are often acute and suggestive, and they are supported by citations from a wide course of reading. We find here, in fact, a useful summary of some departments in a very complicated subject. There are, as might have been expected,

many gaps in his bibliography; and most readers will probably come to the conclusion that he has attempted, within the limits assigned to him, to cover too much ground. He promises a treatise on the origin of nobility, slavery, and the relations of the various classes. He would, I venture to think, be well advised either to limit the sphere of his investigation, or to do more justice to himself by treating his subject on a wider scale.

W. CROOKE.

MALTESISCHE VOLKSLIEDER IM URTEXT MIT DEUTSCHER ÜBERSETZUNG. Von B. ILG und H. STUMME. Leipzig, 1909. Pp. 77.

THIS is the sixth number of the *Leipziger Semitistische Studien* edited by Profs. A. Fischer and H. Zimmern. To many lay readers accustomed to think of Malta as a British possession, for nearly a thousand years under Christian rule, the connection with a Semitic series of texts, hitherto mainly concerned with things Babylonian, may not be obvious. The songs are, however, in language, and to a great degree in character, distinctly Arabic. The feast days celebrated are Christian, the "humorous situations" which form one group among the poems are humours of the confessional, the priests, and the churches, but the morality, such as it is, the references to intrigue, the fashion of the songs themselves, strike one who knows the Arabs as being distinctly Arabic,—the Arabic of the towns that is to say,—though, were they in another language, one might be content to call them Levantine.

The lady to whose industry we owe the collection had somewhat exceptional opportunities of coming into relation with people of all classes and all occupations, from being a guest in the house of the German Consul in Malta. Professor Stumme, in his preface, tells us that the Maltese are a people who have songs for every occasion, and, when these fail, they improvise, answering each other in rhyming couplets from housetop to housetop, from boat to boat, often, like the Arabs, singing nonsense so long as it rhymes and has a tune. The English occupation has put a stop to the old customs of nightly serenading, and indeed love-making

is not largely represented in this collection. It seems, however, to be of a somewhat extravagant kind, as, for example,—

"Beloved how high thou art placed,
And how low am I!
Let a drop of water come down to me,
For thou knowest how I thirst!" (p. 152).

Equally oriental, but less romantic is the thought,—

"Thy handkerchief and my handkerchief
Are cut from the same stuff.
One time comes, and another goes by,
And we shall soon come together in one house" (p. 145).

Intrigue, Arabic or Levantine, expresses itself in such verses as this:—

"If thou wouldst come to me, know
Over my door stands a flower-pot.
Turn the handle, and come in,
Do not ask the neighbours about me" (p. 146).

There is an entire lack in this collection of cradle songs, children's songs, and game songs,—again a town-Arab characteristic. Those definitely sentimental in character, and falling under such grouping as "Hopes, Wishes, Plans, Longings, Partings," are the most numerous, and, next to these, songs of "Derision and Contempt," which go to show that the street-boy is the same in all lands and in all races. Some are quite unquotable, but such specimens as the following explain why it is impossible, as we are told in the preface, to ask a Maltese lady to sing the lays of her own country:—

"How angry I am that I was not in the world
When thy mother bare thee!
I would have prayed God to break the mould
So that no more so ugly as thou could be again produced" (p. 302).

"What a figure has my beloved,
The figure of a standard!
Where shall one look for him, where find him?
On the threshold of the Kataldus Church," (*i.e.* where the lame beggars assemble!) (p. 274).

One is struck by the lack of traditions, stories, and allusions, scantily represented by such verses as the following:—

"Our Malta was the first created,
Our Malta will be the first to go under,
Up, Beloved, give me a kiss
Before Death destroys all" (p. 60).

The Herb of Love must be stolen from the Churchyard (p. 233). The people of Valetta launch their barks on the eve of Ascension Day, which is called by the Greek name Lapsi (p. 51). It is cast up against the people of Dingli that at the "Mary Feast," (probably the Assumption), they had "nothing to decorate the picture of the Mother of God but long cucumbers" (p. 58).

The songs grouped as "local and national" yield nothing of interest as to place or people, and those which refer to strangers and strange countries but little. "The sun of England," we learn, "looks as if seen through the bottom of a drum, the oil of the lamp has gone out" (p. 283). One maiden begs her mother to marry her to an English officer, but only because a Maltese would require a dowry and she has none (p. 75). "Marseilles puppet" is a favourite term of abuse (pp. 284-288). One would have expected that songs from so small an island would have borne much reference to the sea, but boats, seamen, and fishermen have only incidental mention. Religious allusions are equally rare,—priests and nuns are mocked at, and the only pious aspirations which occur are prayers for the acquisition—never for the protection—of lovers (pp. 134, 136).

If people are to be judged by their songs, the Maltese cannot be considered pleasing, or perhaps the collection is made too late,—in a transition period when the romance of the past is buried and the art of the future has yet to be evolved. It is not without significance that the *rababa*, the old one-stringed fiddle with which the skilled Arab makes so pleasing an accompaniment to song, is no more used, but has given way to the concertina and the hurdy-gurdy.

Of the extreme linguistic interest of these poems this is not the place to speak. Apart from this their value is perhaps mainly psychological, but it is obvious that their importance in the eyes of so distinguished an Arabic scholar as Professor Stumme is their curious dialect, an Arabic preserved for centuries without the influence of the reading of the Koran, and tainted by admixture with Greek, Italian, and, of late years, English.

HANS H. SPOER.

HAUSA STORIES AND RIDDLES, with Notes on the Language etc., and a concise Hausa dictionary. By HERMANN G. HARRIS, B.A. Weston-super-Mare: Mendip Press, 1908. 8vo, pp. xv + iii + 33.

MR. HARRIS, who was for about eleven years engaged as a missionary amongst Arabs and Hausas in North Africa, may be congratulated on a useful contribution to Hausa literature. The great variety of dialects represented in the thirty stories is of special value, as many writers are apt to assume that there is a standard Hausa which is current throughout Nigeria. To a certain extent this is the case, but particular districts have particular expressions, words, and phrases, a knowledge of which is useful for everyday work and indispensable to a study of the origin of the language. The system adopted by Mr. Harris of writing down the words as they are actually pronounced by different men is at first puzzling, but, if the reader repeats a doubtful phrase or word two or three times, the meaning begins to dawn on him, and the exercise is useful. Besides which, in many cases no one is yet entitled to say what is the correct pronunciation. When Mr. Harris states (p. xii.) that Northern Nigeria is the home of the true Hausas, it should be understood that he means the present home. The available knowledge of the tribes, languages, and history of the Central Soudan is so incomplete that the original home of the Hausa must long remain a matter of conjecture.

As a whole the stories, and especially Nos. 7, 9, 10, 12-15, 17-19, and 24-6, give a good idea of what life in Hausaland was before the British occupation. The districts concerned can be readily recognised by anyone with a little local knowledge, and some valuable hints can be obtained as to Hausa ideas and customs. In No. 2 the superficial character of Mohammedanism as practised in Hausa is well illustrated. The learned man, priest, or mallam, the archer, the wrestler, and the courtesan are represented travelling together and stopped by a swollen river. Each relies on the instruments of his trade to cross the water. The mallam puts his trust, not in prayer, but in the paper on which he writes. This paper and the writing on

it are looked on as a powerful juju, of course a non-Mohammedan view. The stories of most interest as folklore are Nos. 1, 6, 16, and 22. No. 1 is the only one translated by Mr. Harris, and is a real fairy story, the plot of which is probably borrowed from an Arab story-teller, much of the local colouring being North African. Story No. 6 is interesting as giving a variant of a story of the Catskin type given from Tangier in vol. xix., pp. 443-53,[1] and may be translated as follows:—

"*Story of a certain king and his wife.* The wife died. People asked,—"Can the king remain un-married? Get a wife for him!" The alkali (native corruption of al cadi) said to the king,—"Take off your sandals, summon all the women of the town, let them fit on your sandals; she who they fit exactly shall be your wife." The women were called. All put on the sandals, but they fitted no one exactly. The people said,—"Call your daughter!" She was called. She came and tried on the sandals. They fitted her exactly. The king remained seated; he thought hard. He asked,—"How can my daughter become my wife?" The girl retired to her room, and wept. A certain man came to her. He asked,—"Girl, what ails you?" She replied,—"The people say my father is my husband." He answered,—"Stop crying. Bring me a measure full of gold, a thousand zambar." (Zam-ber, or the big Zam, probably once a gold weight in use in Songhai, and now used in Hausa as the word for 1000.) She brought it. He went off and forged for her a golden lantern. Of that lamp he made for her a house and fitted it with a lock and key. He gave it to her. He said,—"Here it is, take it, and put it away. When your father comes to your room, get into the lantern and lock it." That same day her father came. When she heard him she got into the lantern. He looked for her and missed her. The king fell down; he died, etc. etc."

No. 16 is a purely Hausa story. The *kura* or hyena quite takes the place of the wolf of our nursery stories, and has besides a dash of the cunning of the fox in the native estimation. As Hausa tales are little known, I translate this one also:

In a certain town, there lived a maiden, called Karu. She had four elder brothers. When anyone came demanding her in marriage, she would say,—"Let us go to the keikua tree and have a talk."[2] Now the keikua was called 'the dye-pit keikua.'

[1] Miss F. Kirby Green, who furnished the Tangier story, writes that it was told to her by the English wife of a very holy *Shereef*, who had heard it in a harem from a black slave girl.—ED.

[2] Practically all towns in Nigeria are walled. The dye pits are usually 5-600 yards away from one of the gates, and, as a rule, near a tree. They are usually gossiping and trysting places.

There was a hyena, a man-eater; if the maiden brought a youth, the hyena ate him. She brought fifteen youths, and the hyena ate them all.

Now a certain youth heard of the maiden,—his name was Gede,—and he came and said,—"I would like to marry you." She replied,—"Let us go to the keikua and have a talk." The hyena came to eat the youth.

The youth seized the foot of the hyena and said,—"Come hither, maiden, hold on to the hyena's foot for me while I tie it up." The maiden took hold of the hyena's foot.

The youth ran off, he repeated that (action),[3] taking hold he cried out,—"O maiden, the keikua is the place for you. The hyena is your abode. I am off."

He left the maiden with the hyena. She called out to him (to stop); he went off. The hyena leaped on the girl and ate her. At "town-stirring time" (*i.e.* early morning) the maiden's brethren rose up, saying,—"This sister of ours, when she had had her talk with her young man, used to come home. To-day she has not come back. Something must be wrong. Let us go and see." They went to the keikua. They found the maiden's head lying there; the hyena had eaten her. They said,—"We had better let this alone."

No. 22 is also an interesting story, of a man child and lion cub who were comrades, but for this and many other instructive illustrations of Hausa ideas and beliefs readers must be referred to Mr. Harris's book, which we highly commend to students of Hausa.

G. Merrick.

The People of the Polar North. A Record by Knud Rasmussen. Compiled from the Danish originals and edited by G. Herring. Kegan Paul, 1908. Royal 8vo, pp. xvii+358. Map and 150 ill.

The varied and exciting life amidst same surroundings that makes the land of polar bear, and walrus, and blue fox "God's own country" to the Eskimo, the ideas of past and future that his old men have formed in the long Dark of winter, and the myths and tales that explain for him the world around, are all to be met with in Mr. Rasmussen's book,—great vividness being given to the picture by the remarkable illustrations of Count Moltke. The "Danish Literary Expedition to Greenland,"

[3] *I.e.* he went through it in pantomime,—mocked her.

whose collections are here represented, spent two years in that country, and lived nearly ten months in 1903-4 amongst the people who roam between 76 and 78 degrees of north latitude. The beliefs and stories gathered, principally from these northern nomads, closely resemble those already recorded by Rink in *Danish Greenland* and *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, by Nansen in *Eskimo Life*, and by Egede and other older writers. The Eskimo, like many other peoples, claim to have come up out of the earth, and add that their indispensable dogs also sprang out of little mounds. At first there was no death and no daylight. The people grew too many, and a flood diminished their number. Rink (*Tales*, p. 38), regards his similar stories as possibly borrowed, but Mr. Rasmussen's repetition confirms their native origin. Light and death came together, but the story told by Egede, of the snake (?) and louse who race to man with contradictory news that he shall live for ever, and that he shall die, is told here (p. 161) as a mere race between worm and louse to reach man and feed on him. "When the first man died, they covered up the corpse with stones. But the body came back; it did not properly understand how to die" (p. 101), and had to be pushed back by an old woman. "With Death came the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars. For when people die, they go up to Heaven and grow luminous." The moon, by the way, is male, as amongst the Andamanese, Japanese, etc. Other races than the Eskimo are derived from the marriage of a girl and dog, and this may be, as Rink suggests about his version, a recollection of Amerindian myths of a dog ancestor. Mr. Rasmussen agrees with Rink and Nansen, that man is considered to have three parts,—body, soul, and name. Animals too have souls, and precautions are taken to avert danger from the soul of a slain bear, by hanging offerings over its snout. These offerings include a few bits of skin for patching boots, because "bears walk so much." Various means are taken to guard against the evil which remains behind in a corpse after death. Numerous tabus must be obeyed for five days,—five being the highest number for which the Eskimo has a special word,—and during the funeral ceremonies the left nostril is plugged with straw to

secure a long life. Things left on a grave may be taken away for use, if replaced by miniature models of the objects taken. Tabus are also laid at childbirth, and food tabus exist for the benefit of the seniors.

The stories do not throw any new light on the vexed question of the origin of the Eskimo, though their identity in many cases with tales from Labrador and from Alaska shows the unity of the Eskimo race. Nansen, fortified by citations from the collections of Prof. Moltke Moe, argued that the Greenlanders had derived many traditions from the ancient Scandinavians, although the latter had left very trifling traces in the Eskimo tongue. The only support to this theory given by the present collection is in a story with a reminiscence of "Big Klaus and Little Klaus," which ends (p. 187),—"This story we have from the days of our ancestors. It is very old, and dates from the time when people were many and had white men amongst them." Some information is given, however, about the transmission of tales. Two stories are said by their tellers to have been heard from people who had crossed the sea, and on pp. 62 *et seq.* we have, in the words of a survivor, the fascinating narrative of this tribal migration of fifty years ago. An old magician led a party of 38, reduced after two winters by desertions to 14, from the country about Baffinsland to Smith Sound. After a six-years' stay, in which they taught their hosts the arts of building kayaks and shooting with bows and arrows, their leader longed for his old home, and most of the party started to return; but the aged magician died in the first winter, and after terrible hardships a remnant struggled back to "The New People." Such travels perhaps explain why, for example, a Bluebeard story of a man who fattens and kills a succession of wives, told here from Smith Sound, was found by another collector in Labrador.

One group of the present stories explains the origin of things,—of sun and moon, the planet Venus ("he who stands and listens"), the Great Bear (from a bear chased by dogs), the narwhal (from a deceiving mother), black pteropods (from the raven), and fog. Other stories tell of giants, man-eaters, avenging ghosts, weird inland beings and beasts, soul flights,

animals in human form, etc. The most remarkable being in these tales is perhaps a man who is "the noise of ice breaking which has received life."

Amongst other items of great importance are the magician Otaq's own account how he obtained his helping spirits, specimens of *serratit* or magic spells, and an account of the spirit language used in incantations. The beliefs in hostile spirits, the use of amulets, and the practice of magic are all said to be declining. Mr. Rasmussen considers that this is due to the prosperity of the people, which makes appeals for supernatural aid unnecessary.

The last sections of the book,—on the West and East Greenlanders,—are chiefly notable for the dreadful narratives of the murderous mania and brutality which led to the present desertion of the east coast and give historical probability to the ferocity described in many tales.

Mr. Rasmussen is again in Greenland pursuing his studies of the people, and it will be a pity if these are postponed in order that he may be a witness as to the facts of a geographical feat likely to be infinitely less fruitful to science than the work amongst the northern Eskimo for which he is so admirably qualified. The volume he has now given us is of the very highest value, and one with which no folklore library, public or private, can dispense,—but why is there no index?

A. R. Wright.

Semitic Magic. Its Origins and Development. By R. Campbell Thompson, M.A. Luzac & Co., 1908. 8vo, pp. lxviii + 286.

An ambitious book, raising by its title high but legitimate expectations. The field which the author intends to cover is immense. Semitic magic stretches back to some thousands of years before the common era, and embraces a multitude of races and diverse nations, now all called by the erroneous collective name of Semites. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the literary records are anything but profuse even of a single one of the numerous nations belonging to this group. Some of them are

exceedingly ancient, but come to an end at a given period, *e.g.* the Assyrians and Babylonians, while others are, comparatively speaking, modern, *e.g.* the Syrians and Arabs, whose records begin long after the appearance of Christianity and after the total destruction of the ancient civilization and the ancient forms of worship. The Hebrews have preserved only fragments of a much richer literature, and of some other so-called Semitic races, such as the Sabaeans and the peoples in the South of Babylon and Arabia, perhaps not a trace from ancient times remains. A gap of thousands of years thus separates the modern folklore gathered in these lands from the old records, and a complex problem arises not easy to cope with.

To these difficulties inherent in the subject and in the nature of the materials used for investigation, I add the modern system of investigation itself as being a source of weakness in any attempt to study the customs, beliefs, and ceremonies. Theory often precedes results, and the lacunæ caused by insufficient material are filled up by rash speculation, and, what is worse, by an indiscriminate use of incidents and apparent parallels gathered from every corner and often separated one from the other by centuries in time and by thousands of miles in distance. This is common to all the modern books connected with the study of ancient practices and ceremonies, and this is, no doubt, the reason why so many theories are propounded one day to be supplanted by other equally plausible theories on the next day, resting practically upon the same materials but interpreted by each one differently and more suitably to his own notions. So long as investigation proceeds on these haphazard lines it must necessarily fail to bring conviction. It would be unfair, however, to single out Mr. Thompson's book for this criticism, for, although the author follows closely upon the footsteps of Robertson Smith and Frazer, and has adopted some of their more advanced views, he does not err so much as his masters in this direction, and does not press everything and anything indiscriminately into the service of his theories, irrespective of date and origin. But the book suffers none the less from these drawbacks. A modern Arab tale and a monkish story of the Middle Ages, or a legend of the Rabbis and a custom from the Malays of to-day, are placed side by side with ancient Assyrian

incantations, and with allusions in the Bible, for the purpose of explaining one another. Only the historical process will raise the study of folklore from the stage of mere experiment to that of an exact science, and the more quickly this truth is realized the more profitable will it be for our studies.

Turning now to the book itself, the author has paid special attention, and rightly so, to what may be termed magic in Assyrian literature, *i.e.* incantations and charms, though it would be very difficult to draw the line in that literature between worship and sorcery. The division attempted by Mr. Thompson, who defines religion as the worship of the community and the service of the priests, and magic as the worship of the individual and practised by low-class people, will hardly commend itself to general acceptance. It is only a difference of degree, and not of kind. Nor can the line be sharply drawn between "gods" and "demons." The "god" of one nation is often the "demon" of another, and *vice versâ*. Equally unsatisfactory is the definition of "tabu," adopted from Robertson Smith, whose words are given in full, by which holy and defiled are practically made identical. In a long and erudite introduction, Mr. Thompson discusses various incidental elements which play a *rôle* in magic, and then, in succession, demons and ghosts, demoniac possession and tabu, and sympathetic magic, leading up to The Atonement Service and The Redemption of the Firstborn. The first chapters are replete with important and accurate information, notably from Assyrian literature. So long as the author is dealing with concrete facts, and especially with Assyrian and Babylonian literature, we are on safe ground, but when he begins to explain these facts and to draw general conclusions for Semitic magic or for ancient practices recorded in the Bible, we find ourselves in a maze of hypotheses and of deductions of which one or two examples may suffice. Like all the writers on similar subjects, Mr. Thompson assumes that the people of old and their priests never knew the exact meaning of their own actions, and the reason why they did these things, what the aim and object of the Atonement was, and why they brought a sacrifice, which, as now explained, was to free the sick man from the demon who had attacked him, and to lure the demon away by the smell of the blood, so that he might leave the body of the man

and enter the carcase where a sorcerer or wizard waited for him to destroy him; and then, at a later stage of religious development or decay, when the priest was suffering hunger, he was induced quietly to dispose of the Atonement lamb by eating it himself (pp. 193, 195, 199), plainly cheating the devil. Thus it came to pass that the sacrifice originally a bait for the demon became the share of the priest. Moreover, the piacular offering was confused by the worshippers and by the priests with a sacrifice of burnt-offering (pp. 197-8). The lamb may have been also a firstborn, and as such it was also brought as a sacrifice. This custom of the offering of the firstborn is then explained as resting ultimately on ancient practices of cannibalism in which originally the firstborn human child was sacrificed, and that it was, later on, replaced by an animal, or otherwise redeemed. The proof for this supposed ancient cannibalism consists only in speculations by Dr. Frazer (p. 236), and references to European examples of such practices (p. 239), and these are far from convincing. The author himself also states explicitly, (p. 242), that "up to the present no trace of this form of substitution has been found in cuneiform." The reason for this absence of any trace in cuneiform, according to the author, is that, as the origin of cannibalism must be sought in scarcity of food (no longer a question of sacrifice), and the Babylonians lived in a fertile valley, they never suffered from hunger, and hence did not eat their firstborn, "and hence they had never been driven by famine to eat human flesh." Whence did they then derive the custom of offering the "firstborn," and the idea of sacrifice as redemption? We are still, I believe, only at the beginning of a thorough collection of materials, and the time is not yet ripe for, nor to my mind has any one as yet hit upon, the true system of utilizing those materials in such a manner that they will disclose to us the inner working of the primitive mind and the inwardness of those conceptions which have been crystallized in religious rites and magical practices among the nations of antiquity. There were, no doubt, centres from which these practices and ceremonies radiated to the farthest ends of the world, and produced everywhere similar practices and customs which in a more or less modified form were adapted to local environments and to changed mental attitudes. Has no borrowing been

going on in olden times in matters religious, and, if it has, whence did it start? Why has this question not yet been raised, after it has been so prominently to the fore in other branches of folklore? Do the people only borrow legends and tales, or even songs, and stop short at the ritual and at religious practices? It is a legitimate question, and a book like that of Mr. Thompson would have gained in value and suggestiveness if the author had turned his attention to this problem. It is sufficient now to have raised this problem, and to have pointed the way to another line of investigation in the field of comparative studies of beliefs and practices. The historical method and the theory of one or more definite centres of religious practices,—in the widest sense,—promise to lead to more satisfactory results than the empirical haphazard collection of materials from every quarter brought together as means to prove preconceived ideas. For a future systematic investigation, Mr. Thompson's book will prove of great assistance, owing to the painstaking diligence of the author and the excellent index which concludes the volume.

M. GASTER.

TRANSACTIONS AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY. Vol. VII. Part I.—Article on JAPANESE HOUSEHOLD MAGIC. By W. L. HILDBURGH, M.A., Ph.D. Kegan Paul, 1908.

THOSE interested in the minor magical practices should not omit to consult this very interesting and well-illustrated paper by Mr. W. L. Hildburgh. He defines magic as "the attempt to control or to anticipate the natural course of operations or events by means which are recognised, more or less, as being supernatural or as based upon premises whose soundness is felt to be not wholly proven." This definition may apply to culture folk, but it seems probable that, among the least advanced peoples, the practices which we term "magical" have no relation to the "supernatural,"—an idea which, most likely, is unknown to them. There is, however, no need to criticise a statement which was merely a prelude to a semi-popular lecture. Mr. Hildburgh gives

many examples of domestic or household magic as practised in Japan at the present day. They include the safeguarding of houses, their contents, and their inmates. Amulets are put up in the houses to protect them against fire, thieves, and especially demons. In Yokohama a house is safeguarded against fire in this way,—"a cup of water having been offered before the picture of a certain Fire-God, sparks are struck, by means of a flint and steel, so as to fall into the water, after which the latter is thrown upon the roof of the house" (p. 142). To keep vermin, such as insects, rats, mice, snails, or snakes, out of the house, there are numerous charms, most of which take the form of printed or written papers. One, quoted by Mr. Aston, is a written notice, to be pasted up on the route used by ants to enter the house, "Admittance, one cash each person," on which he comments, "The economical ant goes no further." Mr. Hildburgh says,—"In Japan, just as elsewhere, a considerable portion of the household magic, both ceremonial and amuletic, is centred about the children of the family" (p. 144); numerous interesting examples illustrate this statement. "Of love charms, pure and simple, a multitude exist, despite the infrequency of love-marriages in Japan." There are many methods of divination, and "last of all, we have baneful magic, used for the satisfaction of private revenge or of jealousy, as an aid to justice, or even, in a diluted and almost innocuous form, to secure such minor ends as the relief of momentary annoyance" (p. 155). It would take too much space to give examples of all these various practices, and they are here alluded to merely in order to turn the attention of students to this excellent paper.

A. C. HADDON.

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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XX.] DECEMBER, 1909. [No. IV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19th, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT (MISS C. S. BURNE) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. F. Hayward Parrott as a Member of the Society was announced.

The death of Dr. Whitley Stokes was also announced.

Mr. A. R. Wright exhibited a headdress of riveted mail,—picked up after the destruction of the forces of the Khalifa at Omdurman in September, 1898, and weighing 6½ lbs. The headdress was covered with twenty-four amulet cases of various sizes,—one of silver, one of leopard skin, fourteen of leather, and the remaining eight of skin and cloth,—containing writings, herbs, etc.

Miss A. Werner read a paper entitled "The Bantu Element in Swahili Folklore" (p. 432), and a discussion followed in which Mr. Wright, Mr. Calderon, Dr. Gaster, Mr. Nutt, and the President took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Werner for her paper and to Mr. Wright for exhibiting the headdress.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT (MISS C. S. BURNE) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The enrolment of the Societa di Etnografia Italiana and the University of Pennsylvania Museum as subscribers to the Society was announced.

Mrs. Shakespear exhibited and explained the use of the following objects collected among the hill tribes of Assam, viz.:—from the Lushais, a rain coat, a brass model of a feast, two siphons for drawing off rice beer, a tiger-head shield, a pair of ear-rings, a pipe, and two powder horns; from the Manipuris, dice, a hairpin, and a headdress; and, from the Hakka Chins, a fighting *dao*, and a horn for nicotine water.

Mrs. Shakespear then read a paper by her husband, Col. J. Shakespear, entitled "Folk-tales of the Lushais and their neighbours" (p. 388), and afterwards exhibited a number of lantern slides illustrative of the people and their homes. In the discussion which followed Mr. T. C. Hodson, Dr. Gaster, and the President took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Shakespear for exhibiting and explaining her objects, and for reading Col. Shakespear's paper.

The Secretary reported the following additions to the Library since the November meeting, viz.:

The Exploration of Bushey Cavern near Cavetown, Maryland, by K. Peabody, presented by the Author; *Analecta Bollandiana*, Vol. 28, Parts 1 and 2, acquired

by exchange; *Lykkemand og Niding*, by W. Gronbech; *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, No. 51, and *Outside Trumpington Gates before Peterhouse was founded*, by Rev. H. P. Stokes, LL.D., acquired by exchange; *Annual Progress Report of the Archæological Survey of India, Western Circle*, 1907-08, presented by the Government of Bombay; *Annual Progress Report of the Archæological Survey of India, Eastern Circle*, 1907-08, presented by the Government of Bengal; *Annual Report of the Archæological Survey of Ceylon*, 1903 and 1904, presented by the Government of Ceylon; *Annual Progress Report of the Archæological Survey of India, Southern Circle*, 1907-08, presented by the Government of Madras; *A Bibliography of Congo Languages*, by Prof. F. Starr, presented by the Author; *Navaho Myths, Prayers, and Songs, with Texts and translations*, by Washington Matthews, and *The Religion of the Indians of California*, by A. L. Kroeber, presented by the Bureau of American Archæology and Ethnology; *Administrator's Report on Papua*, 1907-08, presented by the Government of Australia; *Ethnographia Zeylanica*, Vol. I. 4, presented by the Government of Ceylon; *Die steinzeitliche Besiedelung der Leipziger Gegend unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der Wohnplatzfunde*, by F. Max Näbe; *Jahrbuch des Städtischen Museums für Völkerkunde zu Leipzig*, 1907, part 2; *Mythen, Sagen, und Märchen des Aranda-Stammes in Zentral-Australien*, by Carl Strehlow; *Maal og Minne Norske Studie*, 1909, Part 1.

FOLK-TALES OF THE LUSHAIS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. SHAKESPEAR, C.I.E., D.S.O.,
POLITICAL AGENT IN MANIPUR.

(Read at Meeting, June 16th, 1909.)

THESE tales have been collected from the people inhabiting the great mass of hills which separates the plains of Bengal from those of Burmah. This area, till a few years ago, was but little known, but now most of it has been brought under our administration, and is settling down into a state of uninteresting peacefulness. My wife and I spent many years among the people, and found them most kindly folk; their ideas of "les convenances" are not ours, but after all who shall say which are right? Such things are much the result of environment and education, and what would be a sign of low tastes and depraved mind among us means nothing of the sort among them. When we first went up there the free and easy manners of the people were sometimes embarrassing; for instance, to be besieged by a crowd of women as one emerged from one's morning tub draped in a towel, and to be expected there and then to decide a case, was trying; and their curiosity as to how far our skins were white led them to attempt most disconcerting explorations. But we soon got accustomed to them, and they to us, and we found among them many true friends, much kindness, and many true gentlemen.



TYPICAL LUSHAI VILLAGE.

To face p. 388.

These tales come from many other tribes besides the Lushais, but all are closely connected, and the same tale, in slightly different forms, is found in places very far apart. For instance, the following tale, with variations, has been recorded at Demagri, by Colonel Lewin, about 1865; in the south-east of Manipur, 150 miles in an air line from Demagri, during the Linguistic Survey in 1892; and again, 150 miles further north, among the Mikirs, by the late Mr. E. Stack, of the Indian Civil Service, about 1886. The version I give is that of the Aimol:—

"Once upon a time there was a man called Chemchong-saipa. He was sharpening his *dao* by the river when a prawn bit him on the leg; he became angry, and cut a tree; the tree became angry, and dropped a fruit as big as a melon on the back of a cock; the cock became angry, and scratched up an ants' nest; the ants became angry, and bit a snake in the tail; the snake became angry, and bit a boar on the leg; the boar became angry, and rooted up a plantain tree, in which a bat lived; the bat became angry, and flew into the ear of an elephant; the elephant became angry, and knocked a mortar for pounding rice down the hill; and the mortar rolled on an old woman's house, and knocked it down. "Mortar, pay a fine," said she. "Shan't," said the mortar, "the elephant set me rolling"; and so on, till they came to the prawn, who had no answer to give; so they said,—"Will you die in hot or cold water?" "In cold," said he, and he dived to the bottom, saying,—"Ha! ha! I am too clever for you!"[1] But the animals made the elephant suck the pool dry, and caught the prawn, and gave him to the toad to cook. When he called them, saying,—"It is ready," there was nothing but hot water, and the toad explained that, in tasting to see if the flavour was good, he had by accident

[1] It is curious in a cumulative tale of "The House that Jack Built" type to find this counterpart of Brer Rabbit's "Born and bred in briar patch, Brer Fox."

swallowed the prawn. So they pinched him all over the back, and that is why toads have warts on their backs."

Here is another tale recorded by Colonel Lewin, the pioneer of exploration and administration in what is now the Southern Lushai Hills, who, though he penetrated but a short way into the hills, made such an impression on the people that to this day, 40 years after he left them, a Lushai who wishes to pay you a great compliment will tell you that you are just like Thangliana, which is their way of saying Tom Lewin. Colonel Lewin took the tale down from a Bunjogi (a clan allied to the Lushais), but the tale is practically the same as is told to this day wherever Lushai is spoken. It must have been recorded in the neighbourhood of Demagri:—

"Formerly our ancestors came out of a cave in the earth, and we had one great Chief, named Tlandrok-pah. He it was who first domesticated the guyal (tame bison); he was so powerful that he married God's daughter. There were great festivities at the marriage, and Tlandrok-pah made God a present of a famous gun that he had. You can still hear the gun; the thunder is the sound of it. At the marriage, our Chief called all the animals to help to cut a road through the jungle, to God's house, and they all gladly gave assistance to bring home the bride,—all save the sloth (the *húlúq* monkey is his grandson) and the earth-worm; and on this account they were cursed, and cannot look on the sun without dying. The cave whence man first came out is in the Lhoosai country close to Vanhuilen's village, of the Burdaiya tribe; it can be seen to this day, but no one can enter. If one listens outside, the deep notes of the gong and the sound of men's voices can still be heard."[2]

[2] T. H. Lewin, *The Hill Tracts of Chittagong, etc.*, 1869, p. 95. I regret to spoil this piece of poetic description, but I have seen this cave. It is a hole about four feet square and two or three feet deep, and I certainly heard no deep notes of gongs nor human voices. But perhaps they are only audible to true sons of the hills, not to alien invaders, however sympathetic.



ZAL-BUK OR BACHELORS' SLEEPING-HOUSE.

To face p. 390.

"Some time after Tlandrok-pah's marriage, all the country became on fire, and God's daughter told us to come down to the sea-coast, where it is cool; that was how we first came into this country. At that time mankind and the birds and the beasts all spoke one language. Then God's daughter complained to her father that her tribe were unable to kill the animals for food, as they talked and begged for life with pitiful words, making the hearts of men soft, so that they could not slay them. On this, God took from the beasts and birds the power of speech, and food became plentiful among us. We eat every living thing that cannot speak. At that time, also, when the great fire broke from the earth, the world became all dark, and men broke up and scattered into clans and tribes."

There is another story told to account for the loris not being able to look at the sun. Tlandrokpa gave a great feast, and all the animals came. They wanted the loris to be their leader in the dance, and asked the sun not to shine lest they should get too hot; but the sun, hearing the sounds of merriment, could not restrain his curiosity, and shone out; the loris got angry, and to this day will not look at the sun.

The great darkness was due to a mythical animal, (apparently a kind of flying dragon), called an *awk*, swallowing the sun. According to a version common through the northern hills, the population of the world died off, and the world was repeopled from the hole I have described.

This idea that mankind emerged from the earth is very widely spread. In Manipur we find many clans which are closely allied to the Lushais and have evidently migrated from a more southern abode, and these all bring their ancestors from holes in the ground. The Anal tell the following tale:—

"Once the whole earth was flooded, and the entire human race, except one man and one woman, were

drowned. This couple took refuge in a high tree which stood near a large pond, the water of which was as clear as the eye of a crow. They spent an anxious night among the branches, and at daybreak they were surprised to find that they had been changed into a tiger and tigress. Pathian, the creator, seeing the sorrowful state of the world, sent a man and a woman from a cave to repopulate the earth; but this couple was afraid of the two tigers, and besought Pathian to grant them power to slay the beasts, which he granted, and they lived happily ever afterwards."

The Thados (a very numerous clan subdivided into many families, and now scattered over a very wide area) have the following legend, which I extract from Colonel M'Culloch's book on Manipur, written in 1859[3]:—

"One day their king's brother was hunting hedgehogs, (in the subterranean world in which they then lived), when his dog, in pursuit of one of them, entered a cavern, and he, waiting its return, remained at the mouth. After the lapse of some time, the dog not having returned, its master determined to go in and see what had come of it. The dog he did not find, but, observing its tracks and following them, he found himself suddenly on the surface of the earth. The scene presented to his view both pleased and astonished him. Returning to his brother, he related his adventure, and counselled him to ascend with his village to the new country. To this the king agreed, and, having made their arrangements, they started on their journey. They had arrived near the surface when they perceived a large serpent in the way, which stopped their further progress, and they also saw that the orifice by which they were to emerge had over it a great stone, kept up merely by the support a bird gave to it with its legs. On seeing this the people of the village began to abuse the king's brother, accusing him of having deceived

[3] M'Culloch, *Account of Munnipore and its Hill Tribes*, p. 55. The book is not in the British Museum Library.



DARBILLI, FANAI CHIEFTAINESS.

To face p. 392.

them, and having brought them from their burrow to deliver them to the serpent. Stung by the reproaches of the people, the king's brother attacked and killed the snake, and he and the greater portion of the village emerged into the light. Meanwhile the king, having discovered that a wooden dish or bowl which had the magical property of always being full of meat, and some other articles of a similar magical description, were not among his effects, returned to fetch them. Before he got back the bird, having got tired of supporting the stone, had let it fall, and, unable to raise it, he and his wife remained below. Attributing the closing of the orifice to the ambition of her brother-in-law to become king, Nemnik, the king's wife, cursed him and those who had gone up with him, to suffer diseases hitherto unknown to them. This curse, they say, is on them still, and when disease presses them sorely they offer a mithan (gyal) to Nemnik, in mitigation of her wrath. Continuing the tale of the proceedings of their progenitors, they relate that the party which had reached the surface began to feel the cravings of mortals, and, not knowing where to find water, were much distressed, till they noticed a bird hovering over a spot close by, and on going there they found a spring, by the side of which they cooked and ate, and began to clear a spot for their houses. Whilst doing this the new king accidentally killed a child which had been playing in the jungle unknown to him. He choked and felt very ill; his dog came and licked his hands and face, but this only enraged him, and he struck the animal with his *dao*, and some of its blood spurted out on to his throat; he was at once relieved of the pain and recovered. Since then they say that pains of the throat have been cured by sacrificing dogs and applying the blood to the part."

The Lushais account for eclipses by ascribing them to the efforts of the mythical monster, the *awk*, to swallow the sun and moon, and they beat gongs and make noises to

frighten this monster away. Among the clans settled in Manipur, the name *awk* has been retained, but the story is different, while that told by the Koms bears some resemblance. According to them, Awkpa, a god, was drying his unhusked rice in the sunshine and the Sun and Moon were in the habit of riding by and scattering it. This vexed Awkpa, who, lying in wait for them, caught them in the act, and, as a punishment, swallowed them. The Lamgang say that their god's tobacco was stolen by the Sun and Moon, and that eclipses are caused by his arresting the culprits. The Purum use the word Awkpa, but the story is this:—

"Once upon a time there were seven brothers, and they all went out to cut timber in the forest. In the course of their journey they shot a deer, and told the youngest brother to cook it while they went on with their work. The flesh having been cooked, the youngest brother placed it on leaves to await the return of the others, but some leaves fell from a tree on to the flesh, whereupon the deer came to life again, and ran away. The brothers, returning, refused to believe the story, killed the poor cook, and left the body under the tree. Some leaves falling on it revived it, much to the surprise of the others. Then, taking some of the leaves, root, and bark of this wonderful tree, they all returned home. On the way they saw the body of a dog floating in the river and put some bark on it, whereupon it also came to life. Arrived at their home they put the leaves, bark, and root to dry in the sunshine, and told their dog to watch them, but the Sun and Moon stole the precious things, and the dog is still chasing them, and, when he gets near them, they hide, and cause the eclipses."

The Anal say that once upon a time there was a very pious man who spent much time in worshipping God. The Sun and the Moon, being envious of the holy man, tried to take virtue from him, and came one day and said,—"Oh, pious man! We have come to give you our *virtue*,[4] but you

[4] See p. 417 *infra*.



FESTIVAL OF THE BONES OF THE ANCESTORS. *To face p.* 394.

must first give us your *virtue* and then take ours from us." The man was delighted beyond measure, and gave his *virtue* gladly, whereupon the Sun and Moon ran off. The deluded saint ordered his dog to catch the thieves, and the dog brought a long pole and climbed up it to chase the culprits in the sky, followed by his master. The journey took many years; the dog outstripped the man, and reached the sky, where he is still chasing the fugitives, but the white ants ate up the pole before the pious man had completed the ascent, so that he fell and was killed. The dog sometimes catches and devours one of the thieves, and thus causes an eclipse.

Some tribes say that lightning is the glitter of God's raiment, and that the rainbow is the lip of God as he drinks, being parched with thirst. Such poetic ideas from a people apparently so devoid of any higher feelings come as a surprise, and teach us not to judge hastily. Other clans say that a large lizard climbs a high tree and shouts defiance at the god of the sky, who hurls his axe at the impudent animal. Earthquakes are explained in several ways. There is another world beneath the earth, and the people of this nether world shake the upper earth to know if the people of it are alive, and therefore, on an earthquake occurring, every one cries out,—"Alive! alive!" Another version says that worms from human excrement go down and tell the god of this lower world that men have died off the upper world, so he shakes it to find out if they have told the truth. Still another version is that a worm called Yangmal went to visit the king of this lower region, and took a piece of earth as a present. The earth became changed into gold and silver, and the chief was much pleased and sent the worm back for more. But Yangmal, for some reason of his own, returned, saying the world had been destroyed, and the chief of the lower world now shakes the upper one to test the truth of Yangmal's statement. A Lushai legend attributes the Flood to the king of the water demons falling

in love with a beautiful maiden, called Ngai-ti, that is "Loved one," and, as she would not listen to him, he pursued her, and surrounded the whole human race on the top of the Phun-lu-Buk hill. In self-defence her parents had to give the girl over to her insistent lover. The waters of this great flood, running off, (where to is not stated), are held to have cut the deep valleys which form a distinctive feature of these hills. Previous to this, Chhura, a powerful but somewhat dense giant, had beaten down the surface of the earth nice and smooth; in doing this, the head of his mallet flew off, and after travelling several miles fell on the Lingvum hill, where it still lies to witness to the truth of the legend. Near by lies a huge round stone some 18 inches in diameter, one of Chhura's pellets, shot from his pellet bow. Does not Chhura hammering out the earth remind us of Thor? There are many tales about this hero. The following is a literal translation of one which gives some idea of the Lushai style:—

A Story of Chhura.—"Then Chhura went to visit another village. In the house in which he stayed they gave him a crab stew to eat. And Chhura,—"Ah! How tasty, what can it be? I'll make it myself, just tell me how," said he. Then they,—"Why, Chhura, it is only crab stew," they said. But Chhura was very afraid of forgetting the name, and so all the way home he kept on saying,—"Crab stew, crab stew." Then, on a slippery piece of clay from a white ants' nest, he fell down bump, and forgot it. Then he dug away like anything into the earth at the place where he fell down. Presently a Poi trader came along,—"Chhura, what are you looking for,"—said he, he asked. And he,—"Oh Poi, come here! I have lost something, help me to find it!",—he said. Then the Poi,—"What is it? If I don't know what has been lost, how can I find it?",—he said. But Chhura,—"If I knew, would I be looking for it? How foolish you are,"—he said. Then the Poi,—"You simply stink of crab stew,"—said he. Then

Plate XXV.



FANAI CHIEF.

Plate XXVI.



STONE AT CHAMPHAI.

To face p. 396.

Chhura,—"Aw, why that is just what I was looking for,"—he said, and went off again like a shot. It is ended."

On another occasion Chhura, who was a great traveller, went to a village where the people suffered from a peculiar physical defect which Chhura offered to remove from the children, all except one of whom died under his drastic treatment. When this last one was found to be still a little alive, every one cried,—"It is my child! It is my child!", "and they fought for it and pulled all its arms and legs off. Then the people became angry. "Chhura, we will kill you,"—they said. But Chhura said,—"If you kill me, I shall entice away all your gyal." Then they were afraid. An old woman who was chewing rice to feed a baby, said, —"If you kill him first, how will he be able to entice them away?" But the people said,—"You know nothing," and they snatched out of her mouth the rice she was chewing. Then they said,—"Let us catch him, and hang him up over the deep pool." So they caught him, and, having plaited a huge basket, they hung him up over a deep pool. Then presently a Poi trader came, leading a tame bison and carrying a gong over his shoulder. Then Chhura,—"Oh, Poi, come up here, it is not hot, it is not cold, it is just real comfortable, fresh air is blowing freely. If you won't come, I'll stab you dead with my knife here,"—said he, and kept on pushing his knife through the holes in the basket. Then the Poi, being afraid, took him out, and he put the Poi in, and tied him in, and cut the string he was hung by, and the Poi fell into the deep pool. Then Chhura took the Poi's tame bison and his gong, and went back to the village. The people said,—"Why, Chhura, we hung you up over the deep pool, how on earth are you coming along with a bison and a gong." Then Chhura,—"E! The string you hung me by broke, and I fell into the deep pool. It was only a matter of gathering the things. If you tie pots to your waists we shall be able to get much good property from the

bottom of the deep pool. Take the pots from the village and go in,"—said he. Then all the men of the village, tying pots at their waists, away they went; but when they came to the spot, they did not dare jump down, for, indeed, it was very deep. But that fellow Chhura threw one of them down, and the pot he had tied at his waist said,—"Bir! bir!", (the noise of the air escaping). And Chhura cried,—"Chei! He has found something good? He has found something good!",—said he to them. Then they all jumped in one on top of another, and so they all died. Then Chhura went back to the village, and said to their wives,—"Your husbands cannot carry all the things, they are nearly dead with fatigue, hurry to relieve them." Then the women all went off to relieve them. On the way the Quail called,—"Hmim! Hmim!" "That will be them calling,"—they said, and they ran, and they ran. Presently they reached the place, and behold there was no one there. Then they returned, and on the way a hurricane blew fiercely and heavy rain poured down in torrents, and, when they reached their homes, they found Chhura had put out all their fires. They besought him to give them a light, but he refused. They all remained in very great discomfort."

Chhura is claimed as an ancestor by a clan called Khawtlang, which performs a feast in his honour and erects a ladder up to the front gable of the house to commemorate one of his exploits.

Another Giant hero is called Mualsavata. He was so big that, when he smoked, the smoke from his pipe was like a jungle fire. His whetstone lies beside the road near to Chongthleng,—a roughly-dressed piece of stone some eighteen inches long and six thick. It is said to have dropped out of his haversack as he was travelling, his wife having been neglectful, and having left an unmended hole in one corner. These heroes, Tlandrokpa, Chhura, and Mualsavata, appear in the legends of nearly every clan, but under other names. The Thados call Tlandrokpa Dapa,

and Chhura Benglam. Dapa is credited with having begged the cold season from his father-in-law, Pathian. The following story is again from Colonel Lewin, (*op. cit.*, p. 90). It was told him by a member of the Kumi clan, which lives in the Chittagong Hill tracts to the south of the Lushai Hills:—

"God made the world and the trees and the creeping things first, and after that he set to work to make one man and one woman, forming their bodies of clay; but each night, on the completion of his work, there came a great snake, which, while God was sleeping, devoured the two images. This happened twice or thrice, and God was at his wit's end, for he had to work all day, and could not finish the pair in less than 12 hours; besides, if he did not sleep, he would be no good. If he were not obliged to sleep, there would be no death, nor would mankind be afflicted with illness. It is when he rests that the snake carries us off to this day. Well, he was at his wit's end, so at last he got up early one morning and first made a dog and put life into it, and that night, when he had finished the images, he set the dog to watch them, and when the snake came, the dog barked and frightened it away. This is the reason at this day that when a man is dying the dogs begin to howl; but I suppose God sleeps heavily now-a-days, or the snake is bolder, for men die all the same." Colonel Lewin adds that he is unable to say whether this story is peculiar to the Kumis or derived from some other source. I see no reason to doubt that it is an original Kumi tale. Images of men and animals are offered to the demons of the forest and the rivers by every tribe in the Hills. May this not be a survival of a general belief that all animals and men were made as the Kumi described to Colonel Lewin?

The snake appears in several legends. The following is known through a wide area:—

"Once upon a time there was a girl called Chhawng-

chili, who worked in her father's *jhum, i.e.* hill cultivation. At the bottom of the *jhum* in a hollow tree a snake had its nest, and the snake loved Chhawng-chili very much. Whenever they went to the *jhum*, she used to send her younger sister to call the snake, who used to come and coil itself up in Chhawng-chili's lap. The little sister was very much afraid of the snake, but did not dare tell her father. When the girls were starting for the *jhum* their parents wrapped up some rice and vegetables for them to take with them. On account of her fear of the snake the little sister could eat nothing. Then her sister and the snake ate up all the rice and vegetables, and the little sister stayed in the *jhum* house all the day and got very thin, so that her parents said to her,—"Oh! little one, why are you getting so thin?", but she always said,—"Oh father, I can't tell you," but they pressed her, and at last she said,—"My sister and the snake make love always. As soon as we get to the *jhum*, she says to me,—"Call him," and I call him, and he comes and coils himself up in her lap, and I am so frightened that I can eat nothing, and that is why I am so thin." So they kept Chhawng-chili at home, and her father and the little sister went to the *jhum*. The father dressed himself to resemble Chhawng-chili, but kept his *dao* by his side; then the little sister called the snake, and it came and coiled itself up in the father's lap, and he with one stroke of his *dao* cut it in half; then they returned to the village. On the next day Chhawng-chili and her sister went to the *jhum*, and the little sister called the snake, but her father had killed it. So they came back to their house, and they found their father lying on the floor just inside the doorsill. Chhawng-chili said,—"Get up, father, I want to wipe the mud off my feet on the doorsill," but he would not move, so she scraped the mud off, and stepped in over him; but he struck up with his *dao* and killed her, and inside her were about 100 little snakes. They killed them, and they killed them, but one escaped, and hid under a piece of dirt, and

grew up, and wriggled into the Rul chawm Kua, (*i.e.* Feed snake hole), and the people of all villages used to feed it. After a time it was not content with goats and pigs, but demanded children. One day a Poi, who was staying in the house of an old couple, asked them why they were crying, and they told him it was the day for giving the snake a child. "I will kill it," he said, and, being given a goat, he killed it, and wrapped its flesh round his *dao* and forearm, and offered it to the snake, which swallowed it right up to the elbow; then with a quick turn of his wrist he disembowelled the monster. The place where this took place is on the Aijal Falam road, some 40 miles from Aijal, and the hole is still there "to witness if I lie."

The following is a specimen of a tale without an object: —"Nu-hlu-pi took the form of a tree, and below the road her red flowers bloomed continually. When the people tried to pluck them, she used to play some trick on them. Thlang-pa-saisira was about to pick one, when she seized him and flew away with him to the north, and made him perch on a branch of a tree. Then Nu-hlu-pi said,— "What do you want most?" "Tumtelek flowers from Burma," he replied. Then she flew off to fetch them, and he came down and met an old man. "Grand-daddy, if you meet Nu-hlu-pi, and she asks you, have you seen Thlang-pa-saisira?, please say,—"I have not seen him."" The old man said,—"Are you afraid? Strip off my skin, and put it on." So he stripped it off, and put it on. Then Nu-hlu-pi came seeking for him, and she saw him below the road, (*i.e* she saw the old man in Thlang-pa-saisira's skin), and squeezed him hard,—"You are uncommonly like Thlang-pa-saisira," she said, but he replied,—"I am not Thlang-pa-saisira. You will squeeze my collar-bone in two." "You are very like him," she said, and left him. Then Thlang-pa-saisira began clucking to call the fowls beneath the man with the crowd of children, (the Lushai equivalent of the

Old Woman who lived in the Shoe). Then the father of the crowd of children said,—"It will be some one enticing our fowls away, look beneath." They looked beneath, and it was an old man. They said to their father,—"It is an old man." "Ask him if he can watch fowls," he said, and they asked him. "Can't watch fowls," he replied. "Ask him,—can he drive off birds from the crops?" "Of course I can drive off birds," he replied. So they took him away to the field. Every day the youngest son used to carry him rice wrapped up in a leaf. The old man said to him,—"Please always play your flute up on the hill over there." Till he heard the flute Thlang-pa-saisira used to take off the old man's skin, but put it on in a hurry when he heard the flute. One day the boy looked secretly before he played, and saw the old man without his skin, and behold! it was a very beautiful young man. The boy went back a little, and came playing. When he got home he told his father privately, and his father said,—"Let us make *zu* (rice beer). Let us soothe his spirit with a sacrifice." (Here we get a glimpse into the working of the Lushai mind. The father concluded that the strange state of the old man must be due to his having been bewitched, and at once prepared to make an offering to the demon, which he considered the cause of the trouble, in hopes of effecting the release of the sufferer. His reasons we shall see were not entirely disinterested.) "When his daughters were carrying up water in *zu*-pots, their father said,—"If you will not marry the old man in our house it will be the worse for you." Then they did not wish to marry the old man, and he threw down their brass *zu*-pots from their shoulders, and smashed them into pieces. Then the youngest one said,—"If all our pots are to be broken like this, as for marrying him, I will marry him, why not?" Their father was very pleased, and said,—"You are a very wise girl." Presently they made *zu* for the soothing of the old man's spirit. Then they said to the old man,—"Come, strip off your

skin to-day." The old man replied,—"Can you take off my skin? If you can, you had better strip it off yourselves." Then they split his scalp, and stripped off the skin, and behold his face was very beautiful indeed. Then the elder sisters became very envious of the youngest sister, and pinched and pinched her hard. "Oh! father, my elder sisters are pinching me black and blue!", she said. After a short time they were married. Then they held the *Chong* festival. Then Thlang-pa-saisira spoke,—"As Nu-hlu-pi has not appeared at our *Chong*, she will certainly appear at our *Khuangchoi*," he said. Then, after a short time, they celebrated their *Khuangchoi*. The onlookers each held in his hand a piece of the Ai plant, and Thlang-pa-saisira, he grasped his fighting *dao*. Then Nu-hlu-pi changed herself into a bird, and came flying whiz! whang! And every one poked at her with their Ai plants, and Thlang-pa-saisira cut her clean in half with one stroke of his *dao*. Then Nu-hlu-pi changed herself into a huge rock, and blocked up the whole path. Every one tried to roll it away with levers, but they could not move it. Then Thlang-pa-saisira levered it up, and rolled it down rumpity bump. Then she stood obstructing the village water-hole. Thlang-pa-saisira in the same way pushed her away. Then she changed herself into two tall thin reeds in the water. The people tried to pull them up, but could not, but again Thlang-pa-saisira reached down, and pulled and tugged, and up came one, and behold, in the water, an old water demon was splitting cane. "Even though you be young, you shall die for taking it," he said. Then the other people said,—"Pull up the other one," but he replied,—"That old man down there said,—"Though you be young when you take it you shall die." I dare not go into the water again." But the people said,—"It is probably a lie." So he said,—"Very well, put a rope round my neck, and, directly I struggle, pull me out quickly, will you, please!" So they tied a rope round his neck, and made him go into

the water again, and directly he struggled they tugged him up quickly, but the water demon snapped off his head."[5]

The Story of Tlumtea and his Brothers.—"Tlumtea's brothers were going to court the Vanchung Maid. "We are going to court the Vanchung Maid," they said,—"Which of us is the best?" Then the people replied,—"That one in front, Tlumtea," they said. Then his elder brothers said,—"Tlumtea, you are an obstacle to our success; go in the middle," said they.[6] So he went in the middle. "We are going to court the Vanchung Maid. Which is the best?" they said again. And the people said,—"The one in the middle, Tlumtea." Then his elder brothers said,—"Tlumtea, you are an obstacle to our success; go last of all!" they said again, and he went. Then the elder brothers said again,—"We are going to court the Vanchung Maid. Which of us is the best?" And the people,—"The last one, Tlumtea," they said again. Then his elder brothers said,—"Tlumtea, you are an obstacle to our success; go back again." So he turned back. Then the elder brothers arrived at the Vanchung Maid's house, and the Vanchung Maid called,—"My father, please come, we have visitors," said she. Her father replied,—"Good visitors or bad visitors?", said he, and she,—"Bad visitors," said she. Then her father,—"Put the cane rings in which the pots stand round their necks, and wrap up some of the rice, out of which *zu* has been

[5] The Ai plant is supposed to have magical properties. The *Khuangchoi* is the last of a series of feasts, by giving which the Lushai attains to a proud position here below, and hopes to be able to cross the Pial river, to the realms of bliss, when he dies.

[6] You must remember that in the Lushai hills there are, or were till a few years ago, only footpaths, so that, from long walking on such narrow ways, the habit of walking in single file has so taken possession of the people that it is difficult to get them to walk in other formation. When I took some to Calcutta, wherever we went they followed me about like an absurd string of geese.

made,[7] and give it to them, and send them off," he said, So she sent them off. In a short time Tlumtea also went in his turn by himself. The bamboo rat said to him,—"Tlumtea, where are you off to?" "I am going to court the Vanchung Maid," he said. Then the bamboo rat said,—"Dig up this bamboo root for me, do, please; indeed I want it very much," said he, and so Tlumtea dug it for him. Then he met the red-necked snake,—"Tlumtea, where are you off to?", it also asked, and Tlumtea,—"I am going to court the Vanchung Maid," he said. Then the snake,—"Just cut this thatching grass for me; I do indeed want it very much," said he. So he cut it, and off he went. Then he arrived at the house of the Vanchung Maid. Then the Vanchung Maid said to Tlumtea,—"Presently, if my father says to you, "If you wish very much to marry the Vanchung Maid, tell me where is the root of the floor," just you answer, Below," said she. "Then if he asks where are the roots of the walls and the posts, just you say, The ground ends," said she. Then presently the Vanchung Maid,—"My father, come here, we have a guest." said she. And her father,—"A good guest or a bad guest?", he said, and she said,—"A good guest." "Wrap him up some meat and rice, and send him off," said he. So her father came, and said,—"If you want to marry this Vanchung Maid very much indeed, dip up that water out of the puddle in the street without wetting the bottom of this gourd ladle," said he. He kept on ladling up the water, and the bottom kept on getting wet; he was in despair, and he wept bitterly. Then the bamboo rat sucked up the water, and spat it out into the ladle and filled it. Then,—"Bring without tearing

[7] The pots, being round-bottomed, are stood in twisted rings of cane, to prevent them from upsetting. Rice, out of which *su* has been made, is useless as food. The cane rings replaced the necklace which might have been given to honoured guests, and the useless rice added to the insult, while keeping to the letter of the laws of hospitality, and not sending the guests away empty handed.

it in the least a plantain leaf from among the mimosa bush in the garden," he said again. So he kept on bringing one, and it kept on tearing; his heart was very sad. Presently the red-necked snake came and bit it clean off, so that he could take it without tearing it. "Which is the root side of the floor?" her father said. "Below," said he. "Then the walls and the posts, on which side are their roots?" he said again. "On the ground side," he said. Then they were married, and went away. Then on the way, when they came to the place where Tonulawki lived, the Vanchung Maid said,—"I have forgotten my brass comb and walking stick; I will just go and fetch them." But Tlumtea said,—"Rather I will go and fetch them," and he went. The Vanchung Maid was sitting on a stump of a tree. "Don't cry, and don't even laugh," said Tlumtea. "Down below where you are, there is Tonulawki," he said. Presently Tonulawki, seeing the shadow of the Vanchung Maid, said,—"Is that my shadow? Why, shadow, you have not a necklace or bracelets like me." Then the Vanchung Maid laughed,—"Hi! hi! hi! Why, it is my shadow," said she. Then Tonulawki, looking up, saw her. "Come down here," said Tonulawki; "let us search for lice in each other's heads."[8] But the Vanchung Maid said,—"As for me, my father and mother made me without lice; I don't want to look for them," said she. Then Tonulawki,—"Can there be people without lice? I cannot believe it. Come down," she said. She came down. Then Tonulawki showed her her lice, and said,—"Crack them in your teeth." Now Tonulawki's lice were a span broad, so she secretly threw them away, but made a crunching noise with her teeth each time. Presently Tonulawki, in her turn, began to look for lice in the Vanchung Maid's head; then, just on the nape of her neck, she saw one. "Hei le! hei le!", she said. She cracked it with her teeth. Then she desired

[8] This is a common employment of Lushai women.

the Vanchung Maid exceedingly, and swallowed her with one gulp. Then Tonulawki wrapped herself in the Vanchung Maid's cloth, and went and sat where she had been. Then Tlumtea arrived. "Why have your fingers become so pointed and your eyes so small?" said Tlumtea. "From up there Tlumtea will soon come, I said; and, with pointing, my fingers became sharp; from up there Tlumtea will soon come, I said, and, with gazing, my eyes became small," she said. Then Tlumtea, though very vexed, took her along with him. The people of his village, saying,—"The Vanchung Maid is coming," spread cloths on the roadside for her to rest on. When Tonulawki arrived, supported by Tlumtea, the people all said,—"Awi! Why, that is only Tonulawki," they said, and swiftly pulled away the cloths they had spread. Then Tonulawki was covered with shame, and hid herself below the path, and was sick, and brought up the Vanchung Maid's necklace, which Tlumtea took to an old woman, saying,—"Granny! Tonulawki has swallowed the Vanchung Maid; what shall I do?", said he. Then the old woman replied,—"If you preserve the vomit in a pot, and look at it on the seventh day, it will surely have changed into the Vanchung Maid again," said she. So he preserved it. "Keep it for seven *months*, did she say?", he thought. But on the seventh day it turned into a human being. The Vanchung Maid used secretly to cook tasty rice cakes for Tlumtea's food, but for Tonulawki to eat she cooked nothing but deer's dung and husks of rice. One day Tlumtea said,—"I will catch this person who always cooks our food for us," said he. Early one morning he made as if he were going to his cultivation, but hid himself under a mattress. Then it became time to cook the evening meal, and behold the Vanchung Maid came jumping down from the top shelf above the hearth, and Tlumtea caught her, but she besought him,—"Don't catch me; your wife will swallow me again," she said. But

Tlumtea,—"She shall not swallow you," he said. Presently they wrapped themselves up in the mattress, and went to sleep. Presently Tonulawki returned from the field, carrying a load of arum leaves for the pig's food. At the door she cried,—"Tlumtea, just open the door for me," said she. But Tlumtea did not want to open it. They just laughed at her. Then Tonulawki cried,—"Open it for me! Who is it that you are laughing away with on the bed?" Suddenly she pushed down the door. Then they cut down Tonulawki and killed her, and from her breasts there grew up in their garden a *saishu* tree. Then Tlumtea was very proud of his wife, and he said to every one,—"If my wife comes and asks for leaves to wrap up rice in, for the road, don't say you have any, even though you really have," said he. Then he sent her to get some leaves to wrap up the rice in, but no one said,—"I have some." She went through the whole village, but did not get a single one. Then her husband said,—"Just take the leaves of the *saishu* which is in our garden," said he. She was about to take one; she plucked at it, but could not pluck it off, so she tried to bite it off, but the *saishu* cut her tongue. She died. It is ended."

The object of sending his wife to fetch the leaves, and telling every one not to give them to her, was to ensure every one in the village seeing her and having an opportunity of admiring her. The casual way in which Tonulawki is introduced is very characteristic of the Lushais. Many a time have I been driven to desperation, when trying a case, by the sudden appearance of a new character quite at the end of the story, who, on inquiry, turns out to be the most important of the whole lot. Sometimes two Lushais would come and wrangle for an hour about a gyal; after much trouble I would arrive at a decision, and the parties would go off, but return and ask,—"What is to be done with the girl?" "What girl?" "Why the girl that the case was about." "But you never

mentioned any girl, you talked about a gyal." "Of course, we thought you *knew* about the girl," they would say; "the gyal was her mother's price," and then the whole thing would have to be begun again.

The Story of the Father who abandoned his Children.—"A certain man had two sons. Then his wife died, so he married another. Then their stepmother hated the children. While the father was away in his cultivation, she threw herself down on the firewood, and raised weals. "Hei! Your children cannot bear me, they have beaten me with the firewood, I shall not be able to stay. Do you prefer your wife? If you prefer your children, let me go," she said. Then the father,—"Of course I prefer my wife," said he. He took his two children with him into the jungle, and, when they had gone a very long way, their father said to them,—"Do you know this neighbourhood?" and they replied,—"We know it, it is the jungle we drive our bison in," said they. So they went on again. "Do you know this?" he said. "It is the jungle where we gather fruits," they said. So they went on again. "Do you know this?" he asked. "It is where we gather *koi* seeds," said they. So they went on again. "What place is this?", he said again. "We don't know," they said. So then he piled up bamboo grass and put them to sleep on it; they went fast asleep; he plastered up their eyes with beeswax; he abandoned them. Then his sons woke up from their sleep, and lo! their father was not there. . . . Then they were perplexed, and went off. "Let us take a look around," they said. So the elder one climbed up a tree, and there he found some hornbill's eggs. "Younger brother, I've found hornbill's eggs," he said. Then his younger brother said,—"Throw them down," so he threw one down, and it broke. Then,—"Elder brother! it has broken. Bring one down in your mouth," he said. He put one in his mouth, he swallowed it, and was changed into a hornbill. Then

his younger brother called,—"Elder brother!", and he answered,—"*Awk ngang.*" Then he cried,—"Younger brother! Look here, I will fly, do you go along steadily in my shadow," he said. Then he flew, and the younger brother went along in his shadow. Then he passed through a virgin forest, and he lost his elder brother's shadow, and, being much perplexed, he climbed up to the top of a fig-tree, and there was some fruit. Then he saw Mother Ghost. "Gather me some," she said. "Give me your walking-stick, and I'll knock some down for you," he said. So she gave it. "Open your mouth wide," said the orphan, and she opened it. Then the orphan hurled the stick at her. "You are spearing me," said the Mother Ghost. "Spearing you! Not at all, I dropped it by chance. Open your mouth again, and give me up the stick again." So she gave it up again, and opened her mouth wide. He threw it slap into her mouth. He speared her to death. Then he came down, and took her stick and went off. Then a tigress had died, and its cubs were crying, but he thrust his stick into her, and she came to life, and he left her. He arrived at a strange village. The widow said,—"Don't come to stay in my house, my dog has died; I am not able to entertain any one," she said. "Oh yes, I'll come; I'll bring it to life again," he said. "Go on, how will you be able to bring it to life?", said she. Then he pushed his stick into the dog, and it came to life again. Then the widow was very delighted indeed. Then, just at that very time, the chief's daughter died. The widow went to the wake. Then the orphan said,—"Granny! If I can marry her without paying anything, I'll restore her to life." Then she repeated it, and the chief said,—"If he can restore her to life, call him down, he shall marry her," he said. Then she called him down, and he restored her to life and married her without paying a price. After a short time they were going to hold their *Khuangchoi* feast, and they called the elder brother, who

had been changed into a hornbill, and, indeed, many hornbills came flying. "Is my brother there among you?", he said. "He is not with us, he is behind scratching up a Burman's excrement," they said. Presently his elder brother came flying up. "Is my elder brother up there?", he said. "I am here," said his elder brother." Eventually the younger brother, tiring of life, was turned into a hornbill, and joined his elder brother.

The following tale is told by the Lamgang, who are now settled in the southern portion of the Manipur state, but undoubtedly are closely allied to the Lushais. It was taken down by Babu Nithor Nath Banerji, and I have retained his expressive phraseology. "Once upon a time there lived a man. One day he heard from one of his village people that his crops were being destroyed by wild pigs, in the paddy field. He was very sorry to hear this report, and determined to kill the pigs. On the next day he set out with his wife, with arrows and bows; on his way he found a wild pig and aimed at it, but unfortunately his aim failed. But his wife covered the pig with her basket, which she had on her shoulder. The husband told his wife,—"Oh! my beloved wife, let the pig go, I will kill it with my arrow, it is really very disgraceful for me that my aim failed, and my wife caught it with her basket." On hearing this she let loose the pig, and the aim of her husband failed again, and the pig ran away. The husband, feeling much shame, followed it, and it happened that he met a tiger, and the tiger killed him. The wife had to wait for him till evening, and was obliged to return home at last. At daybreak she set forth to search for her husband in the jungles, and met the tiger which killed her husband. She was much frightened, and jumped to escape, but her efforts were in vain, the tiger soon caught and killed her. But ah! the most untoward event took place; the woman was enceinte. When the tiger caught her, twins were born, and the tiger ran away on seeing the two boys. When the tiger had gone away, a

frog and a crow came to the place, and took the boys to their home. After some time the frog and the crow asked the boys to kill the tiger who destroyed their parents. One day the boys went into the jungle and searched for the tiger, and by chance they met him under a tree. The boys addressed him,—"Oh, tiger, you are the greatest foe of ours, who destroyed our parents." The tiger replied,—"Yes, my lovely boys, I killed your parents. I will make you rich if you do not kill me." Saying so, he took them into a cave and showed them 2 golden *dolais* (litters). The boys rode in them, and returned to the frog and crow, who took them to their grandfather, who was much delighted with his grandsons, and gave permission to live with him happily." Being carried in litters is an honour reserved for great men in Manipur, and among some clans the giver of a feast to the whole village is accorded this honour. I do not know exactly why the tiger could not eat up the children. Probably their having been brought into the world by his act, in killing their mother, was supposed to give them some power over him. In one or two tales the murderer is killed by his victim's son.

The Bear's Water-hole.—"The Bear made a dam to collect water, and put the Monkey to watch it. Every sort of animal came crying,—"I am dry. Who has water which he does not want? I am dry." The Monkey always said, —"The water belongs to Granddaddy Bear. If you dare to drink, drink. If you dare to suck, suck it up." Then the Tiger came along, saying,—"I am dry. Who has water which he does not want? I am dry." The Monkey replied,—"It is my Granddaddy Bear's water. If you dare to drink, drink. If you dare to suck, suck it up." The Tiger drank it all, he sucked the place dry. Then the Monkey went to the Bear, and said,—"Oh Granddaddy Bear, the Tiger has drunk your water." So the Bear rushed up and began to fight with the Tiger. They fought a long time, and both died, and the Monkey took their

bones. "Whose bones will sound, whether my Grand Dad the Tiger's or Granddaddy the Bear's?", he said, and so, taking the bones which would sound, he made a *Rot-chhem*[9] out of them, and he sat in the fork of a tree and played on it. The Quail, hearing the sound, came up. "Hallo! Monkey, let me play for a bit," he said. "Oh ho," said the Monkey, "you will fly off with the *Rot-chhem*." "If you fear that," said the Quail, "hold me by the tail." So the Monkey held him tight by the tail, and off he flew, but the Monkey pulled his tail clean out. Then the Quail came and begged for his tail, saying,—"Do give me back my tail." But the Monkey replied,—"You can ransom it by paying 8 mithans (gyals)." "Oh," said the Quail, "if I have to pay 8 mithans for it, I'll just remain tailless," and flew away."

Time will not admit of my giving you any more specimens of these tales. There is a very large number to choose from,—tales of the man who could be a tiger whenever he wanted, tales of the origin of witchcraft of *Khaw-hring*, that dangerous power possessed by some women of entering into the bodies of other women, or "eating" them as it is called, and tales to account for the names of rivers and hills and for peculiarities of animals, such as the one last read, which explains the shortness of the quail's tail.

J. SHAKESPEAR.

Plates XXI.–XXVI. are reproductions from some of the lantern slides exhibited at the meeting, and were commented upon by Mrs. Shakespear as follows:—

Plate XXI. (p. 388) shows a typical Lushai village (Nichama's), perched on the apex of a hill and straggling down the sides a little way. The village had been fired by a punitive expedition when the photograph was taken, and clouds of smoke are drifting from the more distant houses. The villages are always built on the hill tops,

[9] A musical instrument of the flute type.

and every drop of water has to be carried up from the bottom in bamboos by the women. One is not surprised, therefore, at the Lushais being chary of using this precious water for other than cooking purposes, and that they are supposed to be very unclean. But when, on the march, they come to a river or stream, they take the opportunity of having a good wash, and, when we employed them as servants, they took a pride in keeping themselves clean.

Plate XXII. (p. 390) gives a very good idea of a grass-roofed *Zal-Buk*, or Bachelors' Sleeping-house, a kind of Young Men's Club, where all the young men of the village congregate of an evening, and smoke home-grown, home-cured, evil-smelling tobacco, drink home-brewed *zu* (rice-beer), gossip, have sing-songs, and generally enjoy themselves. Sometimes they are turned out of the *Zal-Buk* and it becomes the "guest-house," and is used to accommodate distinguished visitors, such as ourselves when we were on tour. On one such occasion we had to take refuge in a *Zal-Buk* because I was very ill, and it was inexpedient that I should continue to live in a tent, as I very much preferred doing. However, the particular *Zal-Buk* was so large that my tent could go inside it, which made it very comfortable for me, and gave me more privacy than I should otherwise have had. But unfortunately on the first night *all* the animals of the village seemed to assemble underneath the *Zal-Buk*, which, as shown, is raised high on piles and affords ample accommodation, and, as they never for a moment ceased to rub themselves against the piles and emit weird sounds, the whole structure was subjected to a continuous shaking, something after the nature of a gentle, though prolonged, earthquake. The second evening, at about dusk, a great shouting was heard from the door of the chief's house, and the villagers were summoned to listen to a proclamation. When all were assembled, the herald gave out in stentorian tones the chief's "word," which was to the effect that

everyone might keep their animals under their own houses, or anywhere else they liked, *except* under the *Zal-Buk*; if one found its way under the *Zal-Buk*, dire would be the penalties inflicted on its owner. As the chief is always a very great man in his own village, and his word is law, we were afterwards able to sleep in peace, undisturbed by nocturnal earthquakes.

Plate XXIII. (p. 392) shows in the centre Darbilli, a venerable chieftainess of the Fanai clan. She was gifted with rare foresight, and, when my husband first went up with the Expedition to the hills, she sent men in to say that she knew the British were going to win, and she wanted to help them to do so; she certainly always gave us all the assistance in her power. When I first saw her, I thought she was very, very old,—quite a hundred years old, I should have said unhesitatingly,—but I am told that she was probably sixty or seventy when she died, about ten years or more after I first saw her. She was a dear old lady, and I was very fond of her. Her death was somewhat tragic. She fell ill, and the wise ones said that the illness was due to witchcraft, and the remedy was the liver of the wizard. Her people did their best for her. The wizard was killed, and his liver procured, but unfortunately the old lady died before they could bring it to her.

Plate XXIV. shows the Lushai carrying round the bones of their ancestors, with various trophies of the chase, etc., showing what important personages the departed were. The bones are enclosed in gourds carried upon a litter. I have never been present at one of these ceremonies, but I was told that there were few, if any, rites. It was mainly one of the occasions, so dear to the unregenerate Lushai heart, which afford unexceptionable opportunities for unlimited *zu* drinking.

Plate XXV. shows a Fanai chief in full war-paint. His gun is probably an old Tower musket, gorgeously lacquered,

as I have seen many a time. The shield is covered with curious little brass caps, and finished with little tails of goats' hair, dyed red and black. The Fanai live on the eastern border of the Lushai. They differ in many ways from the Poi, another clan which figures in many of the tales. But the difference that struck me most was the different method of hair-dressing. The photograph of Darbilli and her two attendants shows the method of the Fanai women, and Plate XXV. that of the men,—viz. with their "back hair" hanging down loose and straight, and the front part drawn up and twisted into a neat roll or knob. The Poi draws up "back hair" and front tight on the top of his head, and, right on his forehead, coils it round and round until it forms a big "Chelsea bun," through which a massive hair-pin is generally thrust. By this it will be seen that the Lushai gentleman by no means considers it "a shame" to have long hair. Both Fanai and Poi plentifully besmear their long, thick locks with pigs' fat,—as, indeed, do all the Lushais, men and women.

Plate XXVI. shows a stone monument in the beautiful Valley of Champhai. It had fallen down, and the upper portion of it had been broken off, when it was discovered by Mr. Porteous, (my husband's predecessor in the North Lushai Hills), who had it re-erected. I believe it commemorates some great chief, but I do not remember the name of this chief, nor even if it is known. On the upper portion of the stone, (which it was impossible to replace, and which is just visible in the photograph, behind the main portion), there is carved the full length figure of a warrior, holding in his right hand a spear, and presumably the chief himself. On the upper part of the main portion there are four lines of figures (and indications of another row along the line of breakage), each line containing six or seven figures, holding hands. Whether these are supposed to represent the slaves the great man possessed on this plane of existence, or the slaves which, by the simple

process of removing their heads, on various head-hunting expeditions, he had sent on ahead of him to the Underworld to await his coming, is, of course, purely conjectural. Underneath these are two spear-heads, and beneath these five goats' horns, which, venturing once more into the realm of conjecture, we took to mean that the deceased was a mighty warrior and a wealthy chief.

NOTES.[10]

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The following notes refer to only a few of the interesting points in the above paper. The tale of the origin of the Lushais from a hole or cave in the ground is also found among the Nāga tribes north. At Maikel, to bear witness to the truth of the tale, is the stone which stood over the mouth of the cave. Dr. Brown in his *Account of Munnipore*, written in 1868, (p. 113), says that the Angamis had among them a legend of much the same purport, and I have collected a similar tale among the Kabuis, a tribe in contact with the Kukis. I have heard that the Angamis now relate a tale of their origin which seems to indicate that they have forgotten, and have abandoned, their former legend. As regards the eclipse stories, which are widely diffused, I venture to think that they have been multiplied by an error in transmission, which is interesting if only because it illustrates the difficulty experienced in this area where dialectical differentiation has been so marked. The Koms say that the Sun God stole the magic which cured all the ills of mankind, and the Kabuis have much the same tale. The Hiroi Lamgang say that the tobacco was carried off, while the Anals say that the *virtue* of the holy man was looted by the Sun. In Kuki, (*v.* my Thādo grammar), the word for magic is *doi*, and for medicine is *lo*, and for tobacco, *dūm* or *damūm*. In Lushai, the corresponding words are *doi*,

[10] Report of remarks made in course of discussion at Meeting.

dam-doi or *hlō*, and *dam-ei* or *vaï-hlo*.[11] In Meithei, the one word *hidāk* means magic, medicine, and tobacco. Its primary sense, I venture to believe, is that of the material apparatus used in magic. In a secondary and derived sense, it means medicine and anything which produces strange mysterious effects, such as the narcotisation due to the use of roughly cured native tobacco. All these terms are applied to material objects, but the influence of Hindu ideas, which is so strong among the Meitheis, has doubtless touched the Anals and Hiroi Lamgangs, who are in close contact with their Meithei overlords. *Hidāk*, (or *doi*, or *hlō*), seems to have acquired the meaning of magical virtue. In Hindu philosophy, *gun* or virtue is the abstract quality inherent in anything which produces remarkable effects.[12] It is *gun*, the personal power, which enables one to do things. It is a term of philosophical abstraction, and the Tibeto-Burman languages are notably poor in abstractions.[13]

The tale about the lightning has a parallel among the Thādos. The Rain God, a mighty hunter, comes home hot and weary from the chase, and finds that his wife has forgotten to get the *zu* ready. He stamps about, and swears at her, thus making the thunder, and draws his *dao* in anger upon her, the flash of which is the lightning. But in Thādo the word for thunder is *wān aghin*, the clang of the high arch of heaven; *wān* is the round vault, anything rounded; *bān* in Meithei compounds has the same force. The Thādo word for lightning is *mei aying*, fire in darkness. Among the Meitheis we have the tale lost to popular memory, but preserved in their vocabulary, for their word for thunder is *nong khongba*, the noise of the rain, and for lightning *nōng-thāng-kup-pa*, which means the flash of the rain *dao*. *Nōng* means Rain God, *thāng* means *dao*, and *kup* is a root meaning to flash, to be

[11] J. H. Lorrain and F. N. Savidge, *A Grammar and Dictionary of the Lushai Language (Dulien dialect)*.

[12] See H. H. Wilson, *Religion of Hindus*, vol. i., pp. 95 and 246.

[13] See *Linguistic Survey of India*, vol. iii. Part iii., p. 16.

bright.[14] The tales of the earthquake and the deaf Deity who is interested in the fate of mankind are also common among the Nāga tribes north. The snake legend is of peculiar interest, for the big snake,—*rul-pi* in Lushai, *ghul-pi* in Thādo, *lairen* in Meithei,—is a notable feature of popular legend. Colonel M'Culloch records, (*Account of the Valley of Munnipore*, p. 32), how sudden sickness was attributed by a Kuki of his acquaintance to the mere sight of a snake, while I have found the belief that it is a sin to see a snake, and one of those events which necessitate a special village *genna* (imposition of tabus). In Manipur we have the Pākhangba legend,[15] and the Lushai story may be usefully contrasted with the U Thlen legend, so graphically described by Colonel Gurdon in *The Khasis* (p. 98). In the Lushai tale it may be noted that the snake appears when summoned by a virgin, that he is concerned in the unchastity of the elder sister, and that he requires human sacrifice. The curious will find the connection of the snake with unchastity is discussed at length and with much ingenuity by Mr. Crawley in *The Mystic Rose* (p. 193). I will only say that I have been solemnly assured that the lack of chastity among the ladies of royal blood in Manipur, upon which Colonel M'Culloch remarks (*op. cit.*, p. 19), is due to their descent from a snake ancestor.

The Lamgang story of the lads who did not kill the tiger which killed their father and mother is, I think, to be explained by a tale which I heard among the Aimōl Kukis, where there is a clan, now called the Ningthaja clan (for Meithei nomenclature has been liberally adopted by, or forced upon, them), to which the flesh of the tiger is strictly forbidden because the first head of the clan was killed by a tiger. I have elsewhere been told that the family of a person who has been killed by a snake may not eat the flesh of a snake, and I suggest that the tabu against dealings with the creature which killed their

[14] See T. C. Hodson, *The Meitheis*, p. 111. [15] T. C. Hodson, *op. cit.*, p. 101.

parents is the explanation of the otherwise strange apathy of the lads when the tiger was in their power.

The *Khaw-hring* or *Khāhrin*, monster vampires, are of the same brood as the Meithei *hing-chā-bi*. *Hing* means to be alive, *chā* to eat, and *bi* is either the magnitive suffix or the feminine suffix.[16]

The *Zal-buk*, or bachelors' hall, is a common feature of Nāga village life, and was part of the village system in Manipur, where, in the tale of Khamba and Thoibi,[17] mention is often made of the Pākhonvāl and the corresponding institution for the girls, the Ningonvāl.

Among the slides was one of a Poi whose mode of coiffure strangely resembles that of the Manipur Marring. The Marring have a tale[18] of the origin and purpose of the steel bodkin which they now keep thrust through the bun of hair in front. It was, so they say, the implement with which they used to write. They used the skins of animals as material, while those cunning fellows, the Manipuris, used leaves and bits of board. It fell out that, one day, they all went down to the river to bathe, and then the dogs took advantage of their absence and ate up all the skins, so that from that day till now they have remained in ignorance of this useful art. This tale, with appropriate variants, is found very widely dispersed, and is one of the general Tibeto-Burman store. I cannot conclude without remarking how vividly this paper brings home to me the essential unity which underlies all the remarkable linguistic and ethnical variety of this part of Assam. The more I hear of Lushai folk and their ways and habits of thought, the more am I convinced that they differ from their neighbours the Nāgas much less than we were brought up to believe. Differences there are, patent many of them to the eye, but there is fundamental unity, which we are apt to overlook or to under-estimate.

T. C. HODSON.

[16] Cf. T. C. Hodson, *op. cit.*, p. 96. [17] T. C. Hodson, *op. cit.*, p. 153.
[18] Dr. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 125.

FOUR-FOOTED MAN: A NOTE ON GREEK ANTHROPOLOGY.

BY E. E. SIKES, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN *Folk-Lore* for March last, p. 106, Mr. Nutt, reviewing Prof. Mair's *Hesiod*, invites the editor to reconsider his view that "the notion of primitive man going on all fours . . . is, so far as I know, quite un-Greek; there is nothing in Aischylos's account of the state of the primitive men whom Prometheus rescued—who lived like ants in sunless caves—to suggest that they did not walk erect," (*Hesiod*, p. 103). Mr. Nutt, on the contrary, thinks that the reference to ants in the *Prometheus Vinctus* (ll. 452 *et seq.*) "*is* suggestive of a profound difference between primitive man and man as taught by Prometheus, and contains nothing invalidating the hypothesis that he went on all fours. Indeed it might plausibly be contended that by his parallel with ants Aeschylus *did* imply as much."

The question whether there is any trace in Greek thought of a primitive quadrupedal man has never, I believe, been thoroughly examined. It would be very interesting if such a trace could be found; for the Greeks would be shown to have anticipated modern views of evolution more nearly than is generally supposed. That they held certain evolutionary ideas is well known, and needs no lengthy discussion here, the subject being fully treated in such books as *From the Greeks to Darwin* (H. F. Osborn, 1894), *A History of Science* (H. S. Williams,

1904), *Greek Thinkers* (Gomperz, Engl. Transl. vol. i.), and recently in a very interesting article by Prof. Myres (*Anthropology and the Classics*, 1908, pp. 121-168). As I shall only refer to this article when unable to agree with Prof. Myres' conclusions, I am the more anxious to express my appreciation of this admirable study of Herodotus as the Father of Anthropology.

An enquiry into the Greek ideas on the origin and primitive condition of man must take into account the evidence of folklore, philosophy, and poetry. Practically, however, we may consider the evidence as only two-fold; for the classical poets, when they do not follow or adopt popular traditions, are influenced by philosophic speculation. Euripides is the mouthpiece of Anaxagoras, and reflects much of sophistic teaching; Lucretius represents the standpoint of the Epicureans; Aratus and Manilius, that of the Stoics.

If the Aeschylean passage really implies a belief that original man walked on all fours, we may therefore look for parallels either in popular thought or in more advanced speculation; for it might be contended, with equal show of probability, that Aeschylus is here, as often, drawing on the resources of folklore, or that he is putting into poetical form a theory of some Ionian philosopher such as Anaximander.

It will be unnecessary to examine at length the popular accounts of the creation of man, as this subject is discussed in the ordinary textbooks of Greek mythology (*e.g.* Preller-Robert, vol. i., pp. 78 *et seq.*: Gruppe, *Griech. Myth.*, pp. 438 *et seq.*). To account for the existence of man, various explanations were offered, which may be summarised as follows:—

(1) Creation of men by the gods. This is the idea in the Homeric description of Zeus as πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε and in the Hesiodean Ages (*Op.* 109 *et seq.*). The common belief, that certain races or individuals

were the descendants of some god, is a modification of the belief that all men are descended from, or created by, gods.

(2) Origin of gods and men from the ocean. (Homer, *Il.*, xiv. 246.)

(3) Origin from the earth itself. This conception may well be the oldest. According to Hesiod (*Op.* 107) the gods and men are born together, and to Homer (*h. Ap.* 336) their common parents are the earth-born Titans; in Pindar (*Nem.* vi. 1) the mother of gods and men is the earth. The ancestors of various Greek races were *αὐτόχθονες* (see Preller-Robert, vol. i., p. 79).

(4) It was commonly thought that the first men were born of ash-trees or oaks. In Hesiod (*Op.* 145) Zeus makes the third or Bronze Age *ἐκ μελιᾶν*, the particular tree being perhaps suggested by the fact that the spear, appropriate to the violence of the age, was of ash-wood. So Hesych. *μελίας καρπός· τὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων γένος* (Palaeph. 36, schol. on *Il.*, xxii. 126). The Homeric *οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυός ἐσσι παλαιφάτου οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης* (*Od.* xix. 163) may ultimately be connected with this idea; cf. Plato, *Ap.* 34 D, and other exx. in Leaf on *Il. l.c.* The Roman poets also made use of the legend (see Virgil, *Aen.*, viii. 314, Juvenal, vi. 12).

(5) Birth from stones. The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha is familiar; it occurs first in Hesiod, fr. 35, and Pindar (*Ol.* ix. 44), and frequently in later literature. This, however, does not refer to an original creation of man, but belongs to the group of myths concerning the Flood.

(6) The myth of Prometheus. In Hesiod, Prometheus is only the giver of fire, and Hephaestus is the creator of the first woman; but it has been thought that this points to an original myth in which all human beings were created by Prometheus (see Norden in Fleckheisen's *Jahrb.*, xix. suppl. 1893, p. 453). But the earliest certain

reference to the myth is in Plato (*Prot.*, 320 D) and Philemon (iv. 32 Mein.).

From this brief survey it will appear that the Greeks had no single "orthodox" belief as to the origin of the human species. But all that concerns us here is to note that in none of these popular or poetic conceptions is there any reference to man's past form or carriage as different from the present. We are therefore thrown back on the philosophers.

The nearest approach to modern ideas of evolution is the view of Anaximander that man was produced from a fish-like ancestor (see authorities in Ritter and Preller, 8th ed. 22). Prof. Myres (pp. 129 *et seq.*) does full justice to the "almost Darwinian outlook" of Anaximander, who realised that other animals soon get their own food, whereas man "needs long nursing," and could not have survived if he had been such as he now is (Ps.-Plut., *Strom.*, 2). According to another account, "men were first produced inside fishes, were nourished like sharks (or 'mud-fish,' according as γαλεοί or πηλαῖοι is read for the corrupt παλαιοί), and, when they could fend for themselves, were cast up and took to the land" (Plut., *Symp. Quaest.*, viii. 8. 4). We must observe, however, that there is not a word to suggest any intermediate stage between the fish-man and man as we know him. When Prof. Myres remarks that "there was a stage in the evolution of man when he ceased to conform to the type even of the highest of marine animals," he seems to import more Darwinism into Anaximander than we have any right to assume. There is no evidence that Anaximander contemplated a gradual development; he appears to have conceived of a single transition *per saltum* from fish to man. In any case, Prof. Myres himself nowhere suggests that Anaximander thought of an ape-like man; on the contrary, he adds,—"Only unacquaintance with the great apes of the tropical world,

and very imperfect acquaintance even with imported monkeys, can have prevented Anaximander from assigning to Man his proper place in an evolutionary Order of *Primates*."[1] But, if I am right in supposing that Anaximander believed in a transition *per saltum*, no familiarity with monkeys would have suggested to him this relationship, which seems to have been first clearly indicated by Erasmus Darwin (Osborn, p. 141).[2]

The theory of a quadrupedal man seems, therefore, to get no support from the first Greek "evolutionist." There remains the evidence of other Greek thinkers who did not subscribe to the belief in a "special creation" of man by divine or heroic agency. The ordinary view of philosophers in the sixth and fifth centuries favoured spontaneous generation of man. Xenophanes assigned to man an origin from "earth and water" (*R.P.* 103); Parmenides held that man was born from slime (ἐξ ἰλύος, see *R.P.* 126); Anaxagoras believed that all animals, as well as plants, arose from seeds which were brought down by rain from the air (*R.P.* 160), and this view was popularised by Euripides. Democritus, followed later by Epicurus, held that men were generated from slime; Epicurus added the idea that the first human beings were born as children and nourished by the milk-like juices of the earth until they reached manhood (Censorinus, *De Die* N. 4, 9). But none of these philosophers, so far as is known, suspected any evolution of man. We now come to Empedocles, who dimly anticipated the idea of the survival of the fittest, and who, if anyone, might have conceived of an ape-like man. In his evolutionary scheme there are four stages, of which, according to Burnet, pp. 280 *et seq.*, only the two last belong to the evolution of the present world. These

[1] On Anaximander, see Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophers*, 2nd ed., p. 72.

[2] Aristotle (*Hist. An.*, B. 8., 502 *a*) notes that monkeys share their nature both with men and quadrupeds; but he is of course bringing monkeys up towards men, not men down towards monkeys.

stages are: (1) That in which single parts of animals arose separately, (*e.g.* heads without necks). (2) These parts continued at random, thus forming monstrosities, such as *βουγενῆ ἀνδρόπρωρα*, man-headed oxen. Only those survived which were composed of a fitting structure, and the rest perished. (3) "Whole forms" of human beings sprang from the earth, composed of earth and water, but with no distinction of sex. (4) Male and female were differentiated, and human beings now multiplied by generation. The second stage, as far as concerns the survival of fit *species*,[3] is of great interest, but does not bear on our present question. It is clear that the Empedoclean predecessor of man belongs to the third stage, of sexless, but otherwise complete, human forms. These, in their turn, were replaced by men and women.

We may next consider Archelaus, the teacher of Socrates, and the great exponent of a rationalistic interpretation of the universe and man. The chief reference to his views (Hippol., *Ref. Haer.*, i. 9, *R.P.* 217) is thus translated by Prof. Myres:—

"Concerning animals he said that when the earth became warm . . . there came to light the rest of the animals, of many dissimilar kinds, but all with the same mode of life, maintained by the slime; and they were short-lived. But, afterwards, interbreeding occurred among these and men were separated off from the rest, and they constituted leaders and customs and arts and cities and so forth. And, he says, reason is implanted in all animals alike; for each uses it according to his bodily frame, one more tardily, another more promptly."

Prof. Myres calls this "the biological theory of evolution in a most explicit form," and the passage undoubtedly shows that Archelaus realised the close relationship of man with other animals. But, when we examine the passage more closely, the explicitness of the evolutionary

[3] There is no idea of the Darwinian "struggle for existence," which does not concern different species, but refers to the struggle for food among the superabundant young of one species (see Ray Lancaster, *Kingdom of Man*, ch. i.).

theory is hardly so apparent. Prof. Myres has accidentally omitted some very important words: the original is *ἀνεφαίνετο τά τε ἄλλα ζῷα πολλὰ καὶ οἱ ἄνθρωποι*, "there came to light the rest of the animals *and men also*." This omission, I think, makes considerable difference in the argument; there is no distinction between early infusorian forms and the higher vertebrates evolved from lower organism. Archelaus holds that animals and men appeared on the scene together; at their first appearance they were autochthonous and short-lived; they were succeeded by other animals and men, and then interbred and attained greater longevity.[4] In fine, Archelaus offers no trace of any evolution of man from non-human or semi-human progenitors.

The age of Anaxagoras and Archelaus was also the age of the Sophists,—a time in which the claims of Nature to override Law or Convention were widely debated, and the cry "Return to Nature" was first raised. The analogy of the lower animals was frequently adduced in discussions on human life or morality. Even Plato, the bitter opponent of Sophistic and Cynic views, thinks that women should share in the duties of the masculine "guardian," on the ground that a difference of sex causes no distinction of duties in the case of watch-dogs.[5] But in none of the literature of this period is there, I believe, the slightest reference to a primitive quadrupedal man. By this time the two possible views as to the original state of man were sharply defined,—(1) that he had declined from a Golden Age,[6] and (2) that he had risen from a savage condition by his own efforts. The antithesis, in one sense, is radical,

[4] By interbreeding (*ἐξ ἀλλήλων γένεσις συνέστη*) Archelaus does not imply that men were produced by evolutionary interbreeding, as might possibly be thought; he means that in the first stage animals and men were spontaneously generated, but in the second they produced offspring (cf. the Empedoclean idea).

[5] *Republic*, 451 D; cf. also *Laws*, 814 B, 836 C, 840 E. Later, the Epicureans laid special stress on analogies from animals (Cicero, *Fin.* ii., 10, 33).

[6] For the Golden Age, see K. F. Smith in Hastings' *Encycl. Religion and Ethics*, s.v. *Ages of the World*, where full authorities and references are given.

but, in another, it is perhaps unimportant for our present enquiry. For those who adopted the theory of a Golden Age agreed with the Epicurean view, that there was a time when men were quite uncivilised.[7] Our problem is simply to discover what was the lowest possible degree of savagery conceived by any Greek, of whatever school. Among the poets, Aeschylus had already described the life of primitive man as that of a cave-dweller, destitute of all civilisation. Euripides (*Supp.*, 201 *et seq.*) puts an interesting description of primitive man into the mouth of Theseus, who praises "whatever god it was who ordered our life from a confused and bestial state," by giving intelligence, speech, and civilisation. Critias (fr. 1) characterised man's life as ἄτακτος, θηριώδης; he held that the object of law was simply punishment, and a clever man invented gods to supplement deficiencies of law. Still later in the list of tragic poets, Moschion (fr. 6) also describes the beast-like life of cave-dwellers. The prose-writers give the same sort of evidence as the poets mentioned above. The views of Plato and Aristotle on primitive man would require many pages for an adequate discussion; but it may here be enough to point out that neither philosopher conceives a lower stage for primitive humanity than that of the savage, (Plato, *Prot.*, 322 B *et seq.*, *Rep.*, 369 B *et seq.*, *Laws*, 676 A *et seq.*; Aristotle, *Pol.*, ii. 8). Plato, like the Epicureans after him, laid stress on man's struggles with wild beasts; man is thus clearly marked off from θηρία in the earliest times. The Cynical "Return to Nature" led to many excesses and absurdities; but, though the Cynics justified even cannibalism and incest on the ground that these crimes are "natural" to man as cognate to other animals, they never suggested that man's erect posture was not "natural" and primitive.

Though the *life* of primitive man is beast-like, his form

[7] For accounts influenced by Stoicism, see Aratus, *Phaen.*, 97 *et seq.*; Manilius, i. 58 *et seq.*; Seneca, *Ep.* 90.

and carriage are tacitly assumed to be as at the present day. On the question of his *size*, there is less agreement. There was a widespread belief, found as early as Homer, that, (apart from a special race of giants), men had grown smaller. Empedocles thought that the men of his own day were as children compared to their first ancestors, (Plut. *Ep.* v. 27 = Diels, p. 440). The belief was no doubt supported by the discovery of mammoth bones etc., (see Frazer on *Paus.*, viii., 29. 1, and *Adonis*, p. 74). The Epicureans, as represented by Lucretius (v. 913 *et seq.*), denied the possibility of such giants, but allowed that the first men were hardier and bigger than their descendants, as being born direct from the hard earth. Clearly the Epicureans, the great champions of natural development, would have rejected any suggestion which would have made man weaker instead of stronger than at the present day. In fact, Lucretius definitely attributes the superiority of man over most of the wild beasts to "the wondrous strength of his *hands* and feet" (v. 966), whereby he was able to fight with stones and clubs. Before the Epicureans, Anaxagoras had noted that man is the most intelligent of animals because he has hands, thus showing his appreciation of man 'the tool-bearer,' whereas Aristotle, less fortunately, reversed the application, arguing that man possessed hands because he is the wisest, (*Part. Anim.*, iv., p. 10). Later Epicurean accounts of early man agree with Lucretius in starting from the savage, *e.g.* Horace, *Sat.*, i. 3. 99 *et seq.*, (where *prorepserunt* only refers to the actual birth of man, as is shown by *unguibus et pugnis* immediately following). Vitruvius (ii. 1, a thoroughly Epicurean chapter) distinguishes primitive man from the other animals by his erect posture and his hands. Diodorus (i. 8), who gives the official Epicurean view, also emphasises the value of the hand. Pliny (*N.H.*, vii., 1) speaks of a baby as *quadrupedi similem*, without drawing any inference therefrom. His 'Indian Satyrs' (vii., 2), who are bipeds or quadrupeds

at will, are not thought of as normal men, or even monkeys, but simply monstrosities, like the Skiapodes or any other *lusus naturae.* The fragments of Diogenes of Enoanda (9, 10, William's ed. pp. 15 *et seq.*) confirm the general Epicurean tradition.

The medical literature from Hippocrates to Galen may be classed as philosophical, on the authority of Galen himself, who wrote a tract with the object of proving that "the best physician is a philosopher." On the author of the books on Diet, Gomperz (*Greek Thinkers*, E.T., vol. i. p. 292) remarks that "no hint of the doctrine of evolution had crossed his mind." Hippocrates, as Professor Myres points out, is in the full current of Ionic rationalism; but, though his treatise περὶ Ἀέρων is of great interest to the anthropologist, his evolutionary ideas do not go beyond two doctrines,—(1) that man is influenced both in form and character by his climatic environment, and (2) that, as he believes, certain artificial or acquired characteristics can be transmitted. Galen (ὅτι ταῖς τοῦ σώματος κράσεσιν, 8 *et seq.*) mentions Hippocrates' theory on environment with approval, quoting also Plato, *Laws*, 747 D. His own views on the origin of animals seem to have been undecided; but he draws a distinct line of demarcation between men and beasts, (*e.g. Protrept*, ch. 1 and 9).

To these negative considerations, (and, from the nature of the case, the argument must be mainly negative), at least one positive fact may be added. While no single passage can be quoted to suggest a Greek belief in four-footed man, a large number of passages deal with his upright position. Diogenes of Apollonia explained man's superior intelligence by his erect carriage, which enabled him to breathe purer air, though, as Theophrastus remarked, this argument would make birds even more intelligent than man, (*De sens.*, 48). In Xenophon (*Mem.*, 1., 4., 11) Socrates considers it a sign of Providence that man alone of animals is erect, and his hands also testify to

Design. Aristotle, (*Part. An.*, iv., 10. 8), with his usual teleology, says that man is upright because his nature and essence is divine. Often the reason assigned for this ὀρθότης is that man may gaze on the heaven; see Cicero (*Laws*, i. 26, *Nat. Deor.* ii. 40) and Ovid (*Met.* i. 84 *et seq.*). Prometheus gave man his upright position at birth (78 *et seq.*); Vitr. (ii. 1), Seneca (*Ot. Sap.*, 32), Lactantius (*De op.*, 8), and other passages quoted by Mayor on *Juvenal*, xv. 147.

In supporting Prof. Mair's belief that the idea of man going on all fours is un-Greek, I am conscious of the difficulty which always attends the proof of a negative, and the fallacy of the *argumentum a silentio* may easily be quoted on the other side. If, however, the above arguments are correct, it would appear that the onus of proof should be shifted to those who doubt Prof. Mair's belief. I have at least tried to show that, not only would such a conspiracy of silence be very remarkable, but that there is an actual reason why Prof. Mair seems to be right; *i.e.* that the evolutionary ideas inherent in the theory of four-footed man were outside the range of Greek thought.

It only remains to add that, in my opinion, Prof. Mair is right in rejecting Dr. Adam's interpretation of Hesiod, *Op.* 113, and Plato, *Symp.* 189 E. With regard to Hesiod, Prof. Mair's explanation of the words πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὁμοῖοι as a test of perpetual youth is quite conclusive. The androgynous man imagined (according to Plato) by Aristophanes may "travel by a series of somersaults," but certainly does not go on all fours; indeed, Plato distinctly specifies his carriage as upright,—ἐπορεύετο δὲ καὶ ὀρθὸν ὥσπερ νῦν ὁποτέρωσε βουληθείη. The two pairs of legs serve the creature in walking either way. Finally, the comparison of Aeschylus between men, who burrow underground for their dwellings (κατώρυχες), and ants, is surely pertinent as it stands; it is a simple poetical *simile*, which, in default of other evidence, cannot be pressed beyond its obvious application.

E. E. SIKES.

THE BANTU ELEMENT IN SWAHILI FOLKLORE.

BY MISS A. WERNER.

(*Read at Meeting, May 19th, 1909.*)

"IT must be remembered," says the late Bishop Steere, in the Preface to his *Swahili Tales* (p. vi.), "that as a Swahili is by definition a man of mixed Negro and Arab descent, he has an equal right to tell tales of Arab and Negro origin."

The Arab element is so predominant in the collection just mentioned, and also in some others to which I shall have occasion to refer, that it would seem as if they would yield few items of interest bearing on genuine African culture.

The same impression is produced at first sight by the valuable compilation published in Germany under the title of *Desturi za Waswahili* (Customs of the Swahili). The constant intervention of the *mwallimu*,—with his chapter of the Koran to be read for every conceivable occurrence in life,—the formulas for charms and amulets, the marriage and funeral ceremonies, the rules of etiquette, and the chapters on education and law, are apt to suggest, on a casual survey, that the student of genuine Bantu custom will find little, if anything, to reward his study. However, on closer examination, we find the two elements persisting side by side, and, in many cases,—as has happened, *mutatis mutandis*, in other

parts of the world,—traditional usages of immemorial antiquity may be figuring under Arabic names as accredited parts of Moslem ritual.

Before passing on to consider some of these points of custom, it may be well to make quite clear who the Waswahili are, for, in consequence of their extensive travels beyond the limits of their original territory, and the fact that their language is perhaps better known by name to Europeans than any other African tongue, there may be a little confusion in our notions on the subject. Of course, as we know, the word Swahili is not a national designation; it simply means "the coast people," being derived from the Arabic word for the coast, and therefore must have been first imposed by the Arabs. By what name the genuine, original Swahili, whose head-quarters seem to have been the island of Pata and the adjacent coast near Lamu, called themselves before the settlements of the Persians and Arabs, I have hitherto been unable to find out. It occurs to me as just possible that Wa Shenzi, which now, in the mouths of the coast people, simply means "pagans," or "bush niggers," may have been a tribal name, as it seems difficult to get a satisfactory etymology for it in Swahili. Even if Krapf was right in spelling it Washinzi and deriving it from *shinda*, "to conquer," it would mean, not "the conquered," as he makes it, but "the conquerors." In his day it seems to have been used as a tribal name, and applied to the people now known as Wabondei.[1] In *Desturi za Waswahili*, which is compiled entirely from trustworthy native accounts, we are informed that

"the meaning of "Waswahili" is "the people of the coast," and the sum of their customs is one from Amu (or Lamu) to Mvita (Mombasa) and from the beginning of the German coast, that is Tanga harbour, to Lindi."

[1] This again only means "those who live in the plain." Their language is distinct from present-day Swahili, but they have to a great extent adopted the latter.

Their usages may differ slightly in detail, but on the whole they are the same, and they draw a clear distinction between themselves and the tribes inland of the narrow strip of coast to which they themselves are confined, these tribes being, in the north, the Wazegeju and Wadigo, and then, as we proceed southward, successively the Wazigula and Wabondei, Wadoe, Wazaramu, Wangindo, and Wayao. The Arab settlements along the east coast of Africa date from very early times. Whatever may be the truth about pre-Islamic settlements, the Sultanate of Kilwa was founded in the tenth century, and about the same time a Persian colony established itself at Lamu. (Sir H. H. Johnston places the arrival of the first Mohammedan colonists about A.D. 720.) The Arabs imported their religion, commerce, industries, arts, language, and literature, and, up to within the last fifty or sixty years, Arabic was the sole medium of culture accessible to the coast-dwellers. Swahili became a written language, (although the Arabic character is not perfectly adapted to it), and developed a literature of its own, and even a system of prosody, with results by no means contemptible, though of course Arabic was always looked upon as the vehicle of the higher scholarship. It is therefore natural that the Swahili language should abound in Arabic words, but its grammar has not been affected to so great an extent. It is true that it has lost many of its characteristic inflections, and that at Zanzibar the influx of Indians and other foreigners has tended to produce a very corrupt jargon; but the first English writer who mentions it, (Sir Thomas Herbert in 1677), fell into a grotesque misconception, perhaps not altogether extinct at the present day, when he called it "a mixture of Arabic and Portuguese." Even at Zanzibar, however, a distinction is drawn between good Swahili and that spoken in the bazaars, and the language spoken at Mombasa and Lamu is far less Arabicized. Moreover, it

preserves expressions, lost at Zanzibar, which show its kinship with the other Bantu tongues.

It has sometimes been said that the admixture of Arab blood gives the Waswahili a great superiority over the African of an inland tribe. This I take leave to doubt. The opinion has gained currency, I fancy, on the authority of explorers who travelled with picked specimens of trained men (trained by experience under other Europeans), and whose standard of virtue and efficiency in details was largely determined by their personal requirements at the moment. Whatever the Arab descent in any given case may amount to,—and one fancies that it is often a negligible quantity,—the system of slavery by which it has been perpetuated must have tended to vitiate any advantages it might have been supposed to entail. I think, where a fair comparison is possible, the average Mnyanwezi, Yao, or Mnyanja compares very favourably with the average coast-man; and, while not undervaluing the elements of culture which the latter has carried far inland, to the shores of Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, it is generally found that the aborigines are decidedly the worse for contact with him.

Taking in the first place agricultural customs, we find an obscure passage which perhaps indicates that the reporter himself did not fully understand what he was describing:—

"They do not eat of the new crops except with *mavumba*. Many have spirits, such as the *kinyamkera*, the *dungumaro*, the *shamũgombe*, and every kind of spirit. There are very few Waswahili who have no spirit. As people inherit property they inherit the family spirit too. And if a person who has a spirit eats without *mavumba*, by the evening he will get fever or some other sickness." (*Desturi*, p. 189.)

Mavumba is explained as "a particular kind of flour," which, presumably, is to be sprinkled over the firstfruits; but I own that this does not seem very satisfactory, and it seems much more probable that the real meaning has

been forgotten.[2] I think we have here a survival of the old Bantu harvest custom, by which no one was allowed to eat of the firstfruits before they had been tasted, with certain ceremonies, by the chief; a custom which, in its Zulu form (*ukushwama*), is fully described in the South African *Folk-Lore Journal*, (Nov., 1879, pp. 134-9). The custom described in the passage immediately preceding, which I now quote, would seem to have had a similar origin:—

"If a friend has come to see him,"—the owner of the field where *mtama* is being reaped,—"they break off for him a head of *mtama*, and it is beaten out, and (the grains) put on a plate and given him to eat, and when he goes away they break off three heads and give them to him as a present. And in like manner, at the rice harvest, if a friend comes along, a bunch of rice is broken off and a woman roasts it and it is given him to eat . . ." Then follows,—"If a man gathers in much millet or rice, he makes an offering (sadaqa) to give to the poor,"—which, of course, is entirely Islamic.

Now, as to the spirits, to return to our first quotation, they sound mysterious enough, and I suspect that two entirely different things have been mixed up because they coincide in prescribing abstinence from something. In another part of the same book, a chapter is devoted to these same spirits, under the appellations above given, and many more; and the drummings, songs, and dances necessary for the expulsion of each one are detailed at length. Each of these spirits forbids the patient (through the practitioner called in) some kind of food; *e.g.*, those possessed by the *dungumaro* may not eat mutton, and the *shamũgombe* does not allow beef, while "those possessed by the *kinyamkera* must eat no fresh food without *mavumba* flour." As already stated, I cannot help thinking that this last is a confusion with the general prohibition of firstfruits. No doubt we have here to do with a genuine tabu, and indeed

[2] The dictionaries give *vumba* (or *fumba*), pl. *ma-*, as "a lump of flour."

we learn elsewhere that every family has some kind of meat, or some part of an animal, or certain fishes which its members are forbidden to eat, (the forbidden food being called *mwiko* or *mzio*). I hardly dare use the word *totem*, but I cannot help thinking that the *kinyamkera*, *dungumaro*, and the rest of them are nothing else but totems whose real meaning has been forgotten, though their hold is too strong for them to be got rid of altogether, and who, under the influence of Islam, have become mere *sheitans* to be exorcised with drums and dances.[3] It may also be noted in passing that, when a growing girl's health gives her friends cause for anxiety, they try the effect of feeding her on her *mwiko* for a time.

The initiation ceremonies for young people of both sexes, though now including various Mohammedan features, have a strong Bantu element. We need only mention the *manyago* or *unyago* dance, in which a grotesque figure is constructed out of grass and leaves, and moved about by a man dancing inside it, to frighten the boys. Whether the bullroarer is used, I have not been able to discover, but a generation ago the Wanika, (the neighbours of the Waswahili inland from Mombasa), still used the *mwanza* friction-drum, the men and women having each their own, which the other sex is not allowed to see, (just as with the Nandi of the present day).

Before passing on to the folk-tales with which my paper is mainly concerned, I would mention one point more. It will be remembered that, in the *Story of Liongo* in Steere's *Swahili Tales* (p. 437), the hero can only be killed by being stabbed in a particular way with a copper needle. This reminds me of a story current among the Wadoe[4] of a chief who could only be killed by being struck by the

[3] For *mwiko* being ascertained by a doctor, cf. Congo *mpangu* (p. 308, *supra*).

[4] It is given in Dr. Velten's *Safari za Waswahili*, p. 179.

stalk of a pumpkin, which was his *mzio.* I was told myself by some Nyasaland natives that the Yao chief Chikumbu was invulnerable, except by a splinter of bamboo,—the case being put a little differently, as they said he had been charmed against everything else; and so, I believe, was Chibisa, who was shot with a sand-bullet.[5]

Coming now to the folk-tales, we find, as I have already said, that in the best-known collection, Steere's *Swahili Tales*, the Arab character decidedly predominates—indeed three of them, (as stated in Bishop Steere's Preface), actually occur in the *Arabian Nights.* There are, however, three which are certainly Bantu, and the others have mostly been Africanized by touches of local colour, etc., even where bits of African stories have not been worked into them. As all but three of these tales have been tabulated in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, (vol. vii., *Appendix*, pp. 59-80, 97-110), I shall not linger over them further than to remark,—(1) that no one, so far as I am aware, seems to have pointed out that "The Story of the Washerman's Donkey" is evidently of Indian origin, being identical with the Sumsumâra Jâtaka of "The Monkey who left his Heart in a Tree," (*Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii., p. 128-30), and (2) that "The Hare, the Hyæna, and the Lion," and "The Hare and the Lion," are only versions of well-known and widespread episodes in what M. Junod calls the "*Roman du Lièvre.*" The former contains the incidents of planting gardens in partnership, and of the Hare entrapping the Lion, which, in this exact form, (that of getting him stuck fast in a narrow cave), I have met with in another instance, of which I have mislaid the reference. The incident of "Whoever stops, let him be eaten," does not seem to have much point; it may perhaps be a dim recollection of something better preserved in a Tete story collected by

[5] See *The Natives of British Central Africa*, p. 82, and Scott, *Mang'anja Dictionary*, s.v. *mankwala.*

Father V. d. Mohl,[6] where the Hare, left in charge of the Lion's cubs, wrestles with one after another, making the condition that whoever *falls* shall be eaten. In "The Hare and the Lion" the first part of the story is not very close to its analogies elsewhere, but the Hare's request to be swung round by the tail, and the Tortoise's to be thrown into the mud, are recognisable in *Uncle Remus*; so is the Hare's stratagem for ascertaining whether any one is in his house, which is very like the trick by which Brer Rabbit tests the reality of Brer Fox's death.[7]

Since the publication of *Swahili Tales*, four other collections of Swahili stories have appeared,—*Kibaraka* (U.M.C.A., Zanzibar, 1885, 1896); Büttner's *Anthologie der Suaheli Litteratur* (Berlin, 1894), a German translation bound up with it being also issued separately as *Lieder und Geschichten der Suaheli*); Velten's *Suahali Märchen* (Berlin, 1898); and *Prosa und Poesie der Suaheli* (1907). A German edition of the *Märchen* was issued simultaneously; but of the *Prosa und Poesie*, so far as I know, no translation exists, though it is annotated in German. Some of the stories in *Kibaraka* have been issued separately, with an English translation as *Swahili Stories from Arab Sources*, which need not detain us. The rest of the stories badly need annotating, there being no indication whence, or from whom, they are derived, with the exception of two, published long ago in the South African *Folk-Lore Journal*, which are stated to have been told by a girl belonging to the Chipeta tribe, the A-Chipeta being identical with the Achewa, S.W. of Lake Nyasa, who are a branch of the Anyanja. (This points to another fact which must be borne in mind in considering Swahili folklore, viz. the number of slaves from different tribes who have been brought down to the coast in past generations, many of

[6] *Transactions* of the Berlin Oriental Seminary, 1902, Part ii., *Afrikanische Studien.*

[7] See also P. C. Smith, *Annancy Stories*, "Annancy and Chim-Chim," p. 9.

them being children, separated from their relatives, who, unless, as sometimes happens, they come in contact with a group of their own tribesmen, would speedily forget or confuse what they knew of their own traditions. This confusion would be increased in the island of Zanzibar, not only by Indian and other immigration, but by the settlement of contingents of freed slaves, mostly young, whom it was found impossible to return to their homes.) It would take us too long to discuss these stories in detail, but I have no doubt of the rain-making one being genuine Chewa, though I have not hitherto come across it; it is not altogether clear as it stands, which points to its being imperfectly remembered. About the other, I am not so sure. It sounds like a reminiscence of the Ephesian Widow with the cynicism left out, and there are other stories which resemble it, without the highly satisfactory conclusion. Büttner has one of these, which is clearly of Mohammedan origin.

We will now briefly glance at the Hare stories in these four collections. It is well known what a prominent part the Hare plays in the folk-tales of Bantu Africa, which are so largely made up of animal stories. Bleek thought that the animal fables of the Hottentots and the *märchen* of the Zulus indicated a distinct and unalterable difference of culture and capacity; but the advance of research has placed this matter in a very different light. Not only are the stories whence "Brer Rabbit" is derived current among the undoubted Bantu tribes of the interior, but they exhibit a tendency to shade off imperceptibly into *märchen* with human actors. Hlakanyana is human, though abnormally human, yet it seems to me that the following sentences point to a transition stage, in which it was not quite clear whether he was looked on as an animal or a man :—

"Ucaijana (another name for Hlakanyana) is like the weasel; it is as though he was really of that genus; for, since he is called by the name of the weasel, it is as though he was of the same

genus as it; his smallness is like its, and his cunning as great as its: he resembles it in all respects."

It will be remembered that many of Hlakanyana's adventures are identical with those attributed to the Hare. Many of the best-known stories are told, sometimes of animals, sometimes of human beings. The identification of Abu Nuwasi with the Hare is another curious point. Abu Nuwasi, we are told, was a real man: the dates of his birth and death (762-815) are given, and he was a noted poet in his day and a favourite at the court of Harun al Raschid. He seems to have attracted to himself all the eccentric and not always edifying anecdotes current among the people in his own day and later; and these stories appear to have become very popular on the Swahili coast, judging from the number to be found in the four collections I have mentioned. One of them has reached Delagoa Bay, and is given in M. Junod's collection (*Chants et Contes des Baronga*), under the title of *Bonawasi*, which the editor quite excusably takes for a native's corruption of the Portuguese Bonifacio. Most if not all of Abu Nuwasi's adventures have come from Arabia; but I think that he has also acquired some which originally belonged to the Hare: in any case the Swahili are fond of calling the Hare, by a sort of pun, *Kibwana Wazi*, which might mean "the clever little master," though *wazi* properly means "open, clear, manifest." (It might, however, come from *waza*, "to think, ponder.") The usual word for the Hare is *sungura*,—Yao, *sungula*, corresponding to the Nyanja *kalulu*,—which is a real hare, though somewhat smaller than an English one, and not a rabbit. I do not understand why Schleicher, in the preface to his *Afrikanische Petrefakten*, should say that the *sungura* is the spring-hare or jerboa, (*Pedetes caffer*). In one of the *Swahili Tales* already referred to, the Hare is called not *sungura*, but *kititi*, probably as a kind of pet name, as it seems to mean simply "a little thing."

We may take, in the first place, a story which is thus referred to in the Preface to *Swahili Tales* (p. viii):—

"There is a famous story of all the beasts agreeing to dig a well, and the Sungura alone refused to help. When it was finished, they watched in turn to prevent his getting water, but he cheated them all except the spider."

This is surely a mistake for the tortoise, as we shall see presently. The story is indeed a famous one, and much more widely distributed than Bishop Steere, writing in 1869, could have any idea of. It seems to be found throughout Bantu Africa, and beyond its limits among the Hottentots, the Ehwe, and the Mandingo,—at least I think we may take "La Caverne des Animaux" in Monteil's *Contes Soudanais* as a variant of it. This tale is so well known that I need not linger over the variants. It is not included in the *Swahili Tales*, but two independent versions are given in *Kibaraka*. The first of them is called *Hadithi ya Vinyama* (the story of the animals). Here, after the other animals have failed, and the Hare has refused, the Tortoise succeeds in getting water, not by digging, but by singing,—no doubt a spell of some sort. The remarkable thing is that the other animals, including the elephant, have been trying unsuccessfully to get water in the same way, though, when summoning the Hare, they say,—"Let him come that we may *dig* for water." Possibly there was some confusion when the story was dictated between the words *imba* (sing) and *chimba* (dig). There is a curious incident connected with the tortoise which I do not recall elsewhere, and I hardly know what to make of it.

"Then the Tortoise appeared, and the Elephant saw him and seized him and put him into his mouth; and he came out at his nose, and his companions said,—"Let him go, perhaps he will get water," and they let him go. And he went, and sang, and got plenty of water."

They leave the Elephant to guard the well, and the Hare comes up with some honey. The narrator quaintly says, oblivious of the circumstances,—"He knocked (at the door and cried) *Hodi!* and the Elephant answered, 'Come in!'" He gives him a taste of the honey, and promises him the rest, if he will consent to be tied up; he then eats the honey himself, fills his gourd at the well, and departs. The Buffalo then volunteers to guard the well, and meets with a similar experience. The Tortoise, who seems to have assumed the direction of affairs, then says,—"Every time I station a person to watch the water, you let the Hare drink! To-morrow I will watch myself!" He does so, hiding in the water. The Hare comes, finds no one, draws water, and then bathes, and the Tortoise catches him and holds him fast till the other animals arrive. Here nothing further is said than that the Tortoise "held him," but in the parallel story to which I shall refer presently the passage runs thus:—

"(The Tortoise) got into the water and sat at the bottom. The Hare came, and cried,—"*Hodi! hodi!* the well! What is this? Is there no one here to-day? Very good, I will draw water!" He put in his right arm: the Tortoise seized it. The Hare cried out,—"Who are you? I don't want this water! I have water which is sweet,—let me go and you shall taste it!" But the Tortoise kept silence and held him tight. The Hare put down one leg, he put in both, and he seized him. He tried hard to get away, but the Tortoise held him fast" (*hodari sana, i.e.* very strongly).

It is a little difficult to see how the Tortoise could gather the Hare's members one by one into his mouth, which, so far as the story shows, was his only method of catching him, and keep a firm hold on them. In the original version, (though this is not expressly stated in all the variants), the Tortoise has previously covered his shell with some sticky substance. The Tete natives, in a story collected by Father V. d. Mohl, say "he took a great

deal of wax on his back"; and in "The Rabbit and the Elephant," (Rattray's *Some Folk-Lore Stories and Songs in Chinyanja*, pp. 139-42), the Tortoise says,—"Never mind, stick bees' wax on me, I shall catch him on this very spot." This is a point of contact with the Tar-baby episode, which, indeed, in the Ehwe version of the tale, as given by Ellis,[8] comes in here, though usually it occurs in a different connection.[9]

The well story in many cases ends by explaining how the Hare lost his tail. In the version before us it is apparent that this point has been lost sight of. It is true that, when the elephant catches him by the legs, and, being asked to seize him by the tail instead, obligingly does so, the Hare escapes, but it is made clear later on that he has not left his tail behind him. In fact, the closing incidents of the story read as if the narrator had not fully grasped the points at issue. I give them exactly as they stand :—

"He (the Elephant) seized him, and the Hare ran away, and they pursued him and he entered a burrow. The elephant came and put in his hand[10] and seized his ear, and the Hare said,—"He has seized a leaf" ["Tu'n loose dat stump-root an' ketch hold er me!"]; and he seized his leg, [and the Hare cried out],—"O-o-o-o-o! he has seized a tree!" And then he seized his tail and pulled him out. And he said,—"My masters, you will kill me, but do not kill me at once; wait for me first till I fetch you some honey,—you stay here!""

It seems almost incredible that the animals should have consented to this after all that had come and gone; but a

[8] *The Ewe-speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast of West Africa*, pp. 276-7.

[9] In passing, I may remark that I have come across two curious examples of the Tar-baby incident introduced into variants of the "Bird that made Milk." One of these is from Tete, where the hero is the Hare; the other is a Duala *märchen* collected by Herr Lederbogen, in which it is an *edimo*,—a species of goblin,—who is caught. *Edimo* is the same word as the Zulu *izimu* (cannibal, or rather ogre) and the Suto *modimo*; the same being occurs in Kikuyu stories under the name *irimo*.

[10] This sort of thing constantly occurs,—the narrator apparently forgetting that his characters are not in human shape.

certain confiding simplicity is inherent in the African,—till it is abused once too often. "He went away to a distance and brought a *jiwe la Manga,*" (literally "a stone of Arabia"; according to Steere it means "a piece of freestone"), and said to them,—"Open your mouths, the honey is coming!" He burnt them all up and they died; and there remained only he and the Tortoise, and they took all their gardens, and lived in peace and contentment," (*raha mustarehe*, a characteristic expression in Arabic). There is no reason why the "piece of freestone," (or, as Madan's *Dictionary* gives it, "whetstone"), should have burnt them, whatever other distressing symptoms it might have given rise to, but in a Nyanja tale of which I have a fragmentary version in MS. the Hare induces the Elephant to swallow a red-hot stone, a trick played on the Lion by the Jackal in one of the Hottentot stories collected by Bleek. The incident occurs in another form in a Kinga tale.[11]

The above story begins simply by saying "There were the beasts in the forest, and they were thirsty," but the variant referred to just now, which is entitled "The Hare and the Banana Tree," opens with the statement that "there was a Sultan and at his town there was no water." The parallel versions vary a good deal in this respect; some represent the Lion, or "the Chief," as giving orders to dig the well, and others merely assume a concerted action on the part of the "Animals." The incidents which follow are much the same as in the other version, though given in greater detail, except that the two successive guardians of the water are the Hyæna and the Lion, and that the latter actually springs on the Hare and seizes him before being beguiled with the honey. There is also the additional point that the Hare gives a reason for binding them,—that the honey is so strong that, unless tied to a tree, they will be unable to stand upright after eating it. Being caught, he is brought

[11] Wakinga, W. Nyasa.

before the Sultan, who orders him to be burned. He says,—"Do not tie me with coco-nut rope, but with banana-leaves, and I shall die as soon as you throw me down in the sun." *Green* banana-leaves are meant, which would become very brittle after drying in the sun, and, accordingly, after lying still for seven hours, the Hare "stretched himself hard, so that the *mgomba* gave way, and ran away at full speed." This version preserves the incident which Uncle Remus renders as Brer Rabbit's request *not* to throw him into the briar-patch, and the other version the trick attributed to Brer Terrapin. In Dr. Velten's *Prosa und Poesie der Suaheli*, we have a third version, in which far more of the original character is lost. This is called "The Story of the Chief and the Hare." "The people and the animals of the forest" are summoned to dig wells in time of drought; the Hare refuses, and is debarred from drawing water. A succession of men are stationed to guard the well, all of whom are induced by fair words to let the Hare pass. Then the chief says,—"Now I will send the beasts of the forest." The lion tries, and is beguiled; then a girl volunteers, and is successful one day, but on the next the Hare comes back and overcomes her resistance with his winning ways, and the girl is dismissed. Finally he is caught by the Crab, who holds him fast by the tail. When taken before the chief he asks to be tied with green palm-branches and laid in the sun, with the result already described.[12]

I will now glance very shortly at the remaining animal stories in these three collections. "The Hare and the Kite" in *Kibaraka* is partly identical with "Le chacal, la colombe, et la panthère" in Jacottet's collection of Suto tales, and "The Dove and the Heron" in Bleek's *Reynard*

[12] Captain Barrett has collected a variant of this tale, containing the incident of the banana-leaves, among the Wa-Sania, a tribe, whose origin is at present uncertain, living some distance to the north-west of Mombasa.

the Fox in South Africa (p. 21). The Hare frightens the Dove into giving him her young ones, as the Jackal does in the other stories, till warned by the Kite; but, whereas the Jackal kills the Heron in one version and maims him in the other, the Hare does not succeed in catching the Kite, and the stratagem he employs is different from the Jackal's. He lies on the ash-heap, and pretends to be dead. The Kite, not completely satisfied, employs a stratagem to make sure, remarking aloud that "the ancients have said that, if a Hare is really and truly dead, he wags his tail." The Hare falls into the trap,—like Brer Fox when he hears that "when a man go ter see dead folks, dead folks allus raises up deir behime leg an' hollers *wahoo!*", and the Kite escapes.

We have, further, three versions of the very common story in which the Hare and the Hyæna (or some other animal) enter into partnership and start on a journey. In the complete form, the Hyæna, being the stronger, tyrannises over the Hare, who, by his superior cunning, gets the better of him in the end. In Macdonald's *Africana*,[13] there is a Yao version of this story. I have an incomplete MS. one of a Chinyanja variant, where the Dzimwe[14] is substituted for the Hyæna. But it would take too long to enumerate all which are extant. Büttner substitutes the Mongoose (*cheche*) for the Hyæna, and it ends up with his being caught cheating, whereupon the two fall to fighting and pull each other's ears off, which they exchange. This is why the Hare has long ears and the Mongoose short ones, as formerly the reverse was the case. I have never met any other example of the story in exactly this form. A closer parallel, fairly complete, is given by Dr. Velten, (*Prosa und Poesie*, p. 51, "Geschichte

[13] Vol. ii., p. 327.

[14] The Dzimwe is sometimes called an elephant and looked on as such, but it is more probably a being of the ogre species; cf. *The Natives of British Central Africa*, p. 233.

vom Hasen und der Hyäna"). I cannot now examine these versions in detail, as I wish to say a few words about two or three *märchen* in this collection which seem to me highly curious.

The first of these is to be found in *Kibaraka*, under the title of "The Story of the Children and the *Zimwi*." *Zimwi* is evidently the same word as the Zulu *izimu* and Suto *modimo*,—which are usually translated "cannibal"; but which, as is plain from some fairly well-known stories, implies something more than a mere human anthropophagist, the *amazimu* being in some respects preternatural, but also preternaturally stupid, like our northern giants. A Blantyre native whom I asked for an explanation of the Dzimwe could get no further than that it was a creature in a story; another native, at Likoma, wrote that the word means "sometimes an elephant, sometimes an evil spirit." The Arabicized Swahili consider it to be equivalent to *jini*. The first part of the story is very similar to the Suto "Tselane," to "The Child in the Drum" (given by Mr. D. Kidd in *Savage Childhood*), to Dr. McCall Theal's "The Cannibal Bird," and to a Duala variant collected by Herr Lederbogen, not to mention others; while the opening has touches which localise it on the coast, and the words sung by the child are, so far as I can make anything of them, Yao. The end is one I do not remember in any story of this type, but it has an interesting resemblance which I shall note presently.

"Some children went to a river to look for cowries. One found one cowry, and laid it on a rock. And they searched and found and went home; but that child forgot his shell, and, as it was a very fine one, he asked his companions to go back with him and fetch it. They said,—"Go and fetch it, and we will wait for you," and he went and sang :—

Cheche cheche chambalamanda.	Little by little it has dawned;
Ngala jangu naliwele.	My shell, I have forgotten it.

Nati mbuje ngatole.	I said, I will go back and fetch it.
Kwasimama andamilile.	There they stood all in a row (?)
Wati lutumbo kuchukuchu.	My inside said "kuchukuchu" (?)

And he found a *zimwi* sitting on the rock, who said to him,—"What do you want?", and the child sang (in answer), and the *zimwi* said,—"I cannot hear, come closer." And, when the child came near, he took him and put him into a cask and carried him off. And as he went he came on some people sitting in the *baraza*, (as we might say, 'on the village green'), and he said to them,—"I have my drum; I want a fowl and rice that I may eat." They said,—"Sing," and the child sang. The *zimwi* was given food, and he ate, but he gave none to the child, he ate it all himself. He went to the boy's own village, and the people (there) said,—"We have heard that you, Zimwi, have a very fine drum, sing for us!" And he said,—"I want beer." And the child sang, and all the people (knew his voice and) said,—"This is our child." They gave the *zimwi* beer, and he got drunk and went to sleep. Then the people went and took his drum, and found the child and carried him off and hid him in the inner compartment of the hut, and into the drum they put snakes and bees and biting ants, and fastened it up as it was before. And they went and awakened him, and said,—"Zimwi, wake up! some people have come and want to hear your drum." He took his drum and beat it, and heard (lit.) silence; he did not hear the child's voice. So he went his way, and on the road he opened it and found a snake, and it bit him, and he died. Where he died there sprang up pumpkins and cucumbers, and some children came that way and said,—"These pumpkins are fine; let us go and get father's sword and cut them open" (lit. strike them). One pumpkin got angry and pursued those children, and they ran away till they came to a river, and they saw an old man there, and said,—"Eh! father, please ferry us over to the other side, we are running away from a pumpkin." The old man ferried them across and they ran till they came to another village, where they found plenty of people sitting in the baraza and said to them,—"Hide us from that pumpkin: the *zimwi* has turned into a pumpkin, so do you take it and burn it in the fire." The pumpkin arrived, and said,—"Have you seen my people who have run away?" The people said,—"What sort

of people are yours? We do not know them." But it said,—"You have shut them up inside." And they took the pumpkin and threw it into a big fire, and it was burnt up so that only ashes were left, and they threw them away. So they let out the children, who then went home to their mothers." [15]

In a Shambala story,[16] which is a curious variant of the "Swallow myth" exemplified in Casalis' *Kammapa et Litaolane*, some children playing in the fields see a huge gourd and remark on its size, which seems to offend it, for it replies,—"Pluck me, and I will pluck you." The parents refuse to believe the story, and the gourd continues to grow till it is "as large as a house," swallows the whole population of the village, except one woman, and retires into a lake. The woman has a son who grows up, kills the pumpkin by shooting it with arrows,—(it roared, "so that they could hear it at Vuga"),—and then cuts it open and lets the people out. Of course there is no trace of the swallowing in the *zimwi* story, but the notion of the gourd or pumpkin in this connection is curious.

I must content myself with a bare mention of another story, which is interesting from several points of view,—"The Husband who was a Jinn" (*Mume jini*),—and pass on to a *märchen* in Dr. Velten's earlier collection, which has the title "*Sermala na Hirizi*" (the Carpenter and the Amulet). Both these words are Arabic, and, if the story stood alone, we might conclude that the whole of it had a like origin, but I think we shall find on examination that this is not the case. The translation in full is:—

"There was once a carpenter named Makame, whose work was to cut logs into shape. He went away into the bush and shaped

[15] Cf. P. C. Smith, *Annancy Stories*, "Ticky-Picky Boom-Boom," p. 62.

[16] Seidel, *Geschichten und Lieder der Afrikaner*, p. 174. It is also given in Baset's *Contes Populaires d'Afrique*, p. 297. This is in many respects a most useful collection; but it must be pointed out that its classification of Bantu tribes is not always accurate. Nos. 114 and 115, given as "Zoumbo," are really Yao, and should, as such, have been placed under LX., while LXII. and LXV. ("Nyassa" and "Chinyanja or Mang'anja") are identical. Otji-Herero and Ova-Herero have likewise been wrongly placed under two separate headings.

a *mvinja* (casurina) tree into a figure like a human being, with fingers, ears, nose, eyes, mouth, and chin. And he called a *mwallim* to read (the Koran) over it, and it was turned into a person. And he called a weaver, and he wove a cloth for it, and he took it away to his house. It was a very beautiful woman,—there was no other like her. And her owner Makame hid her in the bush, and many people passed by and saw her, and carried off that woman. And when Makame returned with his loads of logs, he looked for his wife in that place, and she was not there. And Makame cried, and came home to his village and stayed there in his house. And the woman, in the place to which she was taken, did not speak with her mouth,—she stayed just like a dumb person. And they said to her,—"How is it, you woman, that you do not speak?" And she said nothing. Many people came, and reasoned with her, and tried to persuade her, but she still kept silence. She did not speak, neither did she laugh or show herself pleased. And Makame sought for his wife, whom he had cut out of a tree, and the woman sought for some one who could find out her husband and give him back to her; and Makame went to the place where his wife was, and when he saw her he recognized her, and said,—"This is my wife." And he said to those people,—"He who does not know the meaning is not told the meaning, for I want this woman who does not speak. Perhaps she has been stolen and is grieving for her husband, and that is why she does not speak. I want that we should draw up an agreement to the following effect,—If she does not speak, my head shall be forfeit to you; if she speaks, she is my own wife." And they drew up a contract, and each person kept his own (copy). And Makame went and sat down on a seat, and the woman was sitting in a place apart. And where Makame sat, there was a bird which is called *asiraji*. And Makame said to this bird,—"My father called a carpenter (and told him) to hew a tree into the likeness of a child of Adam, to make it in every way like a human being. And there came a *mwallim* and read over it and put an amulet (*hirizi*) on it, and it was turned into a person who can talk and laugh. And there came a weaver and wove cloth for it. Now, you, *asiraji*, (tell me) which of these three men is the owner of the woman?" And the *asiraji* was silent,—how should he

answer?—he is a bird. But the man was not speaking to the *asiraji*, he was speaking to his wife. Makame was angry, and said,—"You, *asiraji*, I will beat you;—tell me truly which of these three men is the owner of the woman." And he rose up, and was going to strike the bird, when the woman said,—"Leave him alone, master,—why should you strike this bird?" And as soon as the woman had spoken, the people were astonished. And Makame took his wife home to his village, and lived with her many days. One day he said to her,—"Wife, I am going up country to trade." And he said,—"The sultan of this country is a very profligate man who kidnaps men's wives. Do you keep quiet and stay in your house." And Makame started and went his ways up country to trade, and his wife remained behind. One day a slave-lad of the sultan came and entered Makame's house, and asked for fire. And he was told,—"Go on into the upper room," and he went up. And when that lad saw Makame's wife he fell down (with astonishment). And he went to his master, and said,—"Master, I have seen a very beautiful woman in Makame's house,—your wife is very ugly compared with Makame's wife." And the sultan said—"Is it true?" And he said,—"It is true, sir." The sultan sent an old woman to Makame's house, who persuaded his wife to come away with her, and said to her,—"The sultan will give you many clothes of silver and vessels of gold, and you will be a great person." And she went to the sultan's house and stayed there, and he was her husband, and as for Makame's house she forgot it altogether, (literally, she cast it far away from her). And when Makame came back, he cried "*hodi*" at the door of his house, and found everything silent, and said,—"Perhaps she has gone to my mother's,—her mother-in-law's." And he went to his mother's house, and asked if his wife were there, and his mother said,—"She is not." And Makame went his way home, and entered his house, and thought,—"The sultan has taken away my wife." And he said,—"Never mind." And he called a bird whose name is *kurumbiza*, and said,—"Go to the sultan's house,—I, Makame, send you to bring back my things: if you get them, we will share them equally, you and I." And the bird went to the sultan's house, and sat on the roof and sang its song, saying,—

"I do not eat the fruit of the tree.
Do you (*i.e.* the sultan) take her,—I do not want her.
Put on her anklets and neck-ornaments and a bead girdle.""

This song is not very easy to translate, as is often the case with songs. The first line is, literally, "I do not eat the tree the fruit." Dr. Velten, probably following an explanation given by his informant, says that this is an allusion to the wife being carved out of wood. The words translated "I do not want (her)" (*si wajawaja*) and "bead girdle" (*tunda*) are not in any dictionary I have been able to consult, and I have been obliged to depend on Dr. Velten for the above renderings. The bead girdle referred to is the one worn by women of most, if not all, Eastern Bantu tribes under their other clothing. I should imagine that it was in the first instance a protective charm; it is now a convenient way of carrying about one's personal property.

"The woman said,—
"Take these, He does not want the things.
Take Makame's things, He wants me myself."
Makame is not my husband.

And she gave him all his things,—chains, and anklets, and rings, and cloth, everything which women wear, and she gave them to Makame. And that bird took them to him, and said,—"Here are your things, Makame. I have brought them all." Makame said,—"My things have not yet come. You have forgotten one thing. Go again." And the bird went again, and sang as before, and the woman answered as before. And she said,—"I have given you your things, what more do you want?" And she cried bitterly, and her husband the sultan came, and said to her,—"Why do you weep, my wife? Give Makame his things. And if it is that amulet, give him that too. I have plenty of amulets here, whether of magic (*za uchawi*) or silver or gold (ornaments), take them and put them on,—what is Makame's amulet?" And he took it from her by force, and gave it to the bird, and immediately there sprang up a *mvinja* tree, (*i.e.* she was turned into one).

And the sultan was quite confounded. And Makame stayed at home, and this is the end of the story."

It is obvious that this tale contains many exotic elements, and, did it stand alone, we might perhaps set it down as of non-African origin. But the two variants with which I am acquainted seem to suggest that it may have a Bantu original which in this form has been overlaid with Arabic accretions. One of these variants is that given by M. Jacottet in *Etudes sur les langues du Haut Zambèze*, under the title "*Le lievre et sa femme.*" Here it is the Hare, not a man, who makes himself a wife out of a log of wood. The process of giving life to the figure is not detailed. The chief hears of the woman from some of his people who pass through the village, and sends to fetch her in her husband's absence. The Hare comes home and finds her gone. He gets a drum and goes to the chief's place, beating it and singing,—

"*Ndindi! ndindi! ka ndindi ng'oma*
Ka ndindi ng'omaka ndindi ng'oma!"
(They have taken away my wife!
She was changed back into a log of wood.)

The other story is one which I obtained in 1894 at Ntumbi in Nyasaland. It is unfortunately very short, and probably imperfect, but quite recognisable in its main features. It was published in the (now defunct) *Zeitschrift für Afrikanische und Ozeanische Sprachen* (Vol. III., No. 4, 1897), and M. Jacottet refers to it in the work already mentioned as being identical with the story just quoted. I am not quite certain of the provenance of this story. The district where it was obtained is pretty far inland, being some thirty miles west of the Shiré river and at the foot of the Kirk mountains, but the population is very much mixed, and the girl who related it to me is the daughter of a Nyanja (or possibly Chewa) father and a Yao mother. Now, as these tales are usually handed on

by the women, Mbuya had probably heard it from her mother, and in that case it had come from the Shiré Highlands, or perhaps still further east. This suggests the possibility of its having an Arab origin after all, the Yaos having for many years been in touch with the Moslems of the coast, many of them indeed making profession of Mohammedanism. Their caravans, conveying either slaves or more legitimate merchandise, were constantly journeying up and down, and there are several stories extant in Yao which are Arab tales altered almost beyond recognition. Still I cannot help thinking that M. Jacottet's version and the one I am about to give show the original form, and, hoping that a fuller form may yet be recovered, I give the following translation of the tale as I received it:—

"A frog adzed a woman out of (the trunk of) a tree, and made her his wife. And he put a *mpande* on her heart. The chief took his wife away from him;—her name was Njali, the wife of the frog. The chief took her away from him. And he (the frog) sent a wild pigeon to fetch the *mpande*, and she" (the text does not show whether the chief or the wife is meant, but a comparison with the Swahili variant suggests the latter),—"refused. And the (pigeon) returned, and he sent it again, and it went. And it brought the *mpande*, and the woman died; and she was changed into a *kachere* tree, that woman, she was changed into a tree. It (the story) is finished."

A *mpande* is a disc about the size of a half-crown, cut from the flat part of a large sea-shell and greatly valued as an ornament or a charm, or both, by the inland tribes. I have only seen them once or twice worn by men, on thongs or bangles attached below the knee. I can find no other instance of this object figuring as a life-token, but Mr. Barnes says that at Kotakota the word means an "operculum, worn as a charm." Those I saw did not look like opercula, but were evidently the top of a spiral shell

cut or ground flat.[17] In the tale of Makame the *mpande* has become an ordinary amulet, designated by its Arabic name of *hirizi*, just as the figure is brought to life by the *mwallim* "reading over it." The verb *somea* used in this sense always, I believe, implies the Koran, which appears to be known on the Swahili coast chiefly as a *grimoire*. I have not been able to identify the bird called *kurumbiza*, which Makame sends to fetch the amulet. Krapf says that it is "a bird which sings a long and curious tune," and adds that it is called *jupi* in the Mrima dialect. On turning up *jupi*, we find a vague suggestion that it may be "an ousel," which does not help matters much. The reduplication of the main incident is worth noting; it incorporates a very faint recollection of another story which occurs in M. Junod's collection as "Les Trois Vaisseaux" and in Dr. Velten's as "The Bride of the Three Brothers." There is no trace of the bird in the Subiya version, where the Hare goes himself to the chief's kraal, beating his drum as he goes. I have only space to note in conclusion that Dr. Velten's *Prosa und Poesie* contains *Hadithi ya Kigwe* ("The Story of a String," *i.e.* the story of an amulet), which combines this motive with a different one,—probably Arab and found in a story given by Büttner under the title "What sort of people women are,"—in which a dead wife, brought back to life by her husband's devotion, denies all knowledge of him.

A. WERNER.

[17] I think that the kind I mean is a cone-shell. I may add here that an old woman I knew in the same district used to wear round her neck an ivory object which she called "*moyo wanga*" (my life), and which no persuasion would induce her to part with. It was no doubt an ordinary protective amulet, but I have never seen another like it; it was a hollow peg of ivory about three inches long, the upper end pierced for strings, and shaped something like a curved ninepin.

NOTES ON SOME CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CONGO PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. WEEKS, 27 YEARS BAPTIST MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

(*Continued from p.* 311.)

GAMES.

THERE are not many games known to the natives. Hockey is played all over the Lower Congo, and in some parts of the Upper Congo. They are intensely fond of the game. No matter how long their journey, or heavy their loads, the lads, a few minutes after they arrive at a resting place, look round for a suitable piece of ground, and, if they can find it, will start a game of hockey. At Wathen Station, where they have a fine open space for their playground, they play hockey at every available opportunity. They put a great amount of energy into the game. On moonlight nights they play "mbele" (described below). This is played by both sexes joining together, and to the beat of their drums and singing. The game led to so much adultery and its attendant "palavers," that, when the Christian Church was formed here, the native members desired that there should be rules to the effect:—(1) That no members of the Church should play mixed "mbele," *i.e.* the males should play by themselves, and the females by themselves in another part of the town; and (2) that, as the drums badly excited them, the game should be

played without drums. The observation of these rules has led to greater morality among those who observe them, and they are very numerous; any church member breaking them is disciplined.

The small children have their make-belief games. For example, a root of cassava is tied on the back to represent a baby. It has been my experience that it is useless to give them dolls. They do not understand them and are afraid of them, and in a short time the dolls are found on the market places for sale as charms and fetishes. Small boys with sticks will march as soldiers and get up mimic fights, and with old provision tins start a band which you are glad to send into the next district. With bits of sticks, reeds, and grass they make imitation houses with mud walls. Bits of broken saucepan, old tins, and odds and ends from their parents' houses furnish them with the necessary articles for their "pretend" game of house-keeping, receiving visits from each other, and inviting one another to their "make-belief" feasts. It is a toyless land, a land where children are not catered for, but notwithstanding that the youngsters, by their boisterous laughing and loud shouting, seem to get a great amount of joy out of life. The following are the principal games I have noticed:—

1. Game played with "biti" and needle. The players divide into two sides, which we will call A and B. All of them have a musical instrument called the "biti," which is a kind of "marimba" (reed instrument). The playing side A sends out one of its men, and in his absence hides a needle, which he has to find guided by the side B playing an agreed-upon note simultaneously. The side B decides what the guiding note shall be. On the return of the needle-seeker, the side B begins to play the "biti." When the seeker draws near the needle the guiding note is played, and, as he recedes from it, it is left out. The seeker has not only to find the needle, but also to name the guiding note. If he finds the needle it counts as one

game to his side, and he or another on the side A goes out again. Should he not find it, then it counts as a game to the other side, and one lad on that side goes out. Of course the "biti" players try to hide the guiding note by playing rapidly, and covering it with variations on the other reeds. A quick ear to catch the repetition and absence of the guiding note is necessary for this game.

2. The following game is played with the beautiful round black seeds of the "Canna" plant, which grows wild in most places on the Congo. The seeds are about the size of buckshot. The players are divided into two sides, A and B, and form a circle as they sit on the ground. If the side A plays first, a thrower takes about 25 to 30 seeds in each hand, and throws them out from his hands alternately, counting one, two, three, and so on up to ten, and the rest he throws helter skelter over the cleared space in front of him, yet in such a way as not to disarrange too much the positions of the first 10 seeds he threw, but he tries to do it as carefully carelessly as he can. Before beginning to throw the seeds, the side A has agreed that the seed 5 is the playing seed, and so, the seeds having been thrown, one lad on the side A withdraws a little from the circle out of sight and hearing. Then, if the side B has spotted the playing seed 5, they pick it up, and say, "That is the seed and its number is 5." It counts as one game to them. If, however, they have not spotted the seed, or pick up the wrong one, then a lad on the side A touches the right one, and the lad who has left his side is called back and picks up the seed that has been touched by the player on his side. That counts as one game to the side A. Any touching or picking up of the wrong seed is counted as a game to the other side. Supposing the side A says that the seed 5 is not the playing seed, then the side B removes that seed, and the lad is recalled and, of course, he finds the seed 5 is gone, and, should he try to help the cheating by picking up another

seed, he must declare its number, and the cheating is revealed. To find out the right seed and number, the opponents have to watch the throwing for any hesitation at a particular number, or to see if a seed is purposely thrown to one side; they have to listen for any emphasis on a particular number, and also watch the eyes of their opponents to see if they are all looking towards one particular seed. Again, the lad who leaves must carry away with him a clear plan of how the seeds lay, so that he may be sure of picking up the right seed, as any blunder made counts as a game to the other side.

3. "Mbele" is a game played both on the Upper and Lower Congo. In some places it is played by the movements of the hands and arms, in other places the favourite mode is by moving the feet and legs, and in other places by the quick movements of the knees. Again, one will find two of these modes, if not the whole three, practised at different times in one and the same place. On the Lower Congo, however, the hands are most commonly used, at Monsembe on the Upper Congo the legs, and at Bolobo, also on the Upper Congo, the knees, but the principle is the same. In some places two lines are formed, one playing against the other, but on the Lower Congo the game is played as follows:—The players form a line, and the first lad in the line is called "king." The "king" faces the first player on the line, (*i.e.* the one who stood next to him), throws out both his hands, draws them back to his breast, waves them in front of himself parallel with his breast, and, after making several feints, shoots out one hand. If the one standing in front of him is able to meet the "thrust" three times by throwing out the corresponding hand, the "king" has to take his place at the bottom of the line. If, however, none in the line is able to meet the "thrust," after three tries, then the last lad in the line is called a "slave" and stands out of the game. The "king" will go up and down the line sometimes until

all the players are "slaves." Should the "king" be "out" in going down the line, then, when all become "slaves" to another, he has the chance of winning them back from the last one left "in," by playing him. The movements are very rapid, aud cause a great amount of amusement, and help to train their eyes, and make supple the limbs.

4. Hoop. Sides are taken which have to stand from 20 to 25 yards apart. Each player has a string 2 or 3 yards long weighted at each end. A hoop is trundled from the side A towards the side B, and, as it approaches, the weighted strings are thrown at it, so as to entangle it. The boy whose string entangles the hoop, picks up one end of his string, and swings the hoop round his head as he walks with it towards the side A. Should he deposit it there without the hoop dropping from the string, it counts as one game to the side B. If the hoop is either not entangled, or drops while being whirled, the game counts to the side A. If two or more strings entangle the hoop, then the boys owning the strings must carry the hoop back between them. The hoop must not be touched by the side B unless no string entangles it, when it is thrown back to the side A and counts as a game to them. Sometimes the winner is challenged to whirl the hoop near the ground and to jump over it while whirling without its touching the ground. After a set of 20 games the other side trundles the hoop. Did they learn this game from seeing the Portuguese, in the old times, throw their "bolas" to entangle the legs of their animals? A variation may be made in the above game by throwing the hoop in the air.

5. A person sits in the centre surrounded by a circle of players, or sometimes a single player sits in front of a line of players having their feet extended towards him. The single player takes a ball on his knees, and by jerking a leg he throws the ball to the line of players in front of him. The one who fails to keep the ball from dropping to

the ground has to take the place of the thrower and dance for the entertainment of the others, and then sit down and try to catch some one else by jerking the ball.

6. "Nkiendi" is a game in which all the players but one run about on all fours, but face uppermost, one person alone being allowed to stand up; he is called the "antelope," and the others are called "hunters." They scuttle about in this ridiculous attitude, and each tries to touch or kick the "antelope" with his foot. A large court has been marked out on the ground, and the "antelope" is not allowed to go outside it. The "hunters" try to hem him up in a corner. If the antelope, to avoid being touched, runs out of the court, every one gets on their feet and chases him, and he who first pretends to cut him up with a knife becomes the "antelope" next time. A general mêlée ensues, every one pretending to cut him up, amid shouts of "leg for me," "head for me," and "some flesh for me." Sometimes a rule is made that there shall be no chasing beyond the court, and, if the "antelope" runs from the court, the first "hunter" who cries out "It has run out" becomes the "antelope." (Cf. Bentley, *Dictionary and Grammar of the Kongo Language*, p. 494.)

Among other games played are: "touch"; a kind of "hunt the slipper," boys sitting in a ring and passing a palm-nut behind them from one to the other, and the lad in the centre having to catch the boy who really has the nut, and then changing places with him; odds and evens at cards; counters made of old pieces of crockery, white on one side and with a part of the original pattern on the other side, are used like dice, and with this game and cards a great amount of gambling takes place; hopping the longest; throwing in the hole; etc. With their fingers and toes and three or four yards of string they make a large variety of cat's cradles, each one having its own name.

Dances.

To a Congo native there is something electrical, moving, exhilarating about the beat of a native drum. Directly he hears it his body begins to twitch and sway to and fro in rhythm to the beat, a smile spreads over his face, weariness is forgotten, dull care is thrown to the winds, and he is soon shuffling round the circle, or has taken his place in the line, clapping his hands and singing a chorus in admirable time.

Every kind of event gives occasion for a dance. If a serious sickness excites general sympathy and desire to help, a dance is arranged, and the whole night is spent in gyrating round a drum. If there is to be a fight, a dance is started, and through the night they circle about a fetish image, calling upon it to work confusion and death among their enemies. If a victory is to be commemorated, the drums beat a joyful, defiant note, and, firing their guns and waving their knives, amid much laughter and covered with perspiration, they shake their bodies and try to excel each other in their antics. A birth, a death, a restoration from illness, a return from a long journey, and the start for a journey, all demand a dance; and, if there is no such ostensible reason, then they will find one, or dance for the mere love of it. Both married and single women participate in all the dances, except the hunting dance, which is only for men. As will be noted, some of the dances take place at night, and continue until the dawn appears; such dances are in connection with their fetishes, and are danced through the night because the spirits are then abroad against whom they are invoking the power of their fetishes. Other dances are for the evening moonlight, or for the glare of the bonfire, and others, such as the dance after a victory, are only performed during the daylight.

All kinds of drums are used,—long and short, ovoid, oblong, and round. They are either beaten by the hand

or with a stick, or vibrated with friction. The drum and the beat indicate the kind of dance, as certain drums only are used for certain dances. To European eyes there is not much "poetry of movement" about their dances. There is a raising of the shoulders, a wriggling of the buttocks, a quivering of the posterior, and a throwing up of the legs, with occasional jumps in the air. The movements are sometimes suggestive and obscene, and in one or two dances the opposite sexes embrace, such dances leading to much immorality.

In their dances there are two formations—the circle and lines. In the former they dance round a drum or a fetish image, or both, one or both being placed in the centre of an open space, and men and women join, without order, in clapping their hands, chanting a chorus, and shuffling one behind the other in a circle; in the latter, two lines are formed,—one of men and the other of an equal number of women. The drum is placed at one end of the line, and all begin to clap, chant, shuffle, and wriggle together. A man then advances, dancing, and a woman from the opposite line advances a few paces, and they dance thus a few moments with a space of two to three yards between them, next they retire, and others take their places, and so on, right down the lines; and then they start again and again.

The following are the names and particulars of various dances. In their chants and choruses so many obsolete words are used that the singers themselves do not know what they mean. They seem to have become mere nonsense phrases that fit the rhythm of the beaten drums.

1. *Ekinu.* This is a fetish dance, and is continued all night, with much palm-wine drinking. It is a circular dance, and is performed while the "ngang' a lembe" is making medicine for his patient. The fetish is put in the middle of the circle, and the drum behind the patient. The drum is beaten and rattle shaken, and the people

sing a chorus, "Luvemba luampene o moyo o njela Ngoyo," (literally, naked chalk life on the Ngoyo road). Ngoyo is Kabinda, a country north of Congo, and this ceremony and song are said to have been introduced by a Kabinda nganga, who visited this country. The original sense has been lost. If the Mbambi fetish is used, the chorus sung is, "Ngwa e tembwa 'yi, mbambi yuna" (Oh! these storms, that Mbambi fetish). Again the real meaning is lost, and perhaps some of the original words. As the drum is beaten the nganga drives the fetish power into the sick man, and he, being excited by the drumming, rattling, and singing, jumps on the nearest roof, tears handfuls of grass from it, and leaps off and on the roof like a madman. The nganga puts some juice from the "lemba-lemba" leaves and "nsangalavwa" stems on him to soothe and quieten him. He is then supposed to get better. Having had the fetish power put into him, he himself becomes a nganga, and can practise curing others. When a woman comes under the sway of the fetish power she becomes a female nganga, and is called "nengudi."

This "ekinu" dance is performed at the christening ceremony of a spirit child when the "ngang' a nkisi" is called to remove the evil that may be in the child because of its spirit nature. (See "Water Spirits" below.)

There is also a similar dance and ceremony observed over girls with the names of Nkenge and Nsona, and boys with the names of Lubaki and Mbaki, but the reason for the observance of the ceremony in their case is lost. "Nkenge" and "Nsona" are names of market days, and are given to such girls as are born on either of those days. There must be something special about some of the four days of their week, as in some districts they never bury on either Nkenge or Konzo, but only on Nsona and Nkandu. There are, therefore, children born on certain days who require an all-night dance to free

them from some evil, and other days upon which the dead may not be buried. Have they lucky and unlucky days?

2. *Nloko* (removing witch power, from "loka," to bewitch, and its reverse "lokola.") This is a circular dance, and is performed for the following reasons:—(*a*) If a person has been ill for a very long time, and one after another of the ngangas has failed to cure him, the various ngangas bring their fetish images, charms, and drums, all of which are placed in the centre, and the adult men and women dance round them, and after a time form a procession and parade through the streets of the village. These circular dances and parades are continued all night, and it is supposed that the sum total of all the strength of the fetishes present will destroy the witch who is retarding the recovery of the patient. The evil spirits being about at night, that is assumed to be the best time to deal with them. (*b*) As a war dance, *i.e.* before a fight begins, and as it proceeds. For details, see p. 36 *supra*.

3. *Nsundi* is danced in the day-time, or in the evening moonlight, by both men and women and boys and girls. A very high drum is used, and the men wear skins, or cloths in imitation of skins, and these are thrown about by the knees and thighs of the wearers as they jump about in the dance. The formation is in two lines opposite each other.

4. *Etutu.* This is the name of a very old dance, and in it the "dingwiti" drum (a friction drum now reserved for the "ngang' a ngombo"), some small drums, and reed pipes or whistles formed the band. The dancers had long sticks in their hands, with bells, or anything that jingled, affixed to the top end. It was danced by a line of men and a line of women. The shoulders were worked as well as the legs. Dingwiti is a drum used now in fetish palavers only by the "ngang' a ngombo." (See vol. xix., p. 416.) Through the skin drum-head is a strong cord knotted at the end to keep it from being

pulled through, and at the other end is a smooth stick. The fingers are wetted, and the stick drawn through them, and the drum-head vibrates and gives out a particular note.

5. *Ntuta,* also called *kinkubula* and *nkombo.* This is the same as the old "Etutu" dance, but a large drum with a big hole at the bottom, to make it sound well, is used instead of the friction drum.

6. *Sala.* A medium drum is used, and the formation is in two lines, one of each sex. This dance is characterised by rapid shaking of the whole body. They make up songs about one another, and the dance often ends in a general mêlée. In this dance the following exhibition of pride often takes place:—During the dance the chief or important man arrives, and someone not belonging to his family or town goes to the drum, and by beating carries on such a conversation as the following, asking questions and replying to them himself:—"Welcome to you, chief A. Are you quite well?" "I am quite well," replies the drummer. "Have you come a long way?" "No, only from my town." "Are you very rich?" "Yes, I have plenty of wives, slaves, pigs, goats, cloth, and money. I am so rich that I don't know how rich I really am. I don't know what to do with my money. It fills my bags, boxes, and houses." "Have you much money with you?" "Yes, my bag and pockets are full." "Give me some of it, as you are so rich." The foolish chief, in the vanity and pride of the moment, and to win the admiration of those present, will hand over a sum equal to ten or fifteen shillings, or more, a large amount for these people. Then one of the men with chief A will go to the drum and carry on a similar conversation about the chief of the town, or some other chief present (but not his own chief), and draw money out of them. If the largesse is mean and disappoints the drummer, tap, tap will go the drum and a song on stinginess will be beaten, and words will be bandied about from side to

side. What started as an innocent dance will end in a general row, and bad blood will be made for many a day. But, if the gift is generous, fulsome praise and flattery will be beaten on the drum, and everybody will be pleased.

Some time ago a band of players and dancers went from Vianga to Matadi to entertain the chief Dimbu and his folk. The Vianga players had an idea that they would be meanly treated, and so they laid their plans accordingly. They called a prominent player in Matadi, and arranged with him to praise the Vianga people in the usual way, and one of the Vianga men would give him 20 francs, which amount he was to return in consideration of a percentage of what the Matadi chief would give. The plan worked well for the Vianga players and their accomplice. Chief Dimbu, seeing 20 francs given, felt compelled to surpass that, and eventually handed over 30 francs.

7. *Boela* is a circular dance, to the beating of a medium-sized drum. The cloth put on for it is first held under the arm-pits, then the belt is tied tightly round the waist, and the upper part of the cloth is allowed to fall down in folds.

8. *Madiumba* is a circular dance performed, not to the beating of a drum, but to a marimba.

9. *Makuta.* The Makuta people got a dance from the Nsundi folk, who live to the east of them, and called it the Nsundi dance, and then the San Salvador people appropriated it, and called it the Makuta dance.

10. *Lungondongo* is like the *Ntuta* dance, but with a different beat on the drum and a different chorus.

11. *Ngwinda* is like the *Etuta*, but is danced by the Manyanga people on a cleared space outside the town.

12. *Nsanga* is danced after a fight, when no one is killed or wounded. There is no formation of rings or

lines, but just a crowd of folk who shout, wave knives, and fire off guns to the sounding beat of a big drum.

13. *Nkongo* is a hunter's dance, for men only, to the rubbing on the back of the "Nkumbi" or antelope drum. This takes place at the grave of a great hunter. During the rub, rub of the drum the hunters circle round the grave. (See page 181 *supra* and Plate IX.)

"Ejieta" is the finishing-off movement in a line dance, and means to go round for a turn or two in a circle as a wind up.

Other names for dances are "Nzoko," "Manyanga," and "Ngom' a nkanu." The last is used, as its name indicates, at the talking of palavers. At big palavers the orators speak for many hours, and to give them an occasional rest there is a drum beaten, and one or two women dance,—generally only one.

Salutations, Blessings, and Curses.

When a common man goes into the presence of the king of San Salvador, he kneels on the ground, puts the palms of his hands together, rubs his two little fingers in the dirt, rubs them on his forehead, and claps his hands; this he repeats three times. The king, to show his acceptance of the man and his homage, lays his right hand across the palm of his left, palm to palm, so that the four fingers of the right hand are well above the side of the left hand, and those four fingers he waves to and fro. Should the king not so wave his fingers, the sooner the man gets out of the king's presence, and the greater the distance he puts between the king and himself, the better it will be for his health.

When a common man salutes a chief, he performs the above action twice only, and the chief answers twice in the same way as the king.

When ordinary people or equals meet, they each clap once only, and relatives also only clap once to each other. Strangers meeting simply clap hands to each other. I have seen the following salutation between acquaintances:—The men have met and deliberately sat down, clapped to each other, crossed their hands so that the right hand of each took the left hand of the other, raised their hands, and finally dropped them loosely. This clapping and touching of hands they repeated solemnly three times, and then began to talk.

In saying good-bye to each other, they pretend to spit on the forehead and hands of the departing one, and on some grass which, after being spat upon, they stick in the hair of the beloved one leaving them. This is to bring good luck and keep away evil spirits.

Men on returning from a journey, or on paying a visit to a town, are greeted with "tukayisi" (welcome), or "tusambwidif" (blessing), and they reply "ingeta" or "inga" (yes, sir). Sometimes the greeting will be "tumonana" (we see each other), when each will clap three times. The women greet with "tumiangana" (prettiness, smartness).

If the king wants to be disrespectful in receiving the homage paid to him, he will simply put out only one hand, and wave the fingers; if he resents the homage, he puts out one foot and moves the toes, which is a sign of coming trouble.

Ordinary villagers meeting during the day say "kiambote" (good), and, if it is the morning, they add "olele kwaku?" (did you sleep?) The answer is "ndele kwame" (I did sleep). To sleep is regarded as a sign of good health. When separating during the day, the one going says to the one remaining "sala kiambote" (remain well), and the remaining one says to the one going "wenda kiambote" (go well). If it is evening, the farewell greeting is "sala leka kiambote" (remain, and sleep well), and

the answer is "wenda leka kiambote" (go, and sleep well).

There are two kinds of spitting:—1. "Taulwila nsambu," to spit a blessing or to utter a blessing, to pretend to spit on one as a blessing, as a parent will on a child, etc. When this is done, the one who blesses says "ovwa kiuma kiavwidi muntu, ovwa nsambu yo malau, wata diambu ditonda muntu," (may you possess all that a person should possess, may you have blessings and good luck, and may your words find favour with people). 2. "Taulwila mete," to spit saliva at any one. This is equal to cursing them, and is resented accordingly.

To hit or kick against another's foot in passing, if intentional, is equal to a curse, and will cause a bad quarrel. The man who does it unintentionally must ask forgiveness. The showing of the sole of the foot to a person is considered extremely rude, and to touch another with the sole of the foot is bitterly resented.

Visitors who have been sitting in a town must not brush the dust and dirt off their cloths until they get outside the town, as such an action is regarded as putting a curse on the town.

When a number of people are leaving a town to build another town, or to live somewhere else, the folk remaining wish them good health, good journey, luck, etc., and finish by saying,—"Do not any of you return to bewitch us." Those leaving reciprocate the good wishes, and say,—"Do not any of you follow us to bewitch us." When a caravan starts on a trading expedition, the members of it say to those left in the town,—"Good health, and let no one follow us to give us bad luck in trading"; and those left behind say,—"Good journey, and do not any of you return to bewitch us, or carry us to sell to the white trader." The idea behind these requests is that a living person who is a ndoki or witch can visit a place by his "nkwiya" (evil spirit) and take a person away by

witchcraft. The "nkwiya" can leave its possessor for evil purposes either when he is awake or asleep, and can travel any distance to accomplish its object. The "evuvu" or shell of the person is left behind, while the "nkwiya" takes the journey. The people about will see the "evuvu" before their eyes, but they believe his "nkwiya" has gone on its evil errand. Hence an animal that has killed a man is supposed to be possessed by the "nkwiya" of the ndoki, or it never would have killed the man. The person charged naturally denies that he has an "nkwiya," as no one admits he is a ndoki.

To curse a child or near relative, who is very bad, obstinate, or self-willed, the curser cuts off a piece of his own cloth, and wraps some of his hair in it and burns it, saying,—"You shall never have children, or you shall never become rich." If after a time the child or relative alters his or her conduct, and comes to his parents, say his father, wishing to have the curse removed, the father puts three small heaps of earth on each knee, the child kneels down before him, and the father says,—"I forgive you, I did not curse you in my heart but with my tongue only, and now from this time have many and strong children and become rich." The child shakes off or blows off each heap of earth from the knee, and the curse is removed. If the father is dead, the child seeks out a namesake of his father with whom he was on friendly terms, and, taking a fowl to him, asks him to undo the curse, which he does in the way described above. If a girl wants to marry a man of whom the family does not approve, or refuses to marry one whom they think suitable, they put a curse on her, or, as they say, "dia e kandu," eat with a curse, or interdict with a curse. The person cursed is "mwan' a kandu" or child of the curse. The most solemn way of promulgating a law, or cursing a town, family, or clan, is that pronounced at the junction of two roads, and confirmed by rubbing the mouth in the dust and striking the knees with one's hands. No

one will dare to risk the curse that would follow the breaking of a law thus proclaimed, and any family, town, or clan thus cursed would tremble until they either procured its removal or secured the services of the greatest nganga to nullify it.

Evil Eye and Counting.

The "evil eye" is supposed to receive its power from a fetish called "Ezau." The ingredients of the charm are known only to the maker and user, and the possession of such a charm is, of course, a secret, as those known to be in possession of it would soon be accused of witchcraft. The charm used to counteract the evil eye is called "kimbaji-mbaji," and is made by putting various herbs into a univalve shell. When a person feels under the power of the "ezau," he sends for a nganga who owns a good "kimbaji-mbaji" fetish. The nganga kills a fowl as a sacrifice, and puts some of the blood into the shell; he then marks a cross with chalk on the shell and puts it on the ground, surrounding it with eight heaps of gunpowder, which he explodes, and then blows his whistle vigorously. This arouses the charm to work effectively. Sometimes the nganga makes the shell move along the path, to the astonishment of all. The person engaging the nganga is now free from the influence of the evil eye. A woman here with a ground-nut patch who was not ready to gather it has objected to the other women in the village gathering theirs lest they put "ezau" on her patch, and so destroy the possibility of a good harvest. She believed that they had power by using the "ezau" to draw the nuts under ground from her own patch to theirs. The great, wealthy chief Makitu, now dead, was supposed to possess an "ezau" by which he put a ban on other folk's goods and thus became rich by their misfortunes.

It is considered very unlucky for a person to count her children one, two, three, and so on, for evil spirits will hear

and take some of them away by death. The people themselves do not like to be counted. They fear that counting will draw the attention of the evil spirits, and that they will die. A short time ago the Congo State officials, desiring to number the people for taxing purposes, sent an officer with soldiers to count them. The natives would have resisted him, but he had too many soldiers with him.

Omens.

A cock crowing at the wrong hour is killed because it is an evil omen. From 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. are regarded as ill-omened hours for crowing.

If the "ntoyo" or blue plantain-eater chirps near a man's house early in the morning, it is a sign of death.

"Ta esakuba," to strike the foot against anything. If a man does this in the road it is regarded as a bad omen. If it happens, men on a journey will return to the nearest town and start again a few hours later, or next day. Some turn round and strike the object again with the foot to remove or undo the evil effects of the first striking. A man striking his foot on the way to a hunt will turn back, for he knows he will have no success. Men going to fight another town have to jump over the "medicine saucepan" of the nganga, and should one strike his foot against it he is forcibly restrained from going to the fight. To step over a person's body or legs will cause ill-luck to that person, and is most carefully avoided by all passing between men during a palaver. The man passing will shuffle his feet along the ground and thus avoid lifting them, so as not to be charged with bringing bad luck to any one.

Cannibalism.

Some natives think that this practice was common among the people, as there are traces of it yet to be found in the fact that men will drink the blood, and eat the livers, of

those they have killed in a fight. This is not a common custom, but it is sometimes done. Over twenty-five years ago I knew a chief near San Salvador of whom it was generally reported that he had eaten the liver of a Portuguese soldier he had killed in battle when the Portuguese fought on behalf of Dom Pedro V. and reinstated him as King of San Salvador some twenty years previously.

Beliefs about Fire.

Fire came first from above by lightning striking a tree and setting it on fire. People will not now go near a tree that has been struck by lightning, and, if the tree is near the road, everyone who passes it will tie a single bow in the grass every time they pass along that road. A mother will put the grass into the hand of her child while she ties the bow. This is to avert some indefinable evil that will fall on them should they omit the observance of this rite. When palm-trees and "nsafu" trees are struck by lightning, no one will again eat their fruits, and the same applies to any fruit-tree. A person killed by lightning is buried at the cross roads, as he (or she) is supposed to have been slain by the fetish "Nzaji," who controls the lightning. All those who are killed by "Nzaji" are treated in this way, *e.g.* a man who bleeds from the mouth and nose is said to be killed by "Nzaji," and his corpse is put into a grave dug by the road-side, and two stakes are driven into him,—one through the chest and the other through the stomach,—and the body is left uncovered. The diseases, and death by lightning, inflicted by "Nzaji" are especially for stealing, but not solely for this crime; and a person who dies by lightning or by a "Nzaji" sickness is regarded as a very bad person, and may not be buried with respectable folk. It may be that the tree struck by lightning is supposed to have done something worthy of the "Nzaji"'s punishment, and hence those who can avoid the tree, and those who have to

go near it tie a single bow to avert a like misfortune from themselves. There is another statement respecting the origin of fire, according to which fire was first made by wood friction, and then by flint and steel. There is a native legend that once there was no fire on the earth, and a man sent a jackal, (which at that time was tame and lived in the villages), to where the sun sets to bring some fire from it, but the jackal found so many good things there that he never again returned to the abode of man.

Salt must never be thrown on the fire, or it will prevent the rain from ever coming again. Neither may a person spit in the fire, or he will suffer from a sickness in which "the blood will become thin, the hair turn reddish, and dropsy of the stomach will appear."

Beliefs about Stars.

"Nienie" or shooting stars are believed to be "matombola" (ghosts or spirits) travelling or playing, and anyone seeing them will rush into a house from fear of one of them falling on him and entering him. Mothers will not allow their children outside the house when there are many shooting stars to be seen, lest one should enter one of them. "Matombola" comes from "tomba," to ascend. It is thought that the "matombola" are spirits that have ascended from their graves. Mouse-holes are regarded as the exits of these spirits. Having ascended from their graves, they are now looking out for a body to enter, and upon entering one they become "nkwiya" (the evil spirit in a man that is the source of all witchcraft). There is the "mwanda" or spirit of a man which is buried with his corpse, and also the "etombola" or ghost which enters a person and becomes a "nkwiya" or evil spirit, and the person who has the nkwiya becomes a ndoki, or a witch who causes sickness and death. Now no one wants to be a witch, so they get out of the way of shooting stars. The "matombola" are not confined to

shooting stars, but can wander in the forests and enter folk by other means. They come out of the grave to steal fowls, etc., and cause much mischief.

The three stars of Orion's belt are called "mbwa yo nziji yo nkongwa-mbwa," (the dog, the palm-rat, and the hunter). Venus is named "Nkaz' a Ngonde," (wife of the moon), and the Pleiades "Ndunda-lunda zalunda mvula" (the caretakers who guard the rain). It is thought that the rain comes from the Pleiades, and if, at the beginning of the rainy season, this constellation is clearly seen, the natives expect a good rainy season.

Water Spirits.

"Ximbi" are water spirits that keep the water good and fit to drink. They are said, by those who pretend that they have seen them, to have short, little bodies, and are white. The ximbi are responsible for landslips and chasms. They travel in the whirlwind and great storms. When a white person dies at Wathen Station, the natives say that the ximbi which inhabit the neighbouring streams do not like white people. Snakes are to be found frequently among the stones along the banks of rivers and streams, and therefore they are regarded as under the protection of the ximbi, and are sometimes said to be incarnations of ximbi. These ximbi are regarded also much as we regard fairies, and are, according to some of the stories, possessed of similar powers.

When a pregnant woman dreams of water, or snakes, or ximbi, she believes that her child is an incarnation of a ximbi. Directly the child is born, a cloth is tied round it to hide its sex, and no one is allowed to know its sex except the nganga. A short time after the birth, the nganga arrives and starts the dance called "Ekinu," (see "Dances" (1) above), which is danced all night and is accompanied by much eating and drinking. A bower of palm fronds is made, and the father, mother, and child sit

under it. All the plates, dishes, and small saucepans used during the confinement are brought out of the house, and put near the booth. At dawn a plate of palm wine is procured, and the "ngang' a nkisi" dips some "lemba-lemba" leaves in the wine and sprinkles the baby, the mother, and the father, after which he asks the crowd three times if they know the child's name. They answer,—"No, we don't know the name." The nganga shouts out,—"It is Lombo." The people then make a noise by clapping their mouths. The folk, on hearing the name Lombo, would know that the child was a girl, for, if a boy, it would have been called Etoko, and they also know from the name given that the mother has dreamed of ximbi, or water, or snakes. The nganga would receive as his fee one fowl, 15 strings of blue beads, and all the utensils that had been put outside the house.

When the child grows up, it receives presents from its relatives on account of its spirit nature. The ximbi are supposed to endow one thus born with various powers and fairy gifts, and hence presents are given to "Lombo" and "Etoko" children by relatives and neighbours, to gain the goodwill of these incarnations or favourites of the ximbi. As stated above, snakes are either under the special protection of the ximbi or are incarnations of them, and, on account of this connection, snakes are not killed or hurt in a house where these spirit children have been born, and neither "Lombo" nor "Etoko" children are allowed to kill snakes, lest they should kill one of their kith and kin. They do not drive them from their houses, and snakes, apparently conscious of their immunity, are most frequently found in the houses of those men and women called "Etoko" and "Lombo." Again, the most vulnerable part of a snake is its head, and people must not strike these spirit children on the head. There is an indefinable but clear connection in the native mind between the ximbi, snake, and the spirit children "Lombo" and "Etoko."

These water-spirit children can impart not only good

fortune, but also inflict misfortune. The presents referred to above are to bring the one and avert the other from the givers, and the whole idea of the "christening" ceremony is to make the spirit child amenable to the ordinary rules of life. "Lemba-lemba" leaves are only used by the nganga when something uncanny is to be counteracted in the person subject to his rites, as in the case of a madman, homicide, etc.

The natives believe even now that we white folk do not weave our cloth, but that the ximbi of the sea weave all the cloth beneath the waves, and that we have found an opening leading to their oceanic factory and, whenever we want cloth, we simply ring a bell at the hole (ntumpa), and the ximbi, without showing themselves, push up the end of a piece of cloth and we pull it yard by yard and length by length until we have all we want, and then we cut and fold it into pieces, and bind it into bales. They also believe that the cloth-weaving ximbi have only one eye, and that the power of sight of the two eyes is concentrated in the one eye, which enables them to weave such fine, close cloth. We are supposed to pay the ximbi by taking to them the spirits of the natives we have collected or bewitched to death, to become the slaves of the ximbi. The natives, believing that the cloth costs us little or nothing, are never satisfied with the presents travellers make them in cloth, and hence arise all the stories of native greed. The belief that we bewitch the natives so as to send their spirits to become the slaves of the ximbi causes their opposition to travellers and others who live in or pass through their country for no ostensible reason. The native understands the reason for a trader living here, but not for the presence of travellers, explorers, and missionaries.

"Kimenga" or Sacrifice.

I do not think that there is any idea of worship in "kimenga," or sacrifice, and no prayers are offered when the

kimenga is made. The root idea is that in some way the kimenga renews the power in a fetish image or bundle of charms. It refreshes the fetish, and enables it to perform more effectually its office of protector of its owner, punisher of his enemies, and imparter of good fortune. A fowl or goat is killed, and its blood is poured over the image or charm, for these kimenga are made not only to images but also to bundles of charms. Sometimes the toe of a fowl is cut and the blood is allowed to fall on the fetish, and even the toe of a frog is cut and used as a kimenga. If the fetish is to be kept up to its full power, the sacrifice should be made regularly, *e.g.* at every new moon, or on certain market days, and the larger the favours expected the more costly must be the sacrifice. The fetish receiving only the drippings from a fowl's or a frog's toe cannot be expected to confer large favours. At the same time some fetishes can only impart small favours, and consequently it would be waste to give them a large kimenga, such as a large fowl or goat. Other fetishes, owned by wealthy men, give great good fortune, and their wealthy owners can afford to offer goats and fowls. The flesh of a sacrifice must not be sold, but eaten by the man who offers it and the members of his clan. Sunset is the usual time for offering the kimenga, and the person who kills the sacrifice turns his face towards the sun. A pig is never offered as a sacrifice, although it is more plentiful than the goat. My informant cannot guess at any reason for this restriction. I think it is probably reckoned unclean, as the planter of certain seeds is not allowed to eat it. (See also the description of a hunting sacrifice on p. 181 *supra*.)

JOHN H. WEEKS.

COLLECTANEA.

New Year's Day in Scotland, 1909.

The following notes were compiled from the local paragraphs in the *Aberdeen Free Press* and *The Scotsman* for Jan. 2nd, 1909.

Games.[1]

Dornoch.—The all but obsolete game of "bools" was engaged in on the links by about 50 people.

Kirkcaldy.—Ravenscraig Castle was, as usual, thrown open to the public for the day, and the ancient game of "Bawbee she Kyles" was taken part in.

Kirkwall.—The chief form of amusement was the ball playing. . . . The ball for boys fell to the Down-the-gates; that for youths to the Up-the-gates. The struggle for the men's ball was a most determined one, and . . . ultimately the Up-the-gates were victorious. (Cf. Gomme, *The Traditional Games of England, etc.*, vol. i., pp. 135-7.)

Wemyss.—The "Kyles," a game peculiar to Wemyss, was played yesterday, when the medal was won by Thos. Coventry, W. Wyles, a former winner, being runner up. [This game is played with a metal ball and leather thong.][2]

Guizing or Mumming.

Kelso.—Bands of youngsters were out "guizanting." (Guizanting is synonymous with guizing. A long account of "The Dying Guizard," or guizer, appeared in *The Scotsman*, Dec. 31st, 1902.)

[1] Further information as to the games is desired. They are not described in Mrs. Gomme's *Traditional Games* except where indicated.—Ed.

[2] Is this similar to the game described in "More Notes on Old English Games," *Badminton Magazine*, Jan. 1897, as Kailles or Cayles, played with nine shank bones of cattle and a stick or wooden bowl to throw at them?

Lerwick.—As on Christmas Eve, a large number of "guizers," young and old, were in evidence. The custom of going "guizing" is decidedly on the increase in Lerwick, and the fun and frolic are entered into largely by young and old.

North Berwick.—"Guizing" amongst the younger portion of the community was largely in evidence on Hogmanay night.

Other Practices.

Auchterarder.—Huge bonfires were kindled at the Townhead and the Common Loan.

Banff brought in the New Year with a pipe and drum band and the firing of squibs, rockets, etc.

Berwick, *Earlston*, *Inverleithen*, *Kelso*, and *Kirkcudbright* mention "firstfooting" as being on the wane, while *Haddington*, *Hawick*, and *Kilmarnock* mention a good deal of it.

Earlston.—The territorials, following the example of their predecessors, had the annual wapinschaw on the range at the Black Hill.

Fordyce.—Scarcely had the chimes of the Old Year died away when the village youths were busy at the time-honoured custom of removing the mortar-stone[3] to the door of the young lady whom they wish to see joined in wedlock during the year.

Keith.—The Institute Bell was tolled for half an hour, and the engine-drivers at the station kept their engine whistles going for a like period.

DAVID RORIE.

[3] Particulars are desired.—ED.

INDIAN FOLKLORE NOTES, II.[1]

I AM again indebted to the courtesy of one of our members, Mr. Halliday Sparling, for numerous cuttings from current Indian newspapers, from which I give some extracts:

Sympathetic magic; sacrificing an animal to cause injury to an enemy.—In South India the head of a fowl which has dark-

[1] For I. see "Some Notes on Indian Folklore," *ante*, pp. 211-3.

coloured flesh,—typifying the powers of darkness and evil,—is cut off and split into two pieces. The name of the person whom it is intended to injure is written on a piece of palm-leaf and inserted between the two parts of the skull. The whole is wrapped up with certain jungle fruits and deposited under the enemy's gateway. The writer of this account quotes a letter from an old lady in Yorkshire, who describes a similar rite current on the moors near Leeds. Take a pigeon, a bird with dark-coloured flesh, and hang it up alive before a fire. Taking a knife, cut its breast open with the invocation,—"O God! do unto my enemy (mentioning his or her name) as I now do to this pigeon; for it is in my hands to kill or to keep alive, even as he is in Thy hands." After this the heart of the pigeon is cast into the fire. (*Times of India*, Aug. 13, 1908.)

The Kodangalur Cock Feast.—About March 25th crowds of natives visit Kodangalur, each of them carrying a cock as an offering. The celebration is based on the tale of Kovalam and his faithful wife Kannakai, the son and daughter of two merchant princes, who were married and lived happily for some years. After this Kovalam fell a victim to the fascinations of a dancing-girl and deserted his wife, taking with him one of her anklets, which he sold, giving the proceeds to his paramour. Meanwhile the queen of Madura had sent one of her anklets to be cleaned by a goldsmith; and, when he placed it in the sun, a vulture carried it away. Kovalam was arrested, charged with the crime of stealing the jewel, and executed. When the news of the death of her husband reached Kannakai she went to Madura and produced her other anklet before the king. The anklet was examined and was found to be stuffed with diamonds, while that of the queen was filled with pearls. The king on learning that Kovalam was innocent fell down dead, and his queen also soon died. The goldsmith was lynched by the indignant people, and Kannakai retired to the forest, where she spent the rest of her life in the practice of austerities. After her death she was recognised as an incarnation of the benign Mother goddess, Bhadrā Kālī, and a temple was dedicated to her with a statue of the heroine made from granite specially brought from the Himalaya. Cocks are now yearly sacrificed to her to induce her to forbear

from vengeance on the people at whose hands she received such grievous wrong. (*Madras Times*, April 1, 1909.)

Flesh of animals killed by lightning.—At Asugyi village in Burma a cow was recently killed by lightning. The animal was at once cut up, and the flesh carried away by the Burmese, who believe that the meat of beasts killed by lightning is a sovereign remedy for diseases of the lungs and rheumatism. (*Bassein News*, April 7, 1909.) In illustration of this belief it may be noted that the Greeks paid respect to places which had been struck by lightning (ἐνηλύσια or ἠλύσια), fenced them in, and prevented any one from entering them. The Etruscans called such places *bidental* or *puteal*, enclosed them, and offered sacrifices there. (Frazer, *Pausanias*, vol. iii., p. 565.) The Wanyoro build an arch over a place struck by lightning. (Featherman, *The Negritoes*, p. 107.)

A Bengali family ghost.—Dr. Manindra Lal Banerjee, of the Indian Medical Service, writes that in September last year there was a tremendous knocking at his door; but no one could be found there. This was followed by repeated knocks at night, and showers of brickbats from unseen hands in broad daylight. "The knockings were always more frequent at the door of my widowed sister-in-law, and the shower was thicker in whatever direction she went. Whenever we gave her writing materials, there would appear an automatic writing,—"I love you dearly, have come to see you. No fear." The next moment she would swoon away, and through her spirit talked of many things. The spirit says he is my elder brother, the husband of my sister-in-law, who breathed his last some ten years ago. Many other friends of the spirit also visit us." (*Bassein News*, Oct. 9, 1909.)

Hindu magic; soul transference.—A Yogi has been in the habit of visiting Jabalpur twice a year, and there made the acquaintance of Pandit Amarnāth, who induced him to communicate to him the secret of the elixir of life. The Yogi ordered him to bring some spirits, mutton, and porridge. The two repaired at night to a Mohammedan graveyard, where the Yogi drew a magic square round a newly-made grave, and asked his friend to sit within it and to hand out to him, one by one, the things he had brought with him. The Yogi disinterred the corpse, and lying

beside it became in half an hour apparently dead. After a while the corpse of the Mohammedan, which had been removed from the grave, showed signs of reviving, and the Pandit saw sparks of fire issuing from its eyes. Finally the Mohammedan rose and told him that the soul of the Yogi had entered into him. The two then buried the Yogi in the grave, and left the place. The Mohammedan subsequently was recognised by his friends in a distant city, and when, to make things sure, the grave was opened it was found to contain the corpse of an aged man, not that of the original occupant. (*Madras Times*, Oct. 7, 1909.)

W. Crooke.

Australian Folk-tales.

The first of the following tales was told to me by an old blackfellow whom the white people called "Jerry." He spoke the Jirringañ language, a grammar of which I published in 1902,[1] with the habitat of the Jirringañ tribe. The story of the Wahwee is current among the Wiradjuri, Kamilaroi, Wailwan, and other tribes of New South Wales. It was related to me by an old Kamilaroi black-fellow, named "Jimmy Nerang," whom I met at the Bora ceremony held at Tallwood in 1895.[2] The Rev. Wm. Ridley mentions the Wawi (my Wahwee) as a monster living in deep waterholes.[3] I gave a drawing of the Wahwee represented on the ground at the Burbung ceremonies of the Wiradjuri tribe in 1893.[4] (The two tales have, since their despatch to *Folk-Lore*, been printed in the *Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Society of New South Wales.*)

1. *The Yarroma.*—Yar'-ro-mas are men of gigantic stature, with their body covered with hair, and having a large mouth which enables them to swallow a blackfellow alive. There are always two of these creatures together, and they stand back to

[1] *Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Society of N.S. Wales*, vol. 36, pp. 160-167.

[2] *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Victoria, N.S.*, vol. ix., pp. 137-173.

[3] *Kamilaroi and Other Australian Languages*, 1875, p. 138.

[4] *Journal of the Anthropological Institute, etc.*, vol. xxv., p. 315.

back so that they can see in every direction. Their means of locomotion is by a series of long jumps, and every time their feet strike the ground they make a loud noise like the report of a gun or the cracking of a stock-whip.

These men have large feet, shaped differently to those of a human being. When a Yarroma is heard in the vicinity, the people must keep silent, and rub their hands on their genitals. Some of the head-men or "doctors" call out the name of some place a long way off, with the object of inducing the Yarroma to start away to that locality. If this *ruse* does not succeed, the head-men get sticks which have been lighted in the fire,—a fiery stick in each hand,—and strike them together so as to emit sparks, and the Yarroma then disappears into the ground, making a flash of light as he does so.

If a man is out in the bush alone, and is pursued by Yarromas, his only means of escape is to jump into a large waterhole, and swim about, because these monsters cannot wet their feet. They sharpen their teeth on the rocks in high mountains, and the natives aver that they know of rocks where marks of this grinding can still be seen.

On one occasion a blackfellow went under a fig-tree to pick up ripe figs which had fallen to the ground, when a Yarroma, who was hidden in a hollow at the base of the tree, rushed out and caught him and swallowed him head first. It happened that the victim was a man of unusual length, measuring more than a foot taller than the majority of his countrymen. Owing to this circumstance, the Yarroma was not able to gulp him down farther than the calves of his legs, leaving his ankles and feet protruding from the monster's mouth, which kept it open, and thus allowed a passage for the air to descend to the man's nostrils, which saved him from suffocation. The Yarroma, feeling a nausea something like what occurs when a fish bone or other substance gets stuck in one's throat, went to the bank of the river close by, and had a drink of water to moisten his œsophagus, thinking by this means to suck down the remainder of his prey and complete his repast. This was all to no purpose, however, and, becoming sick, the Yarroma vomited the man out on the dry land. The man was still alive, but he feigned to be dead, so that he might possibly get

a chance of running into the water. The Yarroma then started off to get his comrade to come and help him to carry the dead man to their camp, so that they might cook and eat him. He wished, however, to make quite sure that the man was dead before he left him, so he walked a little distance and returned, but the man lay perfectly still. The Yarroma got a stalk of grass and tickled the man's feet, but the latter remained quiet; then the Yarroma tickled the man's nose with the grass, but the man did not move a muscle. Finally the Yarroma took a bull-dog ant, and made it sting him, but still the man never flinched. The Yarroma then, thinking the man was certainly dead, started off for help, and, when he got a sufficient distance away, the man, seeing his opportunity, got up and ran into the water close by, and swam to the opposite side. His friends, who happened to come there just at that time, waved burning sticks in the air, and the Yarroma dived into the ground and vanished from their sight.

2. *The Wahwee.*—The Wahwee, a serpent-like monster, lives in deep waterholes, and burrows into the bank beneath the level of the water, where he makes his den. He has a wife and a son, but they camp in a different place. A "doctor" or clever blackfellow can sometimes go and see a Wahwee, but on such occasions he must paint himself all over with red ochre. He then follows after the rainbow some day when there is a slight shower of rain, and the end of the rainbow rests over the waterhole in which is the Wahwee's abode. On reaching this waterhole, the man dives in under the bank, where he finds the Wahwee, who conducts him into the den, and sings him a song which he never heard before. He repeats this song many times in the presence of the Wahwee, until he has learnt it by heart, and then starts back to his own people. When they see him coming, painted and singing a new song, they know he has been with the Wahwee, and a few of the other head-men and clever fellows take him into the adjacent bush, where they strip pieces of bark off trees, on which they paint different devices in coloured clays. All the people of the tribe are then mustered, and these ornamented pieces of bark are taken to the corroboree ground, where everyone sings and dances. This is how new songs and corroborees are obtained.

Parramatta, N.S. Wales. R. H. MATHEWS.

Scraps of English Folklore, IV.

Cheshire.

Conversation, Jan. 4, 1909.

Myself.—Miss ——— wants to know when you will take down the Christmas evergreens, Mary.

Mary (housemaid).—Oh, on Old Christmas Day, ma'am, to be sure, always.

Myself.—Whom did you learn that from?

Mary.—My mother, ma'am; she always did it.

Myself.—And what shall you do with them? Burn them?

Mary (*with horror*).—Oh *no*, ma'am, not burn them! Throw them away somewhere, carefully.

G. M. Ireland Blackburne.

Motcomb St., Belgrave Sq., S.W.

Cornwall.

The following practices and beliefs are still in vogue in the neighbourhood of Helston.

On New Year's Eve a coin, a small piece of wood, and a piece of cloth are taken from a house into its garden and hidden under a stone or in some safe corner. The next morning the things are brought into the house again by the same person who took them outside. This ensures a sufficiency of clothing, house furniture, and money during the coming year.

Round buns made at Christmas must have a separate piece of dough upon their tops to make them true Christmas buns.

Chicks hatched from May eggs will not thrive, and May kittens "will bring home adders and toads."

A piece of toadskin is worn as a cure for cancer.

The sign of the cross is employed to cure wounds or pains.

In a village near Land's End, when there was a great scarcity of fish in the summer following a winter of many shipwrecks, it was said,—"The sea is mourning for its dead."

Helston. M. Shooter.

Devonshire.

A. T. (Kingsbridge, South Devon) always takes down the Christmas evergreens on New Year's Eve, and burns them.

Every one does it on that day in her "part," and many people burn them in the fire on New Year's evening.

On Christmas evening they sit up late and burn an *ashen faggot*, a bundle of ash sticks, of a suitable size for the grate, bound together with bramble. Labourers cut them in the hedges and present the faggots to their (better-class) neighbours. In Exeter they may be bought at the greengrocer's. They should be green wood, and therefore burn a long while. She knows of no "luck" about them. CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Essex.

At Newport, Oak-apple Day (May 29th) is observed in the following manner. At half-past five in the morning the church bells are rung, after which the ringers make a tour of the village and place a branch of the oak on every door-step. Later in the day they call for a small contribution.

Newport. J. H. P. STILL.

Gloucestershire.

I have been told by a well-to-do farmer at Ashelworth, six miles from Gloucester, that if any rain falls on Ascension Day it is sure to be *black*. In 1899, on the afternoon of Ascension Day, it was almost dark enough to need candles, and some rain that fell was quite discoloured, which was looked on by the villagers as a matter of course. D. TOWNSHEND.

Lancashire.

Onions hung in the house secure it against fevers. They are commonly so used in Oldham.

Oldham. RALPH WOLFENDEN.

Lincolnshire.

I have always heard that a body should not burn anything while it is green. (A. T.)

Houseleek beaten up with cream is applied to burns "to draw the fire out."

To kill a robin wantonly causes your mother to die.

Kirton-in-Lindsey. MABEL PEACOCK.

Oxfordshire.

At Culham, in the early eighties,—certainly not later than 1886,—I was told by a man that the playing of a German band brought rain.[1]

It was also a saying at Culham that "when an old woman runs it is going to rain."

E. H. BINNEY.

Somersetshire.

The Rev. R. Dyke Acland tells me that, when he was a boy at Luccombe, Somerset, an old man-servant always provided the family with an ashen faggot for Christmas Eve. The faggot should be bound with as many "binds" as there are persons in the company. Each chooses one, and the order in which they are burnt through foretells the order in which the party will be married. (Mrs. Hewett, in *Devonshire Nummits and Crummits*, p. 92, adds to this that a quart of cider should be consumed at the bursting of each "bind"!) An Exeter man tells him that the *whole of one bough* of a tree should be cut up for each faggot.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Staffordshire.

Never burn the Christmas evergreens. It brings bad luck. Throw them away. In a town, you would put them in the dust-bin, and let somebody else burn them, and get the bad luck instead of you. A. O. (Tutbury), 1909.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Surrey.

The following was obtained from L—— B——, a girl of 25, a native of Hascombe:

"Mrs. P—— at Hascombe, who died about seven years ago, was a witch. She use to go in and see her neighbour Mrs. S——, and they use not to get on very well together; and when she come away, Mrs. S—— use to see her out to the gate, and, if the old woman wasn't pleased with anything, she use to make

[1] Cf. *ante*, p. 348.

holes with her walking-stick in the path and say something; and then, no matter what, Mrs. S—— use to have no sleep at night because of her. She use to see the old woman, and see things, like, and she couldn't not sleep, not at all. But then,—(I think someone told her what to do),—she use to take pins and stick them in the holes, and that use to take off the effect, like. And it was quite true, because she done it to a lot more people. Mrs. S—— use to try and keep her from coming to her house, but no matter what, she would come. It was enough to frighten you to look at her. She had a daughter, and when she was ill she had to come home to look after her, and she had to do whatever the old woman told her, or else she did lead her a life! And she use to tell people about it, too.

"My father use to tell us children, when he was working at a place in Berkshire there use to be something in a hedge, and, when he use to drive his horses out in a morning, about nine o'clock it was, it use to jump out and stop the horses dead. It was like a figure of a man; and whoever was driving out, no matter what, a waggon or what, it didn't matter if the man drove fast past that place, the horses use to stop dead, and the driver would call to them to go on, and they wouldn't not for a while."

Woking. BARBARA FREIRE-MARRECO.

Worcestershire.

One of my maids, who comes from Redmarley, tells me that Ascension Day rain is *not* black, but that it is saved and bottled to use for bad eyes.[2] D. TOWNSHEND.

[2] So also in Shropshire (C. S. Burne). Cf. *Gloucestershire* above.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Religion of the Andaman Islanders.

(*Ante*, p. 257.)

"The bearing of the Andamanese beliefs on the theory of a primitive All-Father I do not care to discuss," says Mr. Brown, in his welcome paper on "The Religion of the Andaman Islanders" in September *Folk-Lore*, "as the whole theory seems to me nothing but a system of elaborate misinterpretation."

As I am to some extent responsible for the theory,—(though for "a primitive" I would read "an early All-Father"),—I may be permitted to say how Mr. Brown's paper impresses me.

It impresses me very favourably, for it seems much more methodical and searching than that of Mr. Man. At the same time, I am not informed to what extent either, or both, or neither, of these observers can converse with the Andamanese in their own languages or dialects. Mr. Man made a dictionary containing 6000 Andamanese words, and wrote learnedly on the grammar. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brown will speedily publish all his materials, when my ignorance on this and other points will be enlightened.

As to "misinterpretation,"—a student at home has only the reports of students in the field, such as Mr. Howitt, and the charge of misinterpretation must rest on them rather than on the pale denizen of the study. They misinterpret with singular unanimity, in all uncivilised regions of our globe. They describe a non-animistic great being, of no known parentage and not an Alcheringa man, who created, or made, the world, but not all the things in it necessarily, who now lives in the sky, and, if

not immortal, "is still running"; and who often sanctions conduct and is a judge of souls. As to his "invisibility," at least in the Andaman islands "nobody ever sees him" or her. Though nobody ever saw Puluga, yet people describe his personal appearance; such is the nature of mythological logic. When an Andamanese says that a thing is never seen, he means, I think, what we mean by "invisible." People speak amongst us of "the unseen world," when they mean the world of ghosts, which, according to them, are pretty often on view.

Mr. Brown discovers that, in at least six linguistic groups out of eleven, Biliku or Bilikă,—(we think of Dickens's *The Billikin*),—or Öluga is female, while in two cases Puluga is male, and in three cases the sex of Bilik is doubtful. In four cases the name means spider, and in one monitor lizard, which satisfactorily accounts for the circumstance that the being is eighteen feet high and anthropomorphic, at least in one instance where the name does not mean spider.

But, as the word is radically the same in all the groups, let it be supposed that it always meant spider, though where the being is male the meaning is lost, which is odd. We are reminded of the African Ananzi (spider) and of the Bushman Cagn (mantis insect). A very decent All-Father Cagn is, according to what Qing, king Ngusha's Bushman hunter, told Mr. Orpen, who reports his conversation.

We now consider the female Billikinses. It would be interesting to know if they are found in tribes with female descent, while the male beings occur in tribes with male descent. Where the Billikinses have a husband, Tarai, as in the north, we are reminded of Birrahgnooloo, who "is mother of all and not related to any one clan," and is the consort of Byamee, but not a wife, "not vulgarised by ordinary domestic relations" (*The Euahlayi Tribe*, Mrs. Langloh Parker, p. 7). She hears prayers for rain, and makes Byamee's actual wife "start the flood-ball of blood rolling down the mountains." But Byamee is the predominant partner. Where there are female Billikinses, named spider, their husband is the south-west wind; while, where Puluga rules, his brothers are the winds. Such variants as to the relationships of mythical beings are very common in South-East

Australia, and are minutely discussed by Père Schmidt, in his *Origine de l'Idée de Dieu.*[1] The chief being, whether male or female, is in the Andamans (as almost everywhere) closely associated with thunder, lightning, storm, and wind. Bad weather is caused by the anger of the being, whether male or female. Only three "causes of wrath" are mentioned by Mr. Brown; no moral cause of wrath is dreamed of. Mr. Man gave quite an opposite version; Puluga is angered by certain moral offences, as well as by actions which seem to us indifferent. Mr. Brown supposes that "a native" invented Puluga's ethical aspect, in answer to a leading question by Mr. Man. If Mr. Man had only one informant on this point, to whom he put a leading question, he is much to be blamed. But is this likely? Mr. Man writes,—"I have taken special care not only to obtain information on each point from those who are considered by their fellow-tribesmen as authorities, but who . . . were in entire ignorance regarding any save their own legends," and he took pains to test all statements.[2] He got information as to Puluga being judge of the dead, giving rewards and punishments. This is a fairly common attribute among All-Fathers, and, as we have, in Central Australia, several non-moral All-Fathers, (among the Loritja, Kaitish, and Arunta), while for ethical All-Fathers in the south-east Mr. Howitt, Mrs. Langloh Parker, and Mr. Cameron may be consulted (leaving missionary evidence aside), I suggest that a belief which Mr. Man found has not been found by Mr. Brown; or it may have died out. In *Revue des Études Ethnographiques* for April, 1909, I examine the question, is the moral or the non-moral view of the All-Father the earlier? The student may be referred to this essay.

I need not dwell on Mr. Brown's hypotheses as to the reason why the beings are credited with knowing only three causes of wrath, and these non-moral. No doubt the Andamanese have practical reasons for their faith. The odd thing is that the causes of wrath are so very few, for the tribes must object to a great many practices.

The beings, in all cases, are quite distinct from the mythical

[1] *Anthropos*, 1909.

[2] *Journal of the Anthropological Institute, etc.*, vol. xii., p. 157.

ancestors, or Alcheringa folk. This is rather curious, for, in most mythologies where an All-Father occurs, he is a good deal mixed up with Alcheringa folk; though, when he makes the world, and makes himself, he seems on a much higher level than they. In two or three cases the Andamanese beings leave the earth in anger. "Biliku's present abode is in the sky to the north-east." This departure of the All-Father to the sky, and his unceasing residence there, are a very common, indeed almost universal, form of the myth. According to the Kaitish, Atnatu made himself and another world beyond the sky, where he dwells. Usually, however, the All-Father goes skyward after a sojourn on earth. In one Andamanese myth, Biliku has changed into a stone, like a common Alcheringa person. The story of fire-theft from these beings, such as Bundjel or Zeus, is familiar.

Mr. Brown gives the legend of Biliku as "the creator of the world," adding,—"I was often told that Biliku was the first human being, and that she made the earth and the first Andamanese. But there was no legend of creation in connection with Biliku." Does Mr. Brown mean that only white people told him about a creation legend which the natives repudiated? Or does he mean that, in legend, Biliku made the earth, but human beings "came otherwise"? I am anxious not to misinterpret Mr. Brown. He writes,—"Biliku, the same man told me, made the earth and sky and sea, but it does not seem that she was the creator of men." The All-Father sometimes, like Pundjel, is the maker of men out of earth, wood, or other raw material: but often they come otherwise. Biliku is clearly regarded as a creator on a fairly large scale,—earth, sea, and sky,—though I am often told that savages could not possibly evolve such a belief. They can, *teste* Mr. Brown (and many others).

We now come to the points of difference between Mr. Brown and Mr. Man.

I. The latter told us that Puluga had a wife, a green shrimp, whom we may regard as a parallel to the Biliku spiders. But Puluga, in two or three groups, is the predominant partner. As to his being "like fire" (Mr. Man) or anthropomorphic (Mr. Brown), the question is otiose, as, according to both

enquirers, nobody ever sees him; not that he is invisible, he merely cannot be seen.

II. Mr. Brown holds that the belief in the male Puluga or Bilik is secondary; "those groups which represent Puluga as male have changed their belief." Perhaps,—but why? Does the change correspond to any change in society? The question has been much discussed in connection with the goddess of "Minoan" and Asiatic civilisation.

III. Mr. Man says that Puluga "is immortal." No more than "all other beings in the Andamanese myths are immortal," says Mr. Brown. "No one has ever supposed it possible that they might come to an end." But he has told us that Biliku came to as much of an end as Lot's wife (p. 265). And where are all the other beings in the Andamanese myths? Puluga and Co. are in the sky.

IV. As to Mr. Man's story that Puluga, like Pundjel, "knows all the thoughts of their hearts, by day," Mr. Brown does not comment on the matter.

V. We have already spoken about "causes of wrath," and Mr. Brown does not enter, at present, into the question of a future life.

He gives his own theory of the origin of the beliefs, in meteorological phenomena. But how the north-east wind could be supposed to create sky, earth, and sea, I know not.

Finally, except as to the female character of some of these creative and sky-dwelling persons, Mr. Brown tells us nothing for which I cannot find a parallel in the All-Father myths of the world.

He shows us beings of unknown, and not of human, origin; not Alcheringa folk; makers of earth, sky, and sea, and now dwellers in the sky; who so far observe human conduct as to punish certain offences; who are wielders of the thunderbolt, and lords of the weather; who are not animistic, not exalted ghosts. These beings are already quite well recognised among certain rare types,—decadent, perhaps, perhaps not yet fully evolved,—by friends of the All-Father theory. They are no new things to us; we only ask, are they degraded or nascent types of the All-Father?

He was a mythical figure ignored or explained away by almost all anthropologists till quite recent years, under the suggestion of the animistic theory of the origin of religion. Mr. Brown has provided us with valuable materials for the study of the All-Father belief, because, strictly speaking, neither his beings nor the Tukura of the Loritja can be called All-Mothers or All-Fathers. As far as he tells us, men see in them angry rulers,—but have no filial relation to them, any more than in the case of the Loritja Tukura. But, in many instances, such creative sky-dwellers have been credited with the fatherhood of mankind, and with the sanction of ethics, and Tukura and the Andamanese beings may have once been regarded as ethical and kind, and have lost their attributes.

A. Lang.

The History of the Destruction of the Round Table.

(*Ante*, p. 272.)

The Arthurian text communicated by Dr. Gaster is interesting from more than one point of view, but I can in no way agree with the opinion, expressed alike by him and by Dr. Schüler, that the version represented is of a primitive and archaic character. (M. Paulin Paris' modern abridgment of these romances, useful as a guide to the general content, should of course never be cited as critical evidence.) The exact contrary is the case. The text derives from one of the later cyclic redactions, although, in its present drastically shortened form, it is not easy to determine precisely the group to which it should be assigned. It probably belonged to that designated by Wechssler as *Pseudo-Map*, Dr. Brugger's O. 1 *Galahad-Grail* cycle; *i.e.* it shows no sign of *Tristan* contamination; but whether it belonged to redaction *a* or *b* it is not so easy to say. (Cf. the table in Dr. Brugger's *Enserrement Merlin* No. I., *Zeitschrift für Französische Sprache*, Vol. XXIX.) There is no trace of the *Grand Saint Graal*, but the *Merlin* was certainly in an enlarged form. This is proved by the version of Arthur's birth and relationships; originally he had but one half-sister, mother to Gawain, and Iwain was not his nephew; gradually the number of Igerne's daughters grew from

one to four, or even five, the starting-point being the identification of Morgain as sister to the king, which, of course, in the chronicles, she is not.

Another note of lateness is the passage on p. 283, relating to the knights slain in the Quest. Some years ago, in my *Lancelot* Studies, I pointed out that this passage originally formed part of the *Queste*, and in the earlier and better versions we find it as the conclusion of this romance. It is so in the Dutch translation, and in the printed edition of 1533 (Lenoire); in the later Mss. and editions it is found as here, at the beginning of the final, *Mort Artus*, section. The light in which it represents Gawain, as slayer of so many of his brother knights, is in harmony with the character assigned to him in the *Queste*, but not with that which he bears in the *Mort Artus*. The correct number slain is 22, not 42, but Gawain is always held accountable for the death of 18.

The critical interest of the text lies in the fact that it affords evidence that this "Map" cycle was known in Italy, of which we had before no proof; the *Tavola Ritonda* is largely composed of *Tristan* material.

Another point of interest is the form of the proper names; certain of them, such as Melil Tomeil for Gorlois, and Adelfot as one of the sons of the knight of Askalot, are otherwise unknown to Arthurian tradition. Askalot recalls the Astolat of Malory, and may well be a form intermediate between that and the original Escarloet. The fact that these sons are named also accords with the tendency shown by the English compiler to name his minor characters, and it is possible that the Ms. at the root of this final section belonged to the same family as that used by Malory.

It seems to me not impossible that the peculiar form of the text may be due to the source having been abridged for the purposes of oral recitation. I can, however, assure Dr. Gaster that there is nothing here which he will not find in Mss. belonging to the later cyclic redaction, such as, for example, the Huth *Merlin*, in the edition of the *Société des Anciens Textes Français*.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

Candles Burnt on Christmas Night for Luck.

I shall be very much obliged, and so also will an enquiring American friend, if any member can inform me whether the New England custom of burning "bayberry candles," green tapers made from bayberries,—the fruit of the wax-myrtle or candleberry, *myrica cerifera*,—on Christmas night is of English origin. It is a saying that "a bayberry candle burned to the socket on Christmas night brings luck to the house, food to the larder, and gold to the pocket."

Carey Drake.

[A bayberry candle from Baltimore was laid on the table with this query at the Annual Meeting on Jan. 19th, 1910, but no information was obtained.]

Upper Congo Charm against Leopards.

In the recent journey of my colleague at Bolobo, Rev. J. A. Clark, to Lake Leopold, he passed through several villages which had been deserted owing to the ravages of a leopard which had taken off several people. On his return he found in one village several people who had returned, and were fixing things up a bit again. On his enquiring after the leopard, he was told that they were no longer in any fear of the animal, because they had a most effectual charm against it. He was taken to see it. It proved to be a plantain tree, round which had been placed some earth on which the leopard had walked. They had scraped up, following the instructions of a witch-doctor, the soil which had been trodden on by the animal,—just the paw marks,—and seemed quite happy in the assurance of safety the fetish gave them. The charm may have appeared successful, as the absence of the villagers may have led the beast to seek other hunting grounds.

A. E. Scrivener.

Bolobo, Haut Congo, Congo Belge.

OBITUARY.

THE Folk-Lore Society has lost an exceedingly faithful adherent, and some of us who knew him well a very loyal and true friend, by the death of Mr. JAMES BRUYN ANDREWS. Every summer he came to London, and amongst the very first things he did was to enquire as to what was doing in the realms of folklore, what new books had been published, and how all the folklorists he knew either personally or by their writings fared. He had always been travelling somewhere, always picking up items of information, always keenly alive to the interest and importance of the lore preserved by tradition. His health was never satisfactory, and, when I saw him in London as usual in May last, I felt that he had aged a great deal. He was, however, as cheerful as ever. He made plans to see me in the country in the summer on his way from Oxford, whither he always journeyed. He left England, however, for a change in consequence of his health, and after staying at Aix-la-Chapelle for a few weeks, nursed by his devoted friend and secretary, he passed away on Aug. 27th, 1909.

Mr. Andrews was born on Sept. 22nd, 1842, at New York. He was the son of Mr. Loring Andrews, and on his mother's side belonged to the family of Bruyn, one of the earliest Dutch settlers in New York. After passing a brilliant period of study at Yale he went to the bar, but soon was obliged to give up his work and travel on account of his health. He bought a property at Mentone after his marriage with Fanny, daughter of Mr. Cyrus Field, and he lived there for twenty years. It was here he began his studies in Mentonese dialect and folklore. His principal contributions have been published in France, and he contributed to our own journal some reviews of French books and an article on Neapolitan witchcraft (vol. viii.), and one on devil dances in Ceylon (vol. vii.). It is pleasing to know that Mrs. Wilson is about to collect his scattered contributions to the transactions of learned societies and publish them in one volume. They will be welcomed by many of us for the double reason of their intrinsic worth and their memorial value. Mr. Andrews has, it is understood, left £5000 to the Cambridge Anthropological Museum.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

REVIEWS.

THE LEGEND OF SIR PERCEVAL. Studies upon its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Cycle. By JESSIE L. WESTON. Vol. I., Chrétien de Troyes and Wauchier de Denain. Vol. II., The Prose Perceval according to the Modena Ms. [Grimm Library.] Nutt, 1906, 1909. 8vo, pp. xxvi + 344, and xvi + 355.

THERE are some parts of Miss Weston's book for which there can be nothing but praise and gratitude. She has gone to the sources, and from them she has increased the available materials for study of the Arthurian legend. Chrétien's poem, before Miss Weston published her first volume of *Sir Perceval*, was only known in Potvin's edition, which was taken from a single manuscript. Miss Weston compared all the Mss., and not only drew from them some curious inferences, but enabled other students to judge for themselves as to many of the difficulties. The second volume is even more valuable; it gives from a second Ms. (Modena) a better text of what has hitherto been known as the 'Didot' *Perceval*,—the prose version of Robert de Borron's *Perceval*.

Miss Weston's theory of the succession of stories is given in summary at p. 277 *et seq.* of her second volume; it is coherent and plausible, though from the nature of the matter not all the stages are capable of proof. She brings out very clearly the importance of the English *Syr Percyvelle* as representing the old story, without the Grail; on the other hand *Peredur* is regarded with suspicion,—"As the story now stands, I see very little genuine element in it" (p. 285). Gawain is the original

hero in the story of the Grail, and the story came first to Normans on the Welsh border through the agency of Bleheris, the authority used in Wauchier's tale of Gawain. Bleheris is identified with the Bledhericus of Giraldus Cambrensis (first half of the twelfth century). Nothing of this is certain, but the theory agrees with the known facts, and the point of view puts the later versions in a right perspective.

Then the story, at first non-Christian, "was definitely Christianized"; and, later, Perceval took the place of Gawain as the hero. Perceval "seems at this stage to have . . . taken over the *Gawain* form much as it stood" (p. 278).

The next stage is the most important of all for the history of poetry; it is the definite beginning of the versions both of Chrétien and of Wolfram; the blending of the original adventures of Perceval with the Grail adventures which at first had no place in his story. Here Miss Weston distinguishes,—and this is one of the best examples of her careful work,—between a blending in which the Grail is Christian, represented in *Perlesvaus*, and another (followed by Chrétien de Troyes) where it is not.

Then comes Robert de Borron. "In the last decade of the [12th] century Robert de Borron boldly undertook to rewrite the story, with the double (more correctly the successive) objects of conforming the symbolism to that of Eucharistic doctrine, and of incorporating the whole in a pseudo-historic account of Arthur's reign" (p. 279).

"Thus to Borron's initiative we owe not only the *Queste*, but the general cyclic form of later Arthurian Romance" (p. 280).

The successive positions are explained, with the evidences, in a book which becomes clearer, and in its main historical lines more satisfactory, the more it is examined.

The parts of it most open to challenge are those that would explain the Grail by means of occult science which the author herself does not profess to understand and with regard to which she has given no proofs. She plays lightly with words like "Mysteries" and "Mystic," showing no knowledge of the fact that "Mysticism" has many different meanings. She speaks of Erigena as if he were a Rosicrucian. "Esoteric Christianity,

A. Besant, 1905," is in her bibliography. She refers to oral tradition among Occultists, "but no one will give me documentary evidence" (p. 258). "The fact, however, that a Mystic, not a student of the Grail texts, can, without a moment's hesitation, offer an explanation of the perplexing title, the Fisher King, an explanation, moreover, which belongs exclusively to Life Symbolism, is in itself matter for serious consideration' (p. 258). It may be so; but how is one to proceed with the consideration, if one does not know any occultists, and "no one will give me any documentary evidence"?

In another matter Miss Weston appears to fall short of the logical skill which she has shown in her examination of the successive stories. She accompanies her Modena text of *Perceval* with an attempted reconstruction of the original verse from which, (as most scholars are agreed), the prose is paraphrased. Now, for this work to stand criticism, nothing less than the perfection of philology is required. Miss Weston says that with regard to the verse she has neglected the opinion of M. Bédier, (Preface, p. xi). On p. 16, l. 16, *vius* seems to be a misprint for *vuis*; but it reappears in the reconstructed rhyme on p. 136, where more than the rhyme seems questionable.

Miss Weston refers to the Dutch *Ferguut*; why not to the French original? More particularly, the topography of *Fergus* might have been compared with the very interesting passage discussed by Miss Weston in her first volume where the name "Cothoatre" pretty certainly stands for "Scothoatre,"—the Firth of Forth? or Solway, Scottiswath? The Galloway relations of Fergus, and the acquaintance of Perceval with the Forest of Glasgow, need more attention than historians have given to them so far.

W. P. KER.

DER URSPRUNG DES ARTHURSAGE. By JULIUS POKORNY, being an offprint of a part of Vol. XXXIX. of the *Mitteilungen der anthropologischen Gesellschaft* in Vienna, 1909. 4to, pp. 89-119.

I HAVE the pleasure of hailing a new recruit to the small band of Celtic scholars in the person of a young Austrian named Julius

Pokorny, of Vienna. The subject which he has chosen to study is a highly difficult one, the origin of the Arthur saga. The question has been so often discussed that no student would choose it unless he felt that he had a thorough acquaintance with the material and that he had something new to say. Dr. Pokorny has both, and I have seldom sat down to read a dissertation, on an old theme, which has interested me more. He treats the legends of Finn and Mongan as only local variants, so to say, of a legend found also in Wales; they go back to a common origin. We cannot, however, follow him step by step through the argument developed in his paper; suffice it to say that it leads up to the conclusion that what we have in the Arthur saga is an exceedingly ancient version of the Cuckoo myth. We shall be curious to see what the workers in the same department will say. At first, we fancy, they will smile and put it aside; but they will probably come back to it, and confess that there may be something in it. They will at all events find that Dr. Pokorny's hypothesis explains a variety of things never before accounted for in the legends and myths of the Celts of the British Isles.

JOHN RHYS.

TANTRĀKHYĀYIKA, DIE ÄLTESTE FASSUNG DES PANCHATANTRA, AUS DEM SANSKRIT ÜBERSETZT MIT EINLEITUNG UND ANMERKUNGEN VON JOHANNES HERTEL. Erster Teil, Einleitung. Zweiter Teil, Übersetzung und Anmerkungen. Leipzig und Berlin: B. G. Teubner, 1909. Pp. viii + 159, 158.

FIFTY years have now elapsed since Benfey published his famous work on the Panchatantra, consisting, like Dr. Hertel's, of two volumes,—the first containing an introduction, and the second a translation. In the first volume he showed that the Panchatantra had influenced the literature of the world more than any other work produced in India. It was translated into Pahlavī in the sixth century for the benefit of the famous Nūshīrawān, King of Persia; and through the medium of various translations, the most important of which are those in Syriac and Arabic, it has passed into the literature of Western Asia, Africa, and Europe. It may

be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that Benfey's general results have been universally accepted. Dr. Hertel goes so far as to say that by his Introduction to the Panchatantra he founded the science of Comparative Folklore.

Unfortunately, Benfey's translation was made from an imperfect text, that of Kosegarten's edition, the uncritical character of which he soon came to discover. Dr. Hertel has, after ten years' hard work, during which he examined all the Mss. of the Panchatantra in the public libraries of Europe and India, except those in the south of India, (of which, however, he obtained copies), succeeded in discovering the original text of the Panchatantra, of which he gives a translation in his second volume. His discovery was brought about originally by Professor Leumann's calling his attention to a Ms. in the Śāradā character preserved in the library of the Deccan College at Pūna. This turned out to be a Ms. of the Tantrākhyāyika, the oldest form of the Panchatantra, and it contained about four-fifths of that work. By the help of Dr. Stein, Paṇḍit Sahajabhaṭṭa, and other scholars, he obtained Mss. which enabled him to constitute almost the whole text. The results of Dr. Hertel's studies in the versions and recensions of the Panchatantra have been given to the world from time to time in various learned periodicals and in the preface to his edition of Purṇabhadra's text published in the Harvard Oriental Series. There will be found on p. 40 of the first volume of the present work a Synoptical Table of all the manuscripts and versions, which renders it easy to see at a glance their character and relations to one another. For the Mss. of the Tantrākhyāyika he assumes the existence of a supposed archetypal codex S', written in Kashmīr, and the other versions he traces back to a hypothetical codex K, written in the same country.

It is now established by Dr. Hertel that the author of the Tantrākhyāyika, the oldest form of the Panchatantra, was a Brahman, that he wrote a Brahmanical treatise, according to the usual model of Brahmanical treatises, that he wrote for the Court, that he handled the subject of *nīti* or policy, and that he wrote in Kashmīr, where Sanskrit was admittedly the literary language when the Tantrākhyāyika must have been composed.

It is not difficult to understand the train of reasoning which led Benfey to suppose that the original Panchatantra was a Buddhist treatise. He saw that the texts which lay before him had been retouched and adapted in all possible ways, and he therefore concluded that the Pahlavī form of the work was the most ancient. The best representative of this lost ancient version is the Syriac translation made about 570 A.D. In this was found a Buddhist extract, which has been proved to be no part of the Panchatantra, and has been subsequently found in a Tibetan work. He was confirmed in his supposition by finding many of the stories of the Panchatantra in Buddhist collections. Moreover, the *textus simplicior*, on which Kosegarten's edition was partly founded, was an adaptation of the original by a Jain, and the expanded version, to which Kosegarten was also partly indebted for his text, was the work of Pūrṇabhadra, another Jain. As Dr. Meyer remarks,—"The *sang froid* shown by the Jains in using celebrated names of Hindu history and current tales for their own purposes is simply wonderful." In Benfey's time the Jains were supposed to be a sect of Buddhists, and the opposition between the two religions had not been discovered. Moreover, it was the fashion in those days to ascribe to Buddhist influence every sentiment that savoured of tenderness to animal life, and romantic self-sacrifice, as if these ideas were not the common property of the Indian race. If Benfey had had before him the wealth of material which has been obtained by Dr. Hertel, he would, as that scholar remarks, have been led to different conclusions.

Dr. Hertel believes in the literal truth of the story that the king Nūshīrawān sent an emissary to India to bring back a version of the Panchatantra, and that the work was explained to him by his Indian teacher in Sanskrit, which was, as he gives strong reasons for thinking, even in those days the court language. This is strongly supported by the fact that the forms of proper names in the Syriac version, which is immediately derived from the Pahlavī, show that they must have been communicated in Sanskrit, not in the more modern Prakrit.

Bishop Caldwell is said to have insisted upon the non-moral character of the Panchatantra. Dr. Hertel seems to have come

to the same conclusion. He considers that it is a manual of statecraft in the Machiavellian sense. He takes *tantra* to mean "artifice," or "case of political prudence." He even goes so far as to say that all stories which do not turn upon the superiority of cunning to stupidity must be suspected of being interpolations. The manual, though in it animals are introduced as speaking and acting, is not intended to be a collection of anecdotes, but a guide to success in politics. The first book teaches us how a king loses his best counsellor owing to the treacherous wiles of a courtier; the second how an alliance of prudent princes secures them against a powerful enemy; the third how, through cunning, a campaign against a foe superior in material strength leads to victory; the fourth, how an old banished king escapes a death, which appears unavoidable, by means of a barefaced deception; and the fifth treats of the mischief produced by inconsiderate action. In fairy stories we are accustomed to see virtue rewarded and vice punished, but this is not the case in the Panchatantra, and least of all in its oldest form, the Tantrākhyāyika. In this work honesty is certainly not the best policy, and clemency leads only to contempt. For instance, in the third book the king of the owls, who spares the suppliant crow Chirajīvin, who was really playing the part of Zopyrus, is ruined thereby; whereas, if he had followed the advice of his sensible minister, Raktāksha, who recommended that the crow should be immediately put to death, he would have saved himself and his kingdom. On the other hand, Raktāksha, if he did not succeed in convincing his sovereign, earned at any rate the respect of his adversary. Under these circumstances, we are not surprised to learn that Professor Hillebrandt has shown that the Tantrākhyāyika contains extracts from the Kauṭilīyaś-āstra, a manual of statecraft composed by the celebrated Chāṇakya, the Machiavelli of India. It is only fair to point out that the Buddhists and Jains have frequently entered protests against the ideals of Chāṇakya, though they are too apt to take over stories as they find them, and trust to counteracting their pernicious tendencies by methods similar to those followed in the Gesta Romanorum. In order to show that the Tantrākhyāyika is the original form of the Panchatantra, in a way that will

commend itself to readers who are not students of Sanskrit, Dr. Hertel compares the beginning of the fourth book in most of the versions, and adduces strong arguments to prove that the Tantrākhyāyika's version of the story is the primitive one, and that the divergences of the other versions are simply corruptions. It would take up too much space to attempt to reproduce his reasoning, so I prefer to give a summary of his views with regard to the second story of the second book. Here Dr. Hertel maintains that the form of the story found in the Tantrākhyāyika is the only one which has real point. In this tale "Mother Śāṇḍilī" is about to prepare a mess of sesame for the entertainment of Brahmans. While the grains of sesame that had been washed were drying in the sun, a dog walked over them, so that they were rendered impure. She therefore determined to substitute black sesame grains for white, and offered to exchange the white grains for an equal amount of black, laying stress upon the equality in value of the two.

"White I am prepared to give for black; if you like, take them. And, moreover, these have been shelled; give me shelled grains also."

But the ostentatious fairness of the exchange arouses suspicion, as "Mother Śāṇḍilī" appears to have had a reputation for cunning. In all the other versions this is lost. In Somadeva's version we read that no one would buy the mixture of rice and sesame, because a dog had eaten some of it. In the Southern Panchatantra it is proposed to give pounded grain for whole grain, because a dog had smelt the former. This destroys the point of the story, which Dr. Hertel rightly considers to lie in the apparent fairness of the barter. Even in the old Syriac version the humour of the transaction disappears, as shelled grains are offered for unshelled. The superiority of the Tantrākhyāyika version is evident enough, though the awful enormity of offering to Brahmans grain which had been thus defiled may not be obvious to the European mind.

It may seem that Dr. Hertel's learned introduction appeals primarily to students of Sanskrit. But all folklorists will enjoy his translation, with its instructive notes, which leave no difficulty unexplained. At any rate his labours must be pronounced to be

not unfruitful, since he has succeeded in restoring to the world the famous fables of Pilpay in their oldest and most authentic form.

CHARLES H. TAWNEY.

LES RITES DE PASSAGE. Étude systématique des Rites de la Porte et du Seuil, de l'Hospitalité, de l'Adoption, de la Grossesse et de l'Accouchement, de la Naissance, de l'Enfance, de la Puberté, de l'Initiation, de l'Ordination, du Couronnement, des Fiançailles et du Mariage, des Funérailles, des Saisons, etc. By ARNOLD VAN GENNEP. Paris: Émile Nourry, 1909. 8vo, pp. 288.

THE principal object of this book, the author tells us, is to react against the "folklorist" or "authropological" procedure, which consists in extracting certain rites from a sequence, be they positive or negative rites, and considering them independently and in isolation, thus depriving them of their chief *raison d'être* and their logical situation in the entire mechanism of which they form a part. In other words, he wishes to bring us back to the consideration of these sequences as organic wholes, to awaken us to the recognition of the value and intention of the sequence as having in itself an important meaning and a relation to the life and beliefs of the people practising the rites in question, which we cannot otherwise understand.

It was quite time that the attention of anthropologists should be recalled to this aspect of ritual. Many continental scholars have long regarded as a vice of what they please to call the English school of anthropologists the very procedure against which this book is directed. They have often protested against the practice of picking out a custom here and there for the purpose of comparison, regardless of its surroundings, as liable to mislead, and have declared that the results of such a comparison are not to be depended on. I think it must be admitted that comparison on those lines is a garbling of the text, often very intricate and difficult to interpret, that we have to read. The difficulty of the text may be an excuse. The student pounces on a passage that seems to him clear, and neglects the rest.

His interpretation, founded thus on the consideration of an isolated sentence or two, may by chance be right, but only by chance, because it is not derived from a consideration of the text in its entirety.

But, while this must be admitted, it is quite a different question how far the practice condemned has actually affected the arguments of anthropologists, whether in this country or abroad, and how far the results they claim to have attained have been vitiated. It requires but little circumspection and experience to avoid a trap so obvious. And if the enquirer does fall into it, some kind friend sooner or later, practising that form of co-operation which is called criticism, points out the error in cogent language. On the whole, therefore, the results attained may not be far amiss; but there is a further question whether the method is calculated to lead to an understanding of the civilization of any particular people as a whole. To interpret bits here and there of a people's ritual or customs leads us a very little way to the interpretation of its entire life and civilization. It is, however, a preliminary step, though it may be that with fuller knowledge some of these fragmentary results may have to be revised. What is wanted now is to make a thorough ethnographical study,—not a description merely,—of a people typical of its race and culture, examining its institutions, arts, customs, ideas, tales, and so forth in relation to its habitat and probable provenience, the totality of its culture, and the influences which have produced or modified that culture, comparing moreover the various items examined with similar items elsewhere, and discussing the interpretations put upon them. Such a work would really yield us something like a true picture,—at all events the best picture obtainable,—of one definite type of culture; and a series of such works would effect a revolution in our knowledge of the history of human ideas and civilization. It may be that such a work is not yet feasible; it may be that it is, and is likely to remain, beyond the powers of one man to do. In any case that is not the work attempted in the volume before us.

What M. van Gennep has here done is to enforce his contention by considering at length a number of the sequences of rites to which he has given the title of Rites of Passage. The details

of the rites do not for the moment interest him. It is in their sequence that he finds their significance. He contends that the rites named on the title-page, as repeated at the head of this notice, are rites intended to mark and to facilitate the passage of the individual or the community from one condition to another, from one stage of life to another; and that they essentially consist of three kinds:—rites of separation, marginal rites, and rites of aggregation. By their means separation is effected from the old condition, the old community, and union is entered into with the new.

The principle of this analysis was originally applied ten years ago in an article by Messrs. Hubert and Mauss on the Nature and Function of Sacrifice, which appeared in *L'Année Sociologique* for 1899. M. van Gennep's merit is to have seen that it is a principle of wider application, and to have sketched its function in relation to many other classes of rites. He has produced a book of much interest to students. That it contains many acute observations we hardly need say.[1] It will facilitate the process of research by indicating to workers in the field the necessity of looking out for these sequences and paying attention to their details, and by clarifying the ideas of students at home on the relation of form to meaning as displayed in the relation of the different members of a series of rites which may extend even over a lengthened period of time.

E. Sidney Hartland.

The Jew and Human Sacrifice. [Human Blood and Jewish Ritual.] An Historical and Sociological Inquiry. By Hermann L. Strack, D.D., Ph.D. Translated from the eighth edition by H. F. E. Blanchamp. Cope and Fenwick, 1909. Pp. xviii + 289.

Prof. Strack, a Christian professor of theology and at the same time a profound scholar, undertook in 1892, and has continued

[1] The criticism of Mr. Crawley's theory of marriage by capture in relation to sexual solidarity on p. 179, and the insistence on distinction between physiological and social puberty are noteworthy examples.

since, to disprove, through his intimate knowledge of Hebrew literature, the baselessness of the ritual murder accusation, or blood accusation, levelled against the Jews from the thirteenth century onwards. The book, originally a small pamphlet, has gone through eight editions, and is now lying before us in an English translation made by Mr. H. F. E. Blanchamp, whose name, however, does not appear on the title-page, and who probably is responsible for the somewhat sensational title given to the book. It is, as the author points out, a "historical and sociological inquiry undertaken for the sole purpose of eliciting and stating the truth."

Out of twenty chapters into which the book is divided only seven are devoted to the refutation of the accusation of ritual murder; they form the concluding section. The preceding twelve deal with the general problems which alone fall within the purview of folklore proper. The last (ch. xx.) contains a brief sketch of the old accusations against Christians of exactly the same character, and these very accusations as levelled afterwards by the Church triumphant against sundry heretical sects in the Middle Ages. To those mentioned by Prof. Strack I can add the accusation made against the Russian sect of the Molokani, and more specially against the Skopetzi in our own days. But, as already remarked, this part of the book lies outside the sphere of our investigations, and it would be superfluous to repeat here the abhorrence one feels, as a student of historical evolution and of the growth and transfer of superstitions from one nation to another, for such charges and beliefs.

The folklore part, however, is of great interest, and is not merely an addition to a rich literature dealing with blood superstitions and blood practices among the most diverse nations of the world, but is a substantial contribution to the solution of that problem. The author is not a folklorist, and he is repelled by the unsavoury matter which offends him as a theologian and a man of strong religious ethical views. It must be treated, however, as a pathological case, and probably as a decayed survival of ancient practices and customs in which the offering of sacrifices, the shedding of blood, indifferently human or animal, was endowed with a sacramental character, and had not yet been degraded to

the practice of the thief or to that of the quack. Prof. Strack sees this, and he therefore describes in detail the use of blood in chapters relating to,—Human sacrifice; Blood ritual; Human blood serves to ratify the given word (pacts with the evil spirit, etc.); The blood of other persons used for healing purposes (Amis and Amelius); Human blood cures leprosy, (story of Constantine and of other kings and rulers); Utilisation of one's own blood (for curing pains, toothache, barrenness); Blood of executed persons; Hangman's rope (against epilepsy, for increasing custom by drinking the blood or keeping some part of it, and bringing luck); Corpses and parts of corpses (used for curing and protecting, relics of saints, drinking out of skulls, the corpse's hand and its therapeutic effects, magic remedies, and accusations against Christian missionaries in China); Animal blood, (materia medica); Waste and evacuations of the human body, (a very short chapter on the large subject of ingredients of the ancient pharmacopoeia or "dispensatory"). The following chapter on "The blood superstition as a cause of crime," together with the next one on "Blood superstition among criminals and its consequences," are undoubtedly the most interesting and novel portions of the book. The author opens practically a new chapter of psychical investigation by proving the existence of a terrible mania connected with such superstitious use of human and other blood. The bibliography published at the head of the volume, though not pretending to be anything like complete, is still valuable, (pp. 18–29). It consists almost exclusively of German books referring to German superstitions and to German folk-medicine. Black's *Folk-Medicine*, and the literature mentioned therein on pp. 221–222, should be added, as well as the ancient "dispensatories," with their multifarious ingredients. An index completes this exceedingly useful book, which is marred only by the sensational title. The German title, *Der Blutaberglaube der Menschheit* (The blood superstitions of mankind) is both more descriptive of the contents of the volume and more likely to give it the wide circulation which it so fully deserves by its intrinsic scientific merit.

M. GASTER.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, AND SOME OTHER LEGENDS ASTRONOMICALLY CONSIDERED. By the Hon. EMMELINE M. PLUNKET. Murray, 1908. 8vo, pp. 199. Ill.

M. CASAUBON'S *Key to All the Mythologies* is brought to our mind by a perusal of Miss Plunket's volume. Whether the Accadians had a zodiacal year accurately worked out in 6000 B.C., or not, we cannot pretend to decide; but we do not feel that any evidence is brought by the author to connect this with the three Greek goddesses of whom she writes. On the ground of certain assumptions she makes Athena a moon-goddess, presiding over the thirteenth month of the embolismic year; Aphrodite a moon-goddess of the mid-year intercalary month: Hera, a moon-goddess of the winter solstice. Besides this, Paris "personified in some way the spring equinox." Miss Plunket seems to respect Max Müller's view of mythology as a disease of language; and, as a specimen of the evidence she relies on, I take this: the Panathenaic festival came "once in five years" (really it was once in four), and the intercalation of a thirteenth month at the end of a year would occur on an average at intervals of somewhat over five years.

NATURSAGEN: EINE SAMMLUNG NATURDEUTENDER SAGEN MÄRCHEN FABELN UND LEGENDEN, mit beträgen von V. ARMHAUS, etc. Herausgegeben von OSKAR DÄHNHÄRDT. Band II. Sagen zum Neuen Testament. Leipzig and Berlin: Teubner, 1909. 8vo, pp. xvi + 316.

THIS important work has been carried out with the aid of a large number of helpers by the editor; it deserves a hearty welcome from students. The folk-tales are not all told in full, but only the chief or typical ones; others are in brief summary, or the significant elements only, but references enable the student to follow up any clue he may find. These tales refer to the life of Jesus, to Mary and Joseph, and to Peter, Paul, and John. Very curious are the forms taken by the scriptural stories under

the influence of the popular imagination, which mixes up with them many familiar elements or episodes. Not only do we find gnostic and heathen elements intermingled, but there are oriental parallels; and myths of origin are common. Rude humour also is not absent. Thus we find features of Wodan or other northern gods in the stories of Jesus, and attempts to account for the existence of the snake, the ape, and other natural objects. There is a Christian variant of the story of Philemon and Glaucis. Obstinate or unbelieving men are changed into a dog, a stork, a cuckoo, and other creatures; the inhospitable become an owl, or a swallow, or a tortoise; we learn what made Peter a baldhead; Judas appears as a child, and as the man in the moon. Apart from the scientific value of this collection, it is very entertaining to read.

W. H. D. Rouse.

Religions Mœurs et Legendes. Essais d'Ethnographie et de Linguistique. Arnold van Gennep. Paris: Mercure de France, 1908. 8vo, pp. 319.

This is a book which might fairly be described as interesting but scrappy. The first part consists of a number of reprints of reviews of books, of very various merit and suffering from the defects that most reviews of books, save the carefully excogitated articles written around a work or works, necessarily suffer from, namely absence of knowledge of those rebutting or supporting publications which are sure to appear if the original book is really of importance. Hence M. van Gennep's papers may be not unfairly described as first impressions, and, as such, they are worthy of all consideration.

The second and third parts, and especially the latter, are much more serious and also much lengthier contributions to the science of ethnology, and one of them, "de quelques cas de Bovarysme collectif" is one of the most interesting things which I have ever read of its kind, and deserves expansion into a book by the aid of other modern instances, which could easily be supplied, even from these islands.

Another paper of extraordinary interest is that of "Le rôle des Germains dans la Renaissance Italienne," which will be read by all ethnologists with much attention. (By the bye the wrong page is assigned to this paper in the index.) It would be an interesting study to ascertain how far nations, in their day of greatness, be that greatness what it may, have been great through their own children or through the children of other races induced by one means or another to settle down within their boundaries. These and many other questions are opened up by the interesting papers contained in the latter part of the book under review.

B. C. A. WINDLE.

FOLKLORE DI ISNELLO. Usi, Credenze, e Racconti Popolari di Isnello. Raccolti ed Ordinali dal Prof. SAC. CRISTOFORO GRISANTI. Vol. II. Palermo: Reber, 1909. 8vo, pp. 262.

THIS volume contains chiefly the author's reminiscences of his young days; he appears to be an optimist, looking with some pity on the past, and rejoicing in the freedom of the present. We are glad he is contented: to the reader the advantages do not seem to be all on one side. The author gives anecdotes of his young days, and describes briefly the habits of his contemporaries, their industries, and their amusements. Finally, he adds twenty-seven stories, some of them local anecdotes, but most of them pastime tales. We have not noticed anything of great importance for the student, but we acknowledge gratefully the author's bright and dramatic way of telling them.

QUELLEN UND FORSCHUNGEN ZUR DEUTSCHEN VOLKSKUNDE. Herausgegeben von E. K. BLÜMML. Band III. Die Tiroler Bauern-Hochzeit: Sitten, Bräuche, Sprüche, Lieder und Tänze, mit Singweisen, von F. F. KOHL. Wien: Ludwig, 1909. 8vo, pp. 282.

THIS book of 282 pages contains a collection of wedding songs, dances, and customs from the Tyrol. In the songs there is little

of interest. Their sentiments are commonplace, and the form is that of a hymn. The customs are fully described, but they show little of wider interest except traces of "marriage by capture." We do not say this in disparagement, because we think that all such customs are worth recording before they die out, as these seem to be dying out; but we speak from the standpoint of the student. With the music it is otherwise. These tunes and dances are worth noting for their originality and grace; they are real folk-music.

CHINESE MERRY TALES. Translated into English by Y. T. Woo. Shanghai: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1909. 8vo, pp. iv. + 58.

CHINESE FABLES AND FOLK STORIES. By MARY HAYES DAVIS and CHOW-LEUNG. Introduction by Yin-Chwang Wang Tsen-Zan. New York: American Book Co., 1909. 8vo, pp. 214. Illus.

FOLK-LORE CHINOIS MODERNE. By LÉON WIEGER, S.J. Paris: E. Guilmoto, 1909. 8vo, pp. 422. Illus.

THERE still survives a collection of twenty-eight jests and jocular anecdotes,[1] representing the life's work of a collector of drolls a thousand years ago. A few additions could be made from *Chinese Merry Tales*, although the themes of these hundred and one stories are no more varied than those of the Western world. It is true that, as might be expected in China, the mother-in-law jest is missing, but tales of henpecked husbands are numerous. For instance, Nos. I., VI., and IX. are all variants of a story, previously recorded, of a mandarin who announces his intention of ordering a good beating for his secretary's wife as the obvious cause of the scratched face which the secretary explains as due to the falling on him of his garden arbour; the mandarin's own wife, who is listening at the

[1] Schier, *Hieroclis Philosophi apud Alexandrinos quondam celeberrimi* ΑΣΤΕΪΑ *Graece et Latine*, Lipsiae, 1768.

door, bursts in indignantly, and the mandarin hurriedly dismisses his secretary, saying,—"*My* arbour also is about to fall on me." Some of the tales are curiously parallel to Western stories. No. LXIV. (How Rare are the Great Sages) is a Chinese version of the American stump-orator's "Lincoln is dead, Greeley is dead, and I don't feel very well myself." In No. LII. (Attraction of Music), a street musician thanks the one auditor who has stayed to the end, and is told that his patient hearer does not understand music, but has waited for another reason. No. LXXII. (Brotherly Cultivation of Fields) narrates a bargain about crops, of the Devil Outwitted type, in which one partner is cheated by getting one year what is above ground and the next year what is below ground, (the Chinese crops being potatoes and millet). Another far-travelled story is No. LXXXVI. (The Boaster), in which a monkey and a tiger, tied together to give them courage, flee before an unarmed boaster, who berates the monkey as his inefficient purveyor who is bringing him for food only a single thin wild cat. The other drolls deal mainly with instances of stupidity or ill-breeding, competitive liars, boasters, and travellers, and the corruption of magistrates and priests,—(in one story a tiger runs away from what he supposes to be a monk's subscription list),—and a large class depends on puns or conversational misunderstandings. The stories are mostly translated from popular tales gathered and brought into the Mandarin dialect by Baron Vitale, the editor of a well-known book of Pekingese rhymes. The pamphlet is both interesting and useful as throwing light on a little-known side of Chinese character and oral lore, and it well deserves a second edition, in which, by the way, the reference in No. LXXXI. to a district magistrate's *Christian* name should be amended.

Chinese Fables and Folk Stories are of less interest than the preceding pamphlet, although the writer of the introduction claims that this is the first book to bring Western people to a knowledge of Chinese fables. The collection is one made from literary sources, which, unfortunately, are not given, and seems for the most part to represent the "Goody Two Shoes" rather than the "Mother Goose" of Chinese literature. The tales also appear from internal evidence to be, at least to some extent, retold.

"The Body that Deserted the Stomach" (p. 136) is a version of the tale of the belly and the members told to the mutinous citizens in *Coriolanus*, and "The Melon and the Professor" (p. 203) is a version of a well-known tale in which a fig, falling on the professor's nose, makes him recant his opinion that the melon should grow on the strong fig-tree and not on the feeble ground-vine.

Father Wieger's *Folk-lore Chinois Moderne* contains 222 extracts from Chinese works of the eighth to the nineteenth century A.D., printed side by side with French translations, an introduction, and brief notes, so that the sinologue is put into possession of original materials from named sources, while the folklorist with no knowledge of Chinese makes acquaintance for the first time with many passages which throw light on the incoherent and often contradictory welter of Chinese popular beliefs. Numerous narratives illustrate, in a peculiarly matter-of-fact style, the co-ordination and co-operation of the upper and lower worlds of the living and the dead,—(the resemblance of which extends even to the venality of officials),—the wandering condition of souls who have left life before their time, by suicide or accident, and can only escape by tempting living souls to take their place, and other matters already familiar to the student. But there is much fresher matter. For example, supernatural power and life, usually malevolent, are attained at great age by any object, even such as a chessman, a broom, a bolster, or an old rope rotting in a lake, but more especially by objects laid in tombs; by magic the soul or any part of one body can be exchanged for the corresponding soul or part of another body; the *koei* or malevolent defunct fear a broom made in rod form, and ginger revives those whom they have stricken with terror; the souls of men devoured by a tiger serve it as slaves, (p. 123); a single bone of one member of a family, secretly buried in a locality of fortunate *fêngshui*, say the cemetery of another family, will conduct the favourable influence to its own family, (p. 264); animals digging burrows or living in holes have supernatural powers, because they overhear something of what passes in the lower world; dog's blood breaks all charms; and haunting foxes are driven off by hunters' guns after they have successfully defied exorcism

by the Taoist Pope. Many narratives bring out the popular theory of man's two souls,—a superior soul which makes real journeys in dreams, enters other bodies, and can be captured or scared off, and an inferior soul which can by itself sustain the body in life only for a limited time, but, if alone, can utilize even a single bone left to it, and become a stupid and ferocious vampire. (Hence bones, and even the bones of animals, are greatly dreaded.) There is also a soul for each of the five viscerae, able to appear in human form. Some of the tales are very gruesome, and it is no wonder that Father Wieger comments that the Chinese are not impressed by supernatural marvels told to them, saying that they have still greater wonders in their own stories. The resemblances to Western tales and superstitions are more numerous than might be expected; to eat the food of the dead is to prevent return to the living, but the drink of the dead has not this effect; werwolves and doubles are known; in No. 58 we have the story, told by Boccacio, of the contest between the husband and the lover for the wife who has been rescued by the latter from the tomb, but in the Chinese story the wife is actually recalled from death to life by the fidelity of the lover. No. 15 is possibly the original of the Japanese story, told by Mitford, Hearn, etc., of the dead mistress who is identified by the peony lantern hung at her grave. A very lengthy notice would be necessary even to name the items of interest in this valuable collection. A second volume, to follow, will deal with the ancient folklore from the ninth century B.C. to the eighth century A.D. The two volumes together will be of the greatest use, and all students interested in Far Eastern folk-lore should buy the books and thank the learned Father for his labours.

A. R. WRIGHT.

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1906. Bristol Central Library, per E. R. Norris Mathews, Esq., F.R. Hist. Soc.
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1905. California State Library, Sacramento, California, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1908. California, University of, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co.
1903. Cambridge Free Library, per W. A. Fenton, Esq.
1898. Cardiff Free Libraries, per J. Ballinger, Esq.
1898. Carnegie Free Library, Alleghany, Pa., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
(2) 1904. Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1898. Chelsea Public Library, Manresa Road, S.W., per J. H. Quinn, Esq.
1890. Chicago Public Library, Illinois, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1898. Chicago University Library, Illinois, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1890. Cincinnati Public Library, per B. F. Stevens and Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1894. Columbia College, New York, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1905. Columbia, Public Library of District of, Washington, D.C., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1879. Congress, The Library of, Washington, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1909. Conrad, H., 26 Paternoster Row, E.C.
1890. Cornell University Library, per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

1890. Detroit Public Library, Michigan, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1906. Dundee Free Library, per A. W. Steven, Esq., 95 Commercial St., Dundee.

1894. Edinburgh Public Library, per Hew Morrison, Esq., City Chambers, Edinburgh.
1890. Enoch Pratt Library, Baltimore City, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1893. Erlangen University Library, per W. Dawson & Sons, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.

1904. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co.
1897. Franklin and Marshall College, Lankaster, Penn., U.S.A., per Lemcke & Buechner, 30-32 West 27th Street, New York (H. Grevel & Co., 33 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.).

1905. General Theological Seminary, New York City, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1901. Giessen University Library, per Hirschfeld Brothers, 13 Furnival St., W.C.
1883. Glasgow University Library, per J. MacLehose & Sons, 61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
1902. Gloucester Public Library, Gloucester, per Roland Austin, Esq.
1878. Göttingen University Library, per Asher & Co., 18 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
1905. Grand Rapids Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1892. Guildhall Library, E.C., per E. M. Barrajo, Esq., Librarian.

1878. Harvard College Library, per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard St., W.C.
1904. Helsingfors University Library, per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard St., W.C.
1904. Hiersemann, K., 3 Königstrasse, Leipzig.
1902. Holliday & Co., Wellington, New Zealand, per Sampson, Low & Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.
1896. Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, U.S.A., per W. Beer, Esq.
1902. Hull Public Libraries, per W. F. Lawton, Esq.
1892. Imperial University Library, St. Petersburg, per Voss Sortiment (Herr G. W. Sergenfray), Leipzig.
1895. India Office Library, Whitehall, S.W., per F. W. Thomas, Esq.
1901. Institut de France, per Simpkin Marshall & Co., Orange Street, W.C.
1907. Institut de Sociologie Solvay, Brussels, per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard Street, W.
1899. Iowa State Library, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

1904. Jersey City Free Public Library, New Jersey, per G. E. Stechert & Co.
1907. Johannesburg Public Library, per J. F. Cadenhead, Esq., Johannesburg, S. Africa.
1895. John Rylands Library, Deansgate, Manchester.

1879. Johns Hopkins University Library, Baltimore, per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

1905. Kensington Public Libraries, per Farmer & Sons, 179 Kensington High Street, W.

1882. Kiev University Library, per F. A. Brockhaus, 48 Old Bailey, E.C.

1892. Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, per G. F. Stevenson, Esq., LL.B., 11 New Street, Leicester.

1903. Leland Stanford Junior University Library, Stanford University, Cal., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co.

1885. Library of the Supreme Council of the 30°, etc., 33 Golden Square, W.

1899. Liverpool Free Public Library, per Peter Cowell, Esq., Chief Librarian William Brown Street, Liverpool.

1879. London Library, St. James's Square, S.W.

1904. Los Angeles Public Library, California, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

1878. Manchester Free Library, King Street, Manchester.

1897. Max, J., & Co., 21 Schweidnitzerstrasse, Breslau.

1902. Meadville Theological School Library, Meadville, Pa., U.S.A., per G.E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

1908. Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, U.S.A., 10th St. Above Chestnut St., Philadelphia, U.S.A., per T. Wilson Hedley, Esq.

1904. Mercantile Library of St. Louis, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

1893. Meyrick Library, Jesus College, Oxford, per E. E. Genner, Esq., Librarian.

1902. Michigan State Library, Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

1907. Michigan University Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.

1881. Middlesborough Free Library, per Baker Hudson, Esq.

1905. Minneapolis Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.

1894. Minnesota, University of, Minneapolis, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

1878. Mitchell Library, 21 Miller Street, Glasgow, c/o F. T. Barrett, Esq., Librarian.

1880. Munich Royal Library, per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, W.C.

1909. Museo di Etnographia Italiana, 2 Via Colletta, Florence, Italy, per Dr. Lamberto Loria, Secretary and Librarian.

1904. Nancy, Université de, Nancy, France, per M. Paul Perdrizet.

1894. National Library of Ireland, per Hodges, Figgis & Co., 104 Grafton St., Dublin.

1908. Nebraska University Library, Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A., per Walter K. Jewett, Esq., Librarian.

1898. Newark Free Public Library, New Jersey, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1888. Newberry Library, Chicago, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1879. Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, per H. Richardson, Esq.
1898. New Jersey, The College of, Princeton, N.J., U.S.A., per H. A. Duffield, Esq., Treasurer.
1894. New York, College of the City of, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1898. New York Public Library (Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundation), per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1894. New York State Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1908. North Western University Library, Evanston, Ill., per G. E. Stechert & Co.
1883. Nottingham Free Public Library, per J. E. Bryan, Esq., St. Peter's Churchside, Nottingham.

1894. Oxford and Cambridge Club, per Harrison & Sons, 45 Pall Mall, S.W.

1881. Peabody Institute, Baltimore, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1909. Pennsylvania University Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co.
1894. Peorio, Public Library of, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1899. Philadelphia, Free Library of, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1881. Philadelphia, The Library Company of, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1879. Plymouth Institution and Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society, per C. S. Jago, Esq., Plymouth Public School.
1894. Providence Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

1900. Reading Free Public Library, per W. H. Greenhough, Esq.
1894. Röhrscheid & Ebbecke, Buchhandlung, Am Hof, 28, Bonn, Germany.
1908. Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay, per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard St., W.
1908. Royal Dublin Society, per Arthur H. Foord, Esq., Leinster Ho., Dublin.
1894. Royal Irish Academy, per Hodges, Figgis & Co., 104 Grafton St., Dublin.

1888. St. Helens Corporation Free Library, per A. Lancaster, Esq., Librarian, Town Hall, St. Helens.
1898. Salford Public Library, Manchester.
1908. San Francisco Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.

1907. Seattle Public Library, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, S.W.
1899. Sheffield Free Public Library, Surrey Street, Sheffield, per S. Smith, Esq.
1908. Sigma Fraternity, The, per Miss K. S. Hazeltine, 203 College Hall, Wellesley, Mass., U.S.A.
1898. Signet Library, Edinburgh.
1905. Sion College Library, Victoria Embankment, E.C., per C. H. Limbrick, Esq., Sub-Librarian.
1879. Stockholm, Royal Library of, per W. H. Dawson & Sons, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.
1903. Sunderland Public Library, Borough Road, Sunderland, per B. R. Hill, Esq.
1894. Surgeon General Office Library, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard Street, W.
1891. Swansea Public Library, per S. E. Thompson, Esq., Librarian.
1908. Swarthmore College Library, per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., W.C.
1881. Sydney Free Public Library, per Truslove & Hanson, 153 Oxford St., W.

1895. Tate Library, University College, Liverpool, care of J. Sampson, Esq.
1906. Texas, University of, Austin, Texas, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.
1883. Taylor Institution, Oxford, per Parker & Co., Broad Street, Oxford.
1898. Toronto Public Library, per C. D. Cazenove & Son, 26 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
1899. Toronto University Library, per C. D. Cazenove & Son, 26 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.
1879. Torquay Natural History Society, per A. Somervail, Esq.

1899. Upsala University Library, per C. J. Lundström, Upsala, Sweden.

1896. Van Stockum, W. P. & Son, 36 Buitenhof, The Hague, Holland.
1899. Vassar College Library, Poughkeepsie, New York, U.S.A., per H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C.
1907. Victoria Public Library, Melbourne, per Agent-General for Victoria, 142 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
1909. Vienna Imperial Court Library, per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford St., W.C.
1901. Vienna Imperial University Library, per Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, W.C.

1890. Watkinson Library, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1898. Weimar Grand Ducal Library, per Dr. P. von Bojanowsky.
1907. Wesleyan University, Library of, Middletown, Connecticut, U.S.A.
1898. Wisconsin State Historical Society, per H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C.

1908. Woolwich Free Library, William St., Woolwich, per E. B. Baker, Esq., Librarian.

1885. Worcester Free Public Library, Mass., U.S.A., per Kegan Paul & Co., 43 Gerrard Street, W.

1905. Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey Street, W.C.

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